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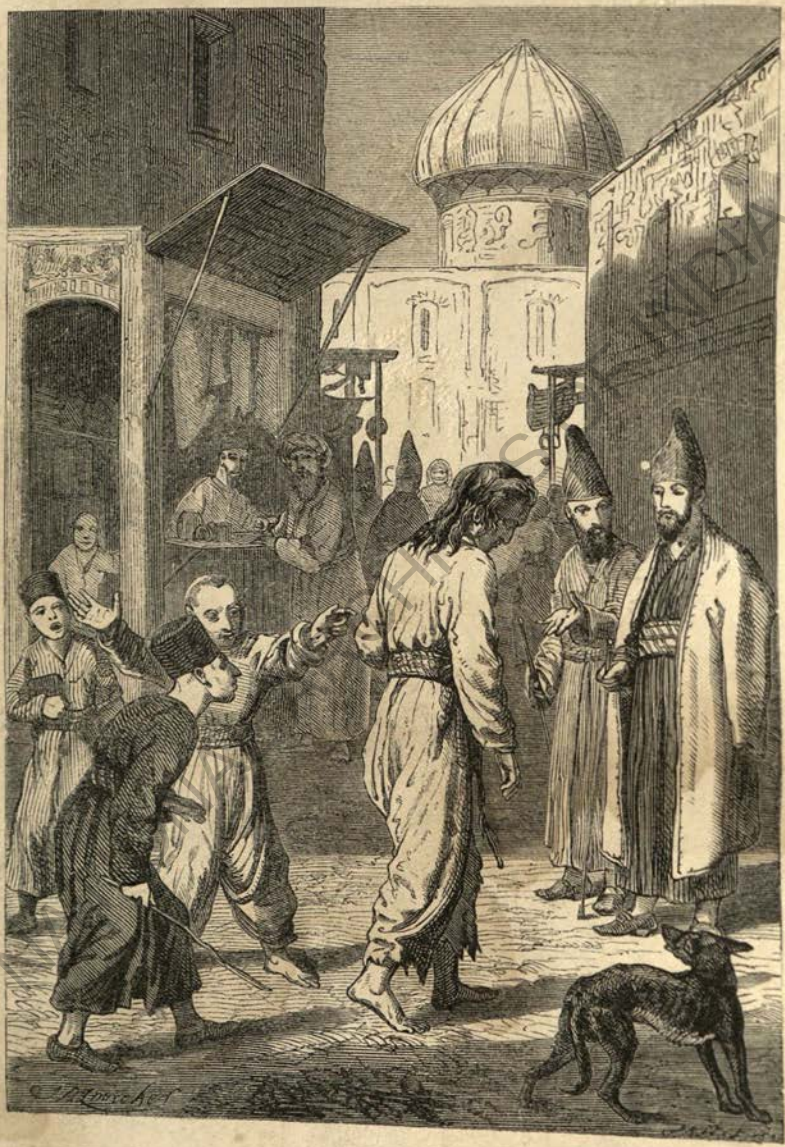


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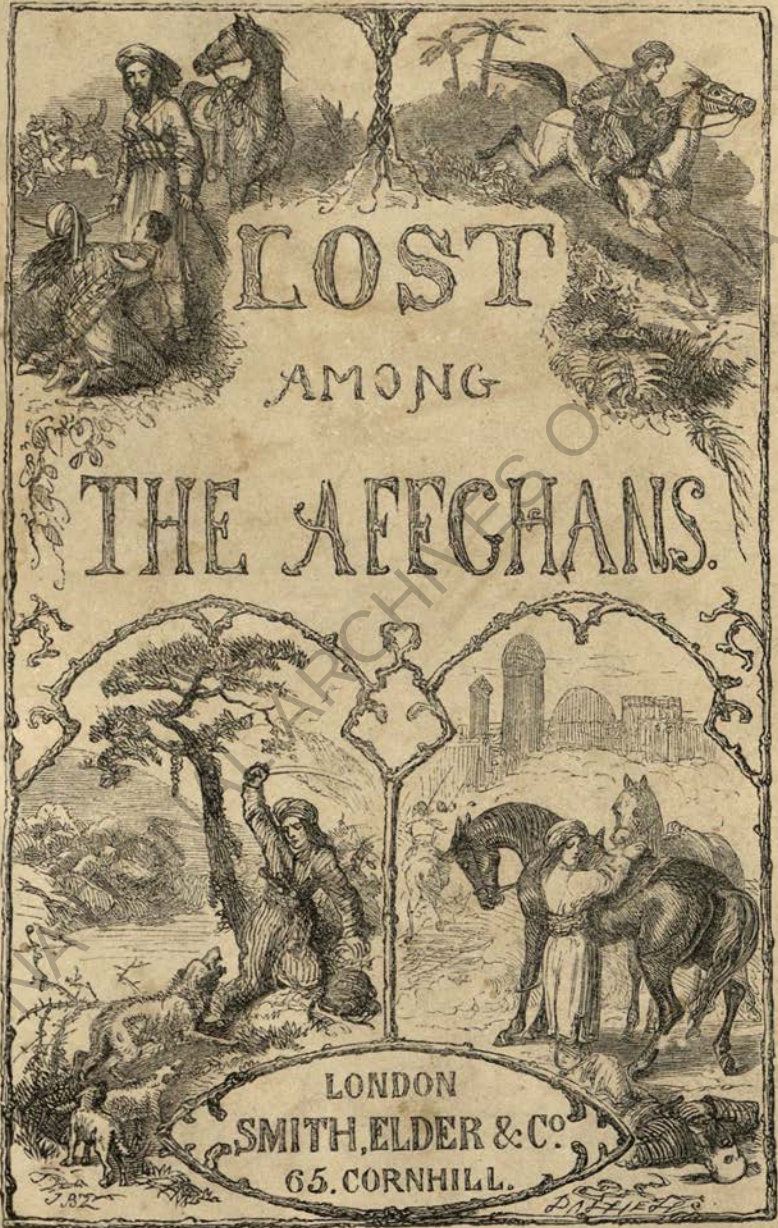
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I suffer persecution.


LOST
AMONG
THE AFFGHANS.
LONDON
SMITH, ELDER & Co.
65. CORNHILL.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

LOST AMONG THE AFFGHANS:

BEING THE

ADVENTURES OF JOHN CAMPBELL,

(OTHERWISE FERINGHEE BACHA,)

AMONGST THE

WILD TRIBES OF CENTRAL ASIA.

45942.

RELATED BY HIMSELF

TO

HUBERT OSWALD FRY.

A New Edition, with Five Illustrations.

LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65 CORNHILL.
M.DCCC.LXV.

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INTRODUCTION.

UPON a field of carnage in the valley of Tezeen, when the British force was fighting its way through the snow-bound passes of Affghanistan, surrounded by thousands of Affghans, who shot them down from the heights above, and harassed their retreat at every step, there was found, amongst heaps of the slain, an infant, unhurt, which the Indian woman in charge of it said was the son of a British officer. The babe was taken by the troops of Dost Mahomed, to their leader, the Chief of the district of Konnar, in Affghanistan, by whom the little foundling was adopted as a son. This boy is the hero of the adventures related in the following pages, and which the editor wrote down from his dictation.

The narrative commences from the young adventurer's earliest recollections of his childhood, ere he had learned the important fact that he was not an Affghan, but of British origin, though his father's name he never heard. The name of "John Campbell," by which he is known to his English friends, was given to him very recently at Bombay, at the sugges-

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tion of Lord Elphinstone, and is not to be regarded as affording any clue to the youth's parentage.

The accounts which this remarkable youth gave of many of his adventures were so striking, that it occurred to the editor, and to several friends whose judgment was consulted, that a narrative of his travels and adventures among the tribes inhabiting the remote districts of Central Asia, would be acceptable to the public; especially as the personal history of the narrator was itself so full of interest. Hence the present volume, which contains a simple record of facts as taken down by the editor from Campbell's own lips.

The narrator's knowledge of English being at this time very imperfect, the style is necessarily crude, but the editor has thought it preferable to give Campbell's own words, in order that the simplicity of the narrative may be preserved, as nearly as possible.

The narrative closes with the hero's arrival at Bombay in the year 1857. After a residence of two years in that city, John Campbell was sent over to England under the charge of Captain Raverty, and by direction of the India Board, he was placed under the care of the Rev. George Small, who had for several years been a Baptist missionary in India. This gentleman's knowledge of the Persian and other Oriental languages, qualified him especially to take charge of the young Anglo-Affghan, who on his arrival in this country had made very little progress in the English tongue. He remained with Mr Small some months, pursuing a

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regular course of English studies; and was then placed by Mr Small in a school at Brighton, conducted by Mrs Edmund Fry and her sons. Upon one of the latter (the editor of the present volume) principally devolved the superintendence of Campbell's studies; and the result has been a friendship which has been peculiarly gratifying to the editor.

On his first introduction to this family, John Campbell appeared to be a young man of somewhat foreign aspect, though with decidedly European features; his complexion was sallow, from exposure to the extremes of heat and cold; his eyelids appeared swollen, and his lips a little blotched with black, which he ascribed to the effects of intense cold in crossing the Kotalakoda mountain. His stature is below the middle height, and he stoops considerably; this last being the natural result of much riding on horseback in the Affghan fashion, leaning forward. His hands and feet are remarkably small and well formed.

Mrs Fry writes thus respecting him:—

"In February 1861 I was requested to receive into my family a youth of remarkable appearance, apparently about twenty years of age. He was introduced to me as the son of a British officer slain in India. The name John Campbell had been given him by his earliest English friend, and he acknowledged no other. His countenance was grave and watchful, his manners gentle and subdued; he spoke English very imperfectly, but he was so anxious to gain information on

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various subjects, that he endeavoured to converse with every one around him. There was a singular mixture of independence and suspicion in his demeanour, that betokened habits of self-reliance and observation sharpened by necessity. At first he was cautious and reserved; but he soon attached himself to one of my sons about his own age, and in whose study he passed the greater part of his time. He soon became sociable and lively, and of an evening delighted to bring out his books of Persian songs, and to sing or chant them for our amusement. Sometimes he translated the poems into English, relating the legends attached to each song; and now and then he astonished us with an Affghan war-song, which he would shout with strange, wild energy.

"In his usual pursuits he evinced a quiet perseverance, which is the probable secret of much that is remarkable in his story. A simple instance will suffice: on one occasion my son being unable to attend to Campbell's usual studies, I proposed to him to make an effort to improve his handwriting; as soon as he had convinced himself that the thing was desirable, he obtained a pile of copy-books, and taking his seat amongst my little pupils (children under twelve,) he compelled himself to hold the pen as directed, and wrote steadily on, hour after hour, without change of occupation for several days; now and then he stopped for a moment to 'punish his hand,' saying, 'hand, much, much paining; punish much,—go on.'

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"As our intimacy increased, I found a
ly interest in our strange guest: he ex
ced a reverence for religion in whatever
form worship might be offered; but his i
ys truth were decidedly fanatical; he ar
gued that a lie was justifiable if it w
to accomplish a right end; which is the
theory maintained by Madame de Genl
and other French writers. He often request
me to read & explain the Gospels to him;
& on one occasion, when we were reading
6th chapter of Luke, on I came to the verse
'I say unto you love your enemies: do g
to them that hate you bless them that cu
you,' he exclaimed, 'Bible must be God
book: only God could say that. Man's
heart say, 'kill enemy'; God say 'love
only God can love enemy: love, love;
Bible God's book.'

"During the ten weeks that John Can
hill was in our family he gained the love
& esteem of all; his failings were those ari
ing from circumstances, not from wilful
wickedness: he appeared to be naturally
gentle, trusting & affectionate; but his stern
destiny had thrown him early on his own
resources, sharpened his suspicion, & made
him wary, keen, self reliant & determined.
His powers of endurance are marvellous

his perseverance deserved a better fate. We must hope that one so tutored by misfortune, & undeniably preserved, must be destined to accomplish some great end.

Should any question be raised as to the truth of the narrative itself, the editor, whilst accepting the responsibility of a faithful transcription of Campbell's statements, desires to add that, after close observation & investigation, he himself entertains no doubt of the substantial correctness of what is here related; & he begs to call the reader's attention to a few of the most important points which have influenced the editor & readers in placing faith in what John Campbell related of himself.

First there is the significant fact that the Indian Government, after careful investigation into the case, considered the young widower to have a claim upon them for maintenance. The British Ambassador at Persia, Hon. Charles Murray, to whom our applied, sent him to Bombay. There Sir Erskine Perry examined him & finding his story agree with all the circumstances which could be brought to bear upon it took the youth under his protection & kept him at school for two years: after which he sent him to England. Here Campbell was again examined before Sir John Kennaway and other gentlemen, whose acquaintance with [illegible] & Lucknow rendered them

them most unlikely to be imposed upon. I
satisfied were they with the account the
hostage gave of himself, that after plac
him for a year under tuition in Englan
they have sent him back to Bombay, wh
he remains under the care of the Governm
continuing his studies in his native lan
age & the various branches of an English
education.

The following are Campbell's recollect
of what the Affghans told him concerning t
expulsion of the British army from Cabul

"When the English first came into C
Shamshan the Affghans called them ange
& imagined their trumpets were the trum
of Gabriel & the roar of their cannon they
thought to be thunder: but when they saw
them eating & drinking, especially when
they saw them eat pork, they rose up again
them, fought with them & drove them out
Affghanistan.

The English army was encamped on
side Cabul at a place called Seeasung
about three miles from the capital. The s
diers (chiefly Sikhs) were tired with fati
& privation: so the English asked Akbar
Khan to allow them to return to Hindos
unmolested, & to this the Affghan leader
agreed.

The English left Cabul in parties, a
three days the whole of them army were on th
march; but they were obliged to abandon
their larger tents & their heavy artillery
baggage. Before they started, the English w

ed for all the men in his army who had money, bring it and have it buried, in order that the may should not find it; and many obeyed. A ne was raised over the spot with an account of at had been hidden, how much belonged to each n, so that if the English should at any future time turn to Seesung the men might receive again ir treasure. (These facts were communicated to the ghans by some sepoy deserters.) After the departe of the English, the Affghans took possession the tents and baggage which were left behind at Isung. In three days the British army arrived at een, which is beautifully situated among the moun-as: here they encamped on the banks of a river The ghans pursued after the English with 3000 men, overlook them at night. They turned the course the stream upon the English camp, and overwhelm the wearied army with water ice. The poor Sepoys ed to offer resistance, but the night was too dark them to perceive their enemies; in the morning they give battle to the Affghans, but they were so be-umbed by the cold that they were soon vanquished. English officer was killed and the whole army perish either by the sword of their treacherous enemies, or old and hunger."

It is at this point that Campbell begins to ak of himself:

It may be regarded as corroborating the vera- of Campbell's narrative, that he records some facts which present his character in an unfavour- light. Judged by the Christian standard, there can be doubt that he is open to the gravest censure; but should be remembered that at that period he knew thing of Christianity; his teaching and training his earliest childhood had been that of an Affghan.

and his habits of life were those of a people proverbial cunning, treacherous, and cruel; to whom the idea sacredness of human life was unknown. Commencin his perilous and adventurous journeyings whilst a mere boy, the one constant thought and necessit ever uppermost in his mind, was self-preservation; a he relied upon the cunning of a naturally quick an observant nature to extricate him from dangers wh might well have appalled the boldest and most experienced travellers. His life continually thr ened by cruel and unscrupulous enemies, it can b be wondered at that his heart should be prone to a injury, and his hand quick to strike in self-defe But that he was not wholly unworthy of his Eng lineage may be inferred from his early loyalty the race to which he was taught and he belonged, well as from the fierce constancy with which, he learned that he was the son of a British soldi he persevered in his efforts to discover and rejoin own countrymen. His lofty spirit and reckless dar the impetuous courage and patient endurance wit which he faced danger and overcame every obst in his path; are native characteristics, which his s life fostered. When at length the light of Christian first broke in upon his darkened mind, it foun in the young outcast a ready and cordial recip he became a courageous champion, and showed tha in the hour of trial he would have become a mo to his faith.

During his short stay with his English frie John Campbell endeared himself to them by ma evidences of a grateful and affectionate heart. H was as may be easily supposed, peculiar and q in temper, and required patient and judicious guidance; but the editor and his family felt ampl rewarded for the care bestowed upon their interest

age. He made rapid and satisfactory progress
acquiring the English language, and received
th intelligent appreciation such general instruc
n as could be imparted during so short a period.

In the month of May, 1861 by desire of the
dia Board John Campbell was fitted out for his
turn to India. He sailed in the "Ellora" from
thampton on the 12th of that month, and arrived
Bombay about the middle of June. What may be
determination of the Government with regard to
future career is not known. It may, however,
sonably be hoped that energies and resources
remarkably developed in early life will find
ble and honourable scope for their employment
the public service of his country.

H. O. Fry.

P.S. Since the above was written, the editor
s been informed that John Campbell has
en appointed Interpreter to the Superintendent
the Government Telegraph at Kurrachee.

Brighton, October, 1862.

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LOST AMONG THE AFFGHANS.

CHAPTER I.

Found on battle-field by the Affghans.—Adopted by the Chief.—Earliest recollections.—Affghan education.—Illness.—Change of scene.—Return to school.—We blow up our master.—Military training.—Affghan high life.—A scrape.—The Kookhee tribe.—Early longings after the English.—My first visit to the town of Caubul.—Relics of the British in the Valley of Tezeen, and at Seeasung.—Murder of Sir W. Macnaghten and Sir A. Burnes.—I resolve to escape from the Affghans.—I save money.—Description of Caubul, its climate, &c.—Winter at Caubul.—Habits of the people.—Instances of their wild, ferocious character.—Plans for escape.—My Affghan friends; one commits suicide, another is attacked and wounded.—A wedding.—I am shot by one of my playmates.—I recover from the wound.—Expedition against Tagaub.—First experience of battle.—We are repulsed.—March to Caubul.—I am insulted by the King Dost Mahomed.—I become miserable.—I prepare to flee from Affghanistan.—Vague idea where I was going.

I MUST have been about two years old when, having been left with my nurse on the battle-field at Tezeen, I was discovered by the Affghans, who spared my life and took me to their chief.

Among the trophies taken by the victors to the capital, were the heads of a number of the English stuck upon bayonets. My life was spared because I was so

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young. They asked my nurse who I was, and she told them that I was the son of an English officer who was killed in the battle. They asked her what religion she was, and she said she was Mahommedan, and pleaded earnestly for her life; but they said that she had been unfaithful to her religion by taking charge of a Christian child, and they made this the excuse for putting her to death. The chief kept me as part of his share of the spoil, and ordered two of his horse soldiers to take me to his residence at Islampoor, in Konnar, which was about eight days' journey from Caubul. The chief proceeded in triumph to the capital, where he received the honours paid to a great conqueror.

The soldiers carried me in their arms, and rested at Jugdaluk, where they fed me with sheep's milk and cake. On arriving at Islampoor, they left me at the chief's house. The people flocked around me, and some laughed at me, and called me "Feringhee," (European.)

Some time elapsed before the arrival of the chief, by whom I was named "Feringhee Bacha," and by this name I was always afterwards called. (The literal meaning of Feringhee Bacha, is European child.) This chief had nine wives, one of whom was childless. I was presented to her, and she loved me as if I had been her own son. When I was five years old, I was sent to school. Here I first began to understand that I was of a different race to my companions; this I

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learnt from the explanations given to me by my schoolfellows of the literal meaning of my name. I made many inquiries of them about my native country; but I found that the knowledge of my companions was not more than my own, and I was left with only a very vague apprehension that I belonged to a far distant and different race. I knew that I was a stranger in the land, but I knew little more.

I soon learned to read and write the Affghan language, and as a reward my foster-mother gave an entertainment to my schoolfellows. I was dressed in new clothes for the occasion. A horse was presented to my master, and a feast was provided for the boys; after which I was furnished with some money to present a small sum to each, and we closed the day with games, music, and dancing.

Some time after this I was taken very ill with small-pox. I was put into a large garden, where I was slung up in a hammock between two trees, and an attendant was appointed to take charge of me. I cried for my schoolfellows, and they were allowed to come to see me. They were glad to do so, as they received presents of pomegranates and other fruits. I was very kindly treated; and several of my foster-mother's relations came to see me, bringing me gifts of toys, fruits, and flowers, and playing music for my amusement.

I soon recovered from the small-pox, but almost immediately afterwards I was attacked with fever of an intermittent character. For forty days I remained in

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the garden, and got so thin and weak that my bones almost came through my skin. The doctor recommended a change of air, and a sister of my foster-mother's arranged to receive me at her house. She lived at Pushoot, the capital of Konnar, about eight days' journey from Islampoor.

In travelling, I was an object of great attraction. Every one came to see the European child, of whom they had heard so much; and in such distinguished company as my aunt's, I travelled very comfortably till we arrived at Pushoot, which is colder than Islampoor.

Pushoot is situated on the banks of a beautiful river, surrounded with trees and gardens. Here I got rapidly well. The fever left me very weak. At first I could not walk. The doctor ordered that I should have whatever I wanted to eat. My principal diet was mutton roasted with butter, and a fruit called *shatoot*. I played with my companions, wrestling, and slinging stones; and in the evening we bathed at a fountain, the water of which was hot in winter, and cold in summer. It is not to be wondered at that a life of so much indulgence, and free from wholesome restraint, should induce habits so boisterous and self-willed, that my aunt became tired of the charge she had undertaken, and I was sent back to Islampoor.

I had now to resume my studies at the school, which was extremely distasteful to me. Another man now kept it, who was cruel to me, and beat me. He beat

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me one day, and I said to him, "I want to ask you a question." He said, "What is it?" I asked why, when we paid him money and gave him honour, he should beat us?

He laughed and said, "If you give me much money, I will not beat you, or make you learn." I said, "Well, I must do it secretly." So I agreed to take whatever I could from my home and give it to him.

He was very kind to me after this, and the boys wondered to see that I never did anything at school. This was told to my foster-mother; so she called me, and upon examining me, she discovered that I was very ignorant. She inquired the reason of this, and I said, "Ask my master." He was called, and said that I always pretended to study my lesson, and he thought that I really was working. I said to my mother, "Where is your gold-ornamented book with the eight ashrafees [coins] which were in it, and your knife, and other things?"

She went to find them, but they were all gone; so I explained to her the agreement which I had made with my master. The chief had him laid on the ground, and beaten with long canes. He also ordered that what the schoolmaster had done should be written on a piece of bone, which was hung round the poor fellow's neck, and the schoolboys drove him round the village on a donkey. The things which I had given him were all taken away, and he was banished from the country.

Another master was procured, and with him I re-

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commenced my studies; he was very kind, but honest and just. If I was naughty, he reported my conduct to my mother, and I was punished by her orders. I soon found that no trifling would be allowed, so I gave my head to the work, and got on capitally. In six months I could read and spell perfectly, and I learnt to write. It was well I made such rapid progress with this good master, as I did not enjoy much longer the benefit of his instruction. He left us, and we were all very sorry to lose him. We gave him a great many parting presents.

The next man who undertook to teach us was worse than any we had had, and with him we soon made mischief. He treated us so cruelly, that at last we could bear it no longer. A beating which he gave to me and one of the other boys brought matters to a crisis. After school this boy came to me, and said, "Will you help me to punish the master?" I willingly agreed; so we dug a hole under the master's chair, and put a couple of handfuls of gunpowder into the hole. We then stuck a stick upright in the centre of the powder and filled up the hole with the earth, leaving the top of the stick above ground. On drawing out the stick there was of course a small hole leading down to the gunpowder; this was our touchhole; we primed it, and made a train of powder from it to where the boys sat in class. Now came the question who was to set fire to the train; but I persuaded the boy that it would be better to let me occupy the

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master's attention while he should apply the light. In due time the master came, and school commenced. I stood up to say my lesson, and diverted the master's attention from the others. There was a smothered report; and the master, after a short excursion in the air, came down on his head. It made our hearts feel rather queer when we saw the extent of damage we had done; however, the master was only a little singed and bruised. No one ever discovered the culprits.

I had now had enough of reading and writing, and was advanced to the higher branches of Affghan education, which consisted of riding, shooting, and sword exercise. I was seven years old when I was sent to a military school. I had four men to teach me. If I was unruly they beat me, and I soon learnt to pay proper respect to gentlemen. They also beat me if I was afraid of riding or shooting. I was a very quick pupil at these things.

A short account of my mother's way of passing her time, will give some idea of high life among the Affghans. In the autumn my mother lived at Islampoor, where she stayed, too, during the winter; but as soon as spring commenced she went with her tent to Barykoh. The people stay at Barykoh until the heat of summer drives them up into the high lands. There are large pleasure-gardens near Barykoh, planted with trees and sweet-smelling flowers. Here the Affghans amuse themselves in various ways. The men with shows particularly interested me; and

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their dancing monkeys, and other wonders, are most impressed on my memory. A great deal of gambling is carried on. There is a large market-place, where all sorts of things are exposed for sale. The visitors all bring their tents, but they are not very particular as to where they sleep, and often pass the night in the open air.

On the road to Barykoh, my horse ran away with me. I called out to the people to get out of my way, but one woman did not hear me, and in a moment my horse was on her; she was dashed to the ground and I passed on. Her husband, who was in front, tried to stop me, but he, too, was knocked down. I was so frightened that I did not see anything more until I got into the market-place, where my horse stopped. It was only on mentioning to whom I belonged that I managed to get out of this scrape, for the friends of the people I had run over came up and threatened to put me in prison. The woman had her ankle broken; and, as no other harm was done, my mother agreed to pay the doctor, and we heard no more about it.

We stayed in Barykoh the usual time, (about two months,) and then went to Sufaid Koh, (White Mountain.) This is a great summer resort of the Affghans, and is situated high up among the snow-covered mountains. Here we met with a tribe of Affghans called the Kookhee, who possess immense herds of horses, cattle, and camels, and flocks of sheep. They are good wool-merchants; and are obliged to lead a wandering

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life, always travelling about with their flocks. In winter they find grass and a warm climate for their animals in the low lands about Nagrahar, and we found their black tents pitched up on the Sufaid Koh for the summer season. They are a warlike tribe, acknowledging no government, and are reputed wealthy. The women wear gold coins all over their breasts. Their manners are very unlike those of the other Affghans. The Affghan women in general are very retiring, and always keep their faces covered: the Kookhee women ride splendidly; they shoot and look after the cattle, while their husbands milk the animals, cook the food, and look after the children.

I made some friends among the Kookhees, and I asked them to tell me all about the English. They said they knew about the coming of the English, for they had been asked to help to drive them back. They refused to go against the enemies of a government with which they had nothing to do; only one of the shepherds told me he had killed two English officers with his sling, as they fled across the mountains.

We returned to Islampoor in the autumn. I could now ride and shoot, read and write, and was considered forward in my education; but, as I got older, I felt a strange feeling of unhappiness increasing on me day by day. I began to understand my situation. I knew I was not an Affghan. They called me an English boy; I longed to know more about the English, and seized every opportunity of gaining information about

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them. So the winter passed at Islampoor; spring came, and the chief ordered my mother to prepare my things and make me ready to go with him to Caubul, as he wished me to see and be seen in the capital. So I was fitted out in a manner becoming the son of so great a man, and we started, accompanied by about three hundred of my master's servants.

As I was now so far advanced in my education, the chief often allowed me to walk and talk with him. On our way we passed through Tezeen; he shewed me where they had fought the English, and told me all about the battle, and how he took me. I saw bones of men lying thickly in the valley, and my heart felt very sad when I heard and saw these terrible proofs of the fate of my countrymen.

From Tezeen we came to Butkhak. Here the chief told me to wash very clean, and ride as well as I could. My horse was rubbed down, and my dagger, sword, and pistols put in proper order; then I was allowed to ride beside my master, which none of the others might do, for he was very proud and powerful. He pointed out to me all the spots where the English were massacred, till we came to Seeasung; here he shewed me the ruins of the English houses, and told me how the Affghans murdered Sir William Macnaghten, Sir Alexander Burnes,* and other officers. As I heard

* The account the Affghans gave Campbell of the murder of these two gentlemen differs materially from that which they gave to the English authorities. In Kaye's "History of the Affghan War," we read that Akhbar Khan excused himself for not preventing the slaughter

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these fearful details, I swore in my heart to God that I would one day leave these treacherous wretches who had so mercilessly slaughtered my countrymen.

A letter came to the chief telling him to wait at Seeasung for a little while, until an embassy might get ready to meet him on his way to Caubul and do him honour. There came out from the capital a great troop of soldiers, horses, and elephants, and three salutes were fired. I was almost frightened at these soldiers, with their long moustaches and all their bright trappings, having never seen them before. Many governors and great men came to salute my master; and when we arrived at Balla Hissar, where the king lives, he got off his horse and rode on an elephant with two of his friends. I went with the servants to the place appointed for them in the town. We found tea prepared for us, made in "samowa," (tea-urns brought from Russia.) After drinking some tea, we went to bed.

I was firmly resolved to get away from the Affghans, but beyond this resolve I had no plans for my future. I could not think of any way to find the English; but I was determined not to remain a prisoner among a

in the passes, by saying that the fury of the people was beyond all constraint, and that in these, as well as in many other outrages, they set his authority at defiance. Campbell was told that Akhbar Khan himself went into Sir W. Macnaghten's room, having first stationed a body of Affghans outside; that Akhbar stamped with his foot, and his followers rushed in. Macnaghten drew his pistol to defend himself, but they were too many for him, and he fell by their murderous knives. Poor Burnes met with a very similar fate. But this story is manifestly incorrect.

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people who were such great enemies to my own countrymen. I fell asleep with these thoughts in my mind, but I was soon woke up. When I opened my eyes, I saw a plentiful meal prepared on the carpet; for it is not customary among the Affghans to make use of tables at meals. They are very particular in their manner of eating; they rinse their mouths and wash their hands before and after eating: this is not to be wondered at, as they use their fingers instead of forks.

For four days we did not see the chief; he was very busy paying visits. When he found a little leisure, he came to us. I wrote a letter, which was given to him, telling him I wished to see him and speak to him. So he called me before him, and asked me if I was happy. I said yes, and asked for permission to go about and see the town, and for some money to spend. He ordered 100 rupees to be given to me. I said, "This is not enough, I must give some to my servant." So he gave me 150 rupees.*

I then said, "What shall I do when this is gone?" so he ordered his steward to give me 40 rupees a month until we should leave for Islampoor. I kissed his hand, took my money and letter for the steward, and went away very glad.

I took the rupees to the shroff, (money-changer,) and he gave me twelve ashrafees for them. I knew well the power of money; so I laid by eleven ashrafees

* The Affghan rupee is worth one shilling.

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against the time when I should be able to get away from the Affghans. When my companions asked me to go with them to the various places of amusement in the town, I said I was sick, or made some other objection, so as to save my money. Every month I took my forty rupees, and laid them by with my other money.

A great many Affghan officers, who had heard of me, wished to see me. I was a big boy then, about eight years old, and spoke Affghan very well; so I went to the houses of these officers, and they gave me presents because I behaved well. They often offered me knives, guns, or horses; but I always declined, saying I would much rather have money to spend in the bazaar; they were pleased at this, and gave me often more money than the gifts were worth. Every rupee I could lay my hands on I put away in my box. I was most particular in visiting all the officers I knew, even if they had not expressed any wish to see me. If they did not offer me any presents, I told them how generous others had been, and being thus reminded they were ashamed to refuse. When I had called on every officer I knew, I counted up my money, and found I had 300 ashrafees. I increased this store a good deal by holding lotteries or raffles. I would buy some article, and sell it by small shares: each shareholder wrote his name on a slip of paper; the papers were mixed, and he whose paper was first drawn had the article.

The climate of Caubul is colder than that of Affghan-

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istan generally: it is very regular; there are three months of winter, three of spring, three of summer, and three of autumn. In spring beautiful flowers abound everywhere, and the air is filled with the scent of roses. Every one goes for change of air; the rich to Barykoh, others to Moorgaub and different places near Caubul. In summer and autumn Caubul is full of people; this is the principal business season of the year. Fruit may be obtained at all seasons except winter, and is very cheap; for a *pisa* (penny) you may get more grapes or apples than you can carry. Almost all provisions are cheap: an ox is sold for about eight rupees, a sheep for two rupees, fowls for one pisa each, eggs twelve for a pisa. Articles of clothing, on the contrary, are very dear: a cotton shirt cannot be obtained for less than ten rupees. These articles are brought from Russia, from the English in India, and from Persia.

The Affghans are a very industrious people, and money has a great value among them. Late in the autumn they all buy in a stock of wood and charcoal. This latter is produced by burning the jungles, and putting them out before the wood is consumed; this charred wood is to them as coals are to the English.

Great preparations are necessary to pass the winter in Caubul. Food, clothes, everything, in fact, must be bought in to stand the siege of the snow, which completely blocks up the streets, so that business is entirely stopped, and the shops are all shut up. If any one

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dies during the winter, it is very difficult to get out to bury them; and people are so shut up in their houses, that no one knows what deaths occur among their neighbours until the spring. The winter garment is a coat made of the skin of the long-woolled sheep: the wool is worn inside; they stain the leather of various colours, and work it over with gold or silk embroidery.

The manner of sleeping in winter among the common people is as follows: they have in each house a large stone table; on this table they spread the skins of the long-woolled sheep; a large stone is placed in the centre on the skins, to keep them fast; underneath the table they put a fire-basket, with a fire in it; all the members of the family sleep on the skins, with their feet towards the centre stone. The rich people have separate rooms.

The Affghans are a very revengeful race. A few incidents, which impressed themselves on my memory, may serve to illustrate this. One day as I was standing outside the house, a man happened to be passing with a bird in his hand. (It was a bird which the Affghans call *bodana*, which I believe is a sort of quail: they are used as fighting birds; and a great deal of gambling is carried on with them.) This man came to me and said, "Hold this bird a minute; I want to arrange my coat." I took it gently in my hand. Another man going by with a bird in his hand, came to me and held his bird to the one in my hand, and the two began to fight. The man who was arranging his coat saw this, and called the fellow a rascal.

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The man answered and said, "You are a rascal, and your father is a rascal!" Whereupon the first man lifted his club, and with one blow dashed out the poor fellow's brains. He then snatched his own bird from me, and ran off. The people saw him, and raised a hue and cry after him, but he ran straight to the house of the chief-officer.

It is the custom in Affghanistan, if any one who has broken the laws takes refuge in any house, the inmates of the house consider it their duty to protect him; so when the people came and demanded the murderer, the officer said he would give him up to justice, but not to them; so the man was tried and sentenced to be hung. A friend of the murderer heard of the affair, and procured two horses, and guns and pistols, and went near the scaffold at the time of the execution. They prepared to carry out the sentence; when this man rushed on the scaffold, and cut the rope with his sword. He and the murderer then sprang on horseback and fled; an officer tried to stop them, but they cut him down dead, and continued their flight. There are horses always kept ready saddled by the government for such emergencies, and ten men were directly in chase of the two villains, who were caught, brought back, and executed with two other prisoners; whose story was as bad as that I have just related, and will serve as another incident in this chapter of horrors.

These last-named ruffians were condemned for robbery and outrage. They had gone to a rich widow's

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house, fearfully ill-used the woman, cut off her breasts, and robbed her of her wealth: she, however, in her struggles, tore a ring from the finger of one of the men. This ring was taken to the magistrates, who found a name on it, and thereby discovered the thief. After a good deal of torture, such as driving spikes under the man's finger-nails, and burning him, they extorted from him his companion's name, and where he would be found. On the man being brought up, the woman asked leave to kill him with her own hand, so he was bound tight, and she cut him down with a sword; the other three men were hanged.

A favourite game with the Affghan boys is firing stones from little bows. A number of children were amusing themselves in this way one day, when one of them got rather a harder crack than he liked, and he ran to tell his father, who came out and beat several of the boys. The parents of these felt it their duty to avenge their sons, and so arose a great fight, in which the whole city soon became involved: firearms were used, and some lives lost. The governor, on hearing the tumult, ordered out the soldiers to quiet the people, and imprison those who were the originators of the quarrel. This had the effect of uniting the people, but they united against the Government for interfering in the matter. The struggle was now between the soldiers and the people: the rabble was of course soon subdued; numbers of them were put in prison, and the chiefs of the various tribes were changed. Such

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is the wild, ferocious character of this people, few of whom reach old age. Indeed, they say they do not wish to live, to be a burden to themselves and others. They are great cheats and liars, as my story will shew.

I stayed at Caubul all the winter, and saw much that interested and astonished me; in the spring I returned to Islampoor. I now became more and more occupied with plans for escaping from my master; so I buried my money, which amounted to 350 ashrafees, in the ground.

I made great friends with a young man named Mohabat Khan: his mother was very rich, and he was her only son. This lady made up her mind that it was time her son should look out for a wife, but my friend entertained no such idea for himself. However, being much worried on the subject, he agreed to keep his eye open, and soon found one after his own heart; but his mother said, although the girl was beautiful, she was not high caste. She then mentioned a girl whom she wished my friend to marry. Mohabat said he would not have any girl but the one he had chosen. His mother was inexorable, sent for the girl she wished to become her daughter, and commenced the marriage preparations. Mohabat was miserable at the idea of being forced into this uncongenial alliance, and he went to the priest and asked him what God would do to the man who should commit suicide. The priest answered that all suicides would have their portion in hell.

Mohabat had always been a very good young man,

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and was a great favourite with all the children in the place: he was very fond of shooting, and used to give us boys a great many birds which he shot. On the day appointed for the marriage, we saw Mohabat going out with his gun; he went and washed himself, and prayed a little while. He then told us not to follow and frighten the birds: he loaded his gun, put the muzzle to his breast, and pulled the trigger with his foot. His clothes were set on fire by the powder, but he put them out and rushed home, calling to us as he passed that the bird was gone. He went to his bed, and his mother not knowing what was done, went in to speak to him, and found him covered with blood, and his bowels protruding through a fearful wound. She tore her hair and cried out in her sorrow; but he struck her when she went near him, and said, "You have driven me to this with your accursed match-making." He lived till midnight, and many people went to see him; he maintained the same spirit to the last, and said he would rather go to hell than live in misery. He told them to bury his gun and sword with him, and to give his clothes to the poor; then he said good-bye to all the people, and died. In the morning poor people were brought in to eat the marriage-feast.

Let me give you a history of another of my friends. This man had a great enemy, who was always trying to injure him. My friend had two slaves, who were brothers; the elder brother loved the daughter of his master's enemy. This was a chance for the man to pay

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off his grudge against my friend, so he promised the slave that if he would kill his master he would give him his daughter. The bargain was struck, the slave got his brother to help him, and agreed not only to kill his master, but as many of his friends as he could lay his hands on. The two brothers carried all their things to the enemy's house, and resolved on a plan for carrying out their murderous designs.

My friend wished to build a house, and had told his slaves to see about getting the materials. They said they knew where the bricks could be got, and asked their master to go and see if they would do. My friend suspecting nothing, agreed to go, and said to me, "Come, carry my gun for me." So we went. The place was about a mile off, and when we got there we found a house, and had to go up some steps to where the things were. The slaves, who shewed the way, went first. My friend followed, and was on the steps, when the younger of the brothers, impatient to finish his job, fired at my friend, but only wounded him in the hand. He called to me to cock his gun and give it to him, which I did as quickly as I could; but the two rascals had made off too swiftly for him with his wounded hand. I ran back into the town calling out "Murder!" and many people came out to help us, but my friend just wrapped a handkerchief round his hand and walked home.

My friend was soon after obliged to leave the place, in consequence of another attack on his life. A brother

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of his, a son of his father but not of his mother, resolved to kill him, in order that he might be left heir to their father's property. This intention was discovered to my friend by his sister, and he deemed it safer to flee from the place, taking his devoted sister with him. This girl, to make more sure of their safety, put on man's clothes, returned to her native place, and watching her opportunity, shot her other brother; but she did not escape the Affghan law of blood for blood, and she fell by the hand of her uncle. So much for the history of my friends.

My chief amusements were hunting and shooting birds; but I always kept my end in view, and saved up my money, knowing that in it I should find the best travelling companion when the time should come for my escape.

One day there was a wedding, and, as is the custom in Affghanistan, they formed a procession before the bridegroom with music, and fired blank cartridges in the air. It was evening, and I was there with other boys enjoying the fun, when, for mischief, I dropped a little piece of paper into my gun and fired at a boy who was some distance off. He got in a great rage, and loading his gun with shot, fired into my side. I fell to the ground, and was carried home to bed, and the boy was put into prison. If I had died, the boy would have been killed; but I got well, though to this day I bear the marks of the wounds. The boy's father paid my master much money, and offered his daughter to

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be my wife; the latter kindness was declined, but my master took the money, and the matter was forgotten. I was at this time ten years old.

There is one province of Affghanistan called Tagaub. The inhabitants of this part are outlaws; but the king wished to subdue them, and an army was equipped for the purpose. These people are very wild and uncivilised, much more so than other Affghans. In the history of Affghanistan it is related that one king went against them to subdue them; he advanced to Shallwaty, the nearest town of this country, and from thence wrote to them a command that they should all come and salute him. They killed his ambassador and sent a letter to the king, saying, "If you are brave enough, bring out your troops to fight; but don't think to subdue us with the few you have brought: send for your whole army." The king was very angry, and swore an oath not to sheathe his sword until the rebels were subdued. The war commenced, and I accompanied the army on the expedition against Tagaub. The king's soldiers were mounted on stallions, so the rebels prepared a number of mares to oppose them; the stallions, on seeing the mares, rushed impetuously amongst them, carrying their riders pell-mell right into the power of the rebels, who cut them down without mercy.

We knew, then, the kind of enemy we had to deal with, and we had orders to go slowly and carefully, and keep our wits about us. We travelled ten days from Caubul, and then reached Shallwaty. The people

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of Tagaub have no chief except in time of war, so on our approach they elected their leader; and all the people—women, girls, and all—came out to fight. I must say our army had not much the appearance of having come to subdue this fierce tribe, for we were in mortal fear of them, and waited tremblingly for them to begin the attack. I had no idea what I was to do in the battle, so I asked a son of my master, who simply told me to fight.

The whole day we were kept in anxious expectation; but no enemy came, and at nightfall we were ordered to sit down to eat; but we were only just unaccoutred, and were sitting down for a quiet meal, when the trumpet sounded to arms again. Our soldiers had first to put on their accoutrements; only our horsemen were ready to receive the enemy. An action was carried on for an hour, by which time all our troops came up, and the enemy dispersed and surrounded us. They soon attacked us again, and we took refuge in a fort, leaving our guns in the hands of the enemy. They besieged us in the fort, and built up walls, from behind which they continually fired on us. We soon ate all our food, and our ammunition ran short. No assistance could come from Caubul, so our chief had to capitulate. He wrote to the enemy, and asked which they desired, war or peace? They answered peace; and they also stipulated that ten honourable hostages should be given on each side, that the treaty might be more sure. Then they gave our cannon back. Their

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officer came to our commander, and kissed his hand and said, "You are my brother;" and, after an exchange of presents, we departed for Caubul.

We arrived next day at Doawur. Our officers numbered our army, to see how many we had lost, and there were more than eight hundred men missing. When we arrived at Caubul, the king himself saw me, and stopped me, and asked who were my parents. I was afraid, and did not answer; he asked me again, and the officers near me told me to speak. So I said, "I am an English boy." He replied, "A curse on your father," and went away. This circumstance only served to strengthen my resolution to escape from among the Affghans.

After staying one month at Caubul, I went to Islampoor again. I began to feel very miserable, and often thought, "Ah! I am no better than my friend who shot himself; would that I had been killed, as were my countrymen at Seeasung. I will go," said I; "I will flee from among these people. What if I am caught and killed? that would be better than to spend all my life here in misery." I knew that to reach the English in India I must pass through Peshawur, but that territory I found belonged then to the Sikhs. I was afraid to pass through their country, so I gave up the idea of getting to India, and resolved to go in some other direction. I almost despaired of ever finding the English; but at any rate, if I could get away from the Affghans, that would be one object gained: I

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thought I should be happier wandering about with the forlorn hope of finding my countrymen, than in dragging on my existence as I was. I was too young to have much more definite purpose than this in the step I was about to take. But I was wide awake for my years, and my education had fitted me admirably for the wandering life I was destined to lead.

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CHAPTER II.

I start on my wanderings.—Hard riding.—Safe beyond the Affghan frontier.—I resolve to visit the Prophet of Swat.—A kind friend.—I advance towards Swat.—I set up as private tutor.—Pleasant time at Bassood.—I am nearly killed by bees.—I jog on towards Swat.—Mountain robbers.—I find shelter in their village.—A storm among the hills.—I am waylaid by thieves.—The power of politeness.—Halt at Tana.—A swinging bridge.—Arrive at Swat.—The Prophet's liberality.—His advice to me.

AFTER much inquiry about the various peoples in the surrounding countries, I decided on turning my steps northward. In that direction, I was told, one might travel for a whole year and find only savage people and uncivilised, who were ignorant even of the value of money.

I took my money, which now amounted to 400 ashrafees, to the goldsmith's, and had rings made; and I bought precious stones, which I had put in the rings; thus my treasure was less cumbersome. I had a little pocket in my shirt, into which I put my rings. I had a very good horse of my own, and a dagger, a double-barrelled gun, two horse-pistols, and two pocket-pistols. All these I got ready. Then I went and asked my master for leave to go for one month to visit my aunt at Pushoot. This he granted. So I said good-bye to my mother and friends, and taking two servants with

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me, I started on my long journey. This must have been when I was about eleven years old.

When we got near to Pushoot, I told the servants I could go on alone, and they might go back. They would not go at first, so I threatened to shoot them, and they got angry and left me. I then left the road to Pushoot, and went north as fast as I could make my horse go. For three days I pressed on, with scarcely any rest. I arrived at Chaga-Serai; here my horse gave way, and could go no further. I sold him at the auction, and with the money I got for him and a little more I bought a fresh horse, and went on my journey till I came to Kogani, which does not belong to Affghanistan, and where the people are enemies of the Affghans.

I felt safe here, and rested six days. Then I went on to Mayar, which is in Bajour. My heart began to feel very glad, for this is far from Affghanistan. I sold my horse in Mayar. I found one friend in this place, and told him I wished to go to Swat, for there was an extraordinary man* there, who was very rich. Some people thought he could make gold; others thought he knew of a mine of money. Many foreigners went to see him, and hear his wisdom. He fed thousands of people, giving away eight mule-loads of flour, corn, and rice, every day; he never took presents. Most people believed him to be a prophet, or

* Doubtless the "Akhoond," of whom so much was heard during the Umbeyla campaign in 1863-4.

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good man, and many chiefs came from far to see him. My friend promised to send me there if he could; in the meantime he took me to live with him, and treated me as one of his family. I was very happy, and used to go about the country to see it, and played with the boys there.

I stayed a month in this place. One day a man came to visit at the house, and he told me he had three children, and invited me to go and stay with him; so I went. Every day we used to go and swim in the river; but I was not happy, so he sent me back to my first friend. I waited at his house for some one who might be going to Swat, but no one came, so I said I would go alone. "How?" said my friend. "You have no horse!" But I wished to go. So he saddled his horse for me, and borrowed one for himself, and came with me for one day, and left me at a village.

When evening came, I began to seek for shelter. I asked a woman, and she said there was no place for those who did not work. She said she was a servant. So I said, "Go tell your lady I have no place to sleep." She did so, and the lady called me in, and said, "Little boy, where do you come from, with your gun and all these things?" I answered, "I come from Affghanistan. I am the son of some governor, and I wish to go to see the great man at Swat." Then she brought her daughter and her son's wife to see me. They let me eat with them that evening. After dinner the lady asked me if I could read and write; I told her I

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could, and she proposed that I should stay and teach her daughter. I said I would if she would pay me. So we agreed on the amount, and she took care of my gun and other things for me, and I entered regularly into the engagement. The name of this place was Seena.

In the morning I began to teach the lady's daughter to write. Many women and girls came to see me, and they often took me home with them; and I made many friends. The husband of this lady was a merchant, and was at this time away from home. She had also a grown-up son, who was an officer, and absent with his troops. I became a great favourite with the lady; she called me son, and wrote and told her husband that she had a new little son. After some time he came home, and she said to me, "Go hide, and when I call you, come." So I hid in a corner of the room. When the merchant came in, his wife called me, and I ran forward; she embraced me, saying, "This is my son." I saluted her husband; but he said to his wife, "How can he be your son? he has relations of his own." Then we explained my case to him, and he was kind to me.

Soon after this, the family went to a place called Bassood, where they owned another house. My lady had written to her friends in this place, and told them of her new little son: they were curious to see me, and on our arrival I was again the object of attraction to a great many people. I was very happy here. I lived

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in comfortable style among kind friends, and forgot all my troubles. I taught several girls to read and write; these girls were all bigger than myself. I used to walk in the early morning with my pupils in the garden, and they sent me up the fruit-trees to shake down the fruit for them.

One day there was a great holiday in all the place, and they made me some new clothes, and the lady gave me much money to spend. The market was a long way off, and I set out to go there alone, but met with a sad disaster by the way, which threatened to spoil my holiday, if not to bring my life to a close just as I was beginning to enjoy it.

There was at the side of the road a nest of bees: these insects are very fierce, and their stings are very formidable, so the people who knew of them did not pass that way. I had heard nothing about them, and was walking quietly along thinking how I should spend my money, when suddenly these terrible insects flew out upon me, and began stinging me dreadfully. I screamed and tore off my clothes, but soon fell down; and I should have died in agony, but providentially some people saw me, and covering up their faces and hands, they came to rescue me. They took me up, and brought me home. I was so swelled that no one could recognise me, and could scarcely speak, to tell them where to take me. I was put into a stream of water, and in about an hour my eyes opened, and I dressed myself. The next day the holiday was still being kept;

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it lasted three days. On the third day we went to some pleasure-gardens at the other side of the river. After this holiday we went on steadily with our lessons.

One day a stranger came; he had long moustaches, and carried a gun and a sword. This was the son of my new mother. She introduced me to him, telling him I was her son too. "Ah, what does he know?" he asked. She said, "He can shoot well, perhaps better than you; and he can read, and write, and ride." "Oh, oh!" said he, "let us see him shoot." So he set up a mark, and handed me his gun, saying, "There, hit that if you can." I did not wish to shoot; but my mother said, "Come, shoot, or you will make me ashamed of my words." So I shot and hit the mark. The officer patted me on the back, and said, "Well done!" Then turning to his mother, he asked, "Where does this little devil come from?" She said, "I do not know; he came like you, with his sword and gun, and I suppose he is an officer too." I shewed him my gun and other things, and he told me if I wished to sell them he would buy them, for he liked the look of them. In about two weeks he went away.

I did not much longer remain in these pleasant quarters. One of my pupils, who had always been very kind, went away to be married; and when she was gone I did not feel so attached to the place, and thought I should like to continue my wanderings; so I asked my mother for my pay, which amounted to about fifteen ashrafees, and ten ashrafees I got from one of

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my pupils. I invested three ashrafees in the purchase of a horse, and took my leave of my kind friends.

I came again to Seena, and there I found a caravan going to Swat. I also found a man, a traveller like myself, and we agreed to join the caravan. Between Seena and Swat lies a mountainous district, called Meeantela, which is infested with bands of fierce robbers, who often muster strong enough to attack even the caravans which pass that way. Our caravan consisted of camels, mules, and donkeys; mine was the only horse. My friend went on foot. He and I put our money together, each of us giving two ashrafees for our expenses. He cooked our food, and I let him ride a little on my horse when he was tired.

When we arrived among the mountains, we began to look out for the robbers. It came on to rain, and the caravan people pitched their little tents for shelter. My friend and I having no tents, went up the mountains to try and find a cave; we had no success, and got drenched. I went on still further alone; but I had not left my friend long, when I came upon a robber village.

The people looked with an evil eye at my gun and other things, but I walked right in amongst them. They laughed and abused me at first, for they were not used to see strangers in their haunts. "Look at that rascal," said they; "he comes here to our very homes, and does not fear us! Who is he?" I said, "You are my brothers. I care not for your tongues; they are

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like millstones, and will turn whichever way you choose to make them: but come, it is better to do good than evil." They laughed and answered, "Good! where do you come from?" and they came near, and we talked together. I said, "I want shelter out of this rain: can't you give me room in your houses?" They refused to let me in, but offered me food. "No," said I; "shelter I want, and shelter I must have." At last one poor woman agreed to take me in, on promise of being paid four rupees for the night. So while she prepared a bed I went to fetch my friend. I found him in a miserably wet state, as I was myself. "Come," said I; "I have found a house." "What! a robber's house?" he exclaimed. "Yes." "You will be killed, you foolish boy." "Don't be afraid." But at first he would not venture with me, so I turned away from him, saying, "Coward! you are no longer my friend." But he altered his mind, and we went together to our strange retreat, where we passed the night in safety.

In the morning I amused myself a little with my gun, just to shew that I knew how to handle it. Then came on a great storm of rain, thunder, and lightning, which lasted for three days. How glad we were to have secured a safe retreat, if a robber village may be so called! Torrents of water rushed down the mountains, and the caravan people suffered dreadfully from wet and cold.

My friend went down to them, and told them how well we fared among the thieves; and they came up

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and began in a very imperative tone to demand admittance into the robber huts. I told our hostess that she must not have them all in our place, or we would not pay her any more; and the other robbers all refused to give them shelter. The travellers were desperate, and tried to force their way into the houses, but the robbers caught the caravan chief, and beat him, and said, "If you continue to disturb us, not a man of you shall escape our vengeance." Then they pointed to me, saying, "Why did you take him in?" Then the robbers answered, "Because he came and spoke like a man and a friend; and we will keep him as long as he likes to stay, and no one shall hurt him; but you go your way while you can, and don't come here any more."

Next morning the sun shone out again brightly, so I paid the woman for my lodging, saddled my horse, and went down to the caravan. I was perfectly dry and comfortable, but I found these poor people most miserably wet. I thought we had now passed the dangers of the way, and as the camels go very slowly, I resolved to go on by myself; so I bade my friend good speed, and galloped ahead.

I was dismayed, when I got a long way away from the caravan, by perceiving about forty men of suspicious appearance sitting on the ground, smoking. I saluted them, and they asked me where I came from? I told them I had left a caravan behind me, with which I had been travelling. They ordered me to dismount and lay all my things on the ground, which I di

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They even took away my clothes, giving me an old coat to put on instead. I took it, and said, "Tell me, of your kindness, the way to Swat." But they only abused me, and threatened to cut off my head. So I turned to go on my way, but they cried out, "Come back!" So I went to them, and said, "I am very tired and hungry. For pity's sake, kill me, or let me go!" "Don't you care for your things?" they asked. "Yes," I said; "for I came to you as a friend, and spoke politely, and you have robbed me of all I possess, and now I am in your hands. Kill me if you will!" They all laughed at me, and teased me for about an hour; then they gave me all my things back, and one of them came to me, and said, "My boy, don't you travel thus alone. There are worse men than us on the road." I said, "Can you tell me your name, that I may say I am your friend if I meet any more robbers." "My name," said he, "is Fyzelabad." Then he bid me good-bye, and I went on my way with a happy heart.

I soon quickened my pace. I rested that night in a village, and in the morning I fed and saddled my horse, and rode on till I came to a large town called Tana. Leaving my horse in the street, I entered a musjid. There were a great many people worshipping. I told them I was a stranger boy, just arrived from a long journey, and asked where I could find a lodging. "How did you come?" said they. "We have not heard of the arrival of any caravan." Then I told them my adventures. They were astonished that such

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a boy should dare to travel alone, and quite contended which should have me at their house; but one man decided the point by saying he must have me, and he took me home with him, seeming quite pleased to have secured me, and quite displeased when I proposed paying him. I lived three days with this man, and he entertained me very kindly; but Swat was my destination, so I could not afford to linger long on the way.

I continued my journey till I came to the banks of a large river. I could find no boat and no bridge, and was wondering how I should get over, for the stream was very swift. After looking about a little, I found out the only way across; there were two ropes stretched across the river from rock to rock, and fastened securely on each bank to strong stakes; between the ropes was hung a sort of basket, in which people could sit and push themselves across. It is rather nervous work going over in this manner, for the ropes are a great height from the water, which does not look very inviting as it foams along beneath you. Of course it is impossible to take a horse across with you, so I sold mine, and got safely across alone. I found some small huts, where I stayed that night, and in the morning I continued my journey on foot. I walked all day, and when night came I found lodgings in a village by the way.

The next day I pushed on my way till the afternoon, when I arrived at Swat. In this place I saw strangers from all parts of Asia: I asked directly where the great man lived, and found it was his plan

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that all who wished to partake of his bounties should go to a ticket-man, who would appoint them their places. I applied to this man, and he said to me, "Guest, whence are you?" I told him, and he shewed the public place where the prophet provided food for the people. I was quite bewildered at hearing so many foreign languages spoken, and many of the people, I could see, were laughing at me. I asked who knew the Affghan language, and found several Affghans, with whom I stayed.

In the afternoon a man came round who spoke many languages, and said to us, "Stranger gentlemen, come to dinner." Every one who was a guest of the great prophet then went and washed hands in a small stream, and we all assembled in a very large place to eat. There were about 4000 of us. Forty men ate out of one large wooden dish; we had as much food as we wished, and when we had done we washed again, and dispersed in parties according to the different nations. I went with the Affghans. I asked where we should sleep, and found that every one must shift for himself in that matter.

At night we had another meal in the same place as before. My friends told me to make haste over my supper and go with them to secure our lodgings, for if the others should be before us, we should find no place to sleep. As it was, we called at several places before we found room. The man who took us in, said, "Oh, what a good thing it will be when the prophet

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is dead, for until then we shall be always overrun with strangers."

I could not sleep at night, for the insects bit me dreadfully. I complained to the woman of the house: she said to me, "O my child, why did you leave your mother and make such a journey alone?" "Ah!" said I; "if I had but a mother, I should not be here wandering about the world." My tale moved her woman's heart, and she gave me a better place to sleep in, and promised that I should have it as long as I stayed in Swat.

I did not at all like eating with so many people, so I arranged with this woman that I should take meals at her house. I paid her about sixpence a day, and lived very well. I still used to go to the meals with the Affghans, though I did not eat, for I wished to see the prophet. My friends envied me my comfortable quarters, and used often to wish they were boys to get such a place.

The next locality I determined to visit was Badukshan. I made many inquiries about the way there, and wrote down all the information I could get. I had to wait ten days for my turn to see the prophet. When I went before him he told me he too had no father or mother: he took my wrist, and looked at my forehead, and said, "You will live sixty years more; you will never marry." And this was his advice to me:—"Take a religion, no matter what, only be sure to believe in it thoroughly." I did not put much faith in what he said, for God only knows the future.

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CHAPTER III.

I turn my steps towards Badukshan.—Arrive at Dhyr.—Interview with the king.—Difficulties on the road to Badukshan.—I am warned not to attempt the journey.—Preparations for the undertaking.—Assistance from the king.—Intense fatigue.—Carried by my guides.—Arrive in Ashrate.—Lonely feelings.—I set to work to learn the Chutroree language.—Interview with the governor.—I leave Ashrate.—Arrive at Santropoor; find a situation.—Novel employment.—I give way to my temper.—Bitter results.—Imprisoned.—Witness terrible sights.—A painful see-saw.—Escape from prison.—A midnight run.—A safe retreat.

NEXT morning I commenced my journey towards Badukshan. I met with no particular adventures until I reached a place called Serambo, where I rested three days. I next directed my steps towards Dhyr, a town about two months' journey from Serambo. I bought a horse and rode about twenty-five miles a day; in the night I rested in the villages on the way. I performed the journey in the usual time, and, as the way lies through a civilised and populated district, I met with no incidents which particularly impressed my memory.

Dhyr is situated in a mountainous country: when I arrived there, I asked the people in the market-place where I should find a place to live in, and they said to me, "You must go and see the king." I thought they were joking at first, but I soon found they were in earnest.

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Gazanfur Khan (that was the king's name) was very affable to the people, and would speak to any one who had anything to ask of him, so I wrote a letter, and sent it in to him; I was told to wait near his door till he came out. I remained there a long time, some hours; at last the king made his appearance, followed by his officers. I made my salaam and stood before him, and he asked the usual question, "Where do you come from, boy?" I told him I came from Swat, and was on my way to Badukshan. "Ha, ha!" said he, "you are a wise young man: what do you wander about so for?" I said, "I have no parents, and I wander about to find work. I think Badukshan will be a good place for me." "Badukshan," he said, "is far from here; you might as well talk of going to Constantinople: there are great dangers and difficulties in the way; you will never be able to get there." "But," said I, "with God's help I will go there. He will care for me."

The king then asked me when I intended to start. I said, "I await your orders; when your Majesty commands it, I go." "You have my permission to go when you like," he replied. "Sire," I cried, "I am a poor boy, I have no father or mother, I am a stranger in the world; if your Majesty is interested in me, may it please your Majesty to write a letter to the governor of the country I must pass through, (that country is called Ashrate,) and recommend me to his care." Then the king told me I must wait two

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weeks in his country, and come and see him again before I started for Badukshan. So I kissed his hand, and salaamed my way out of his presence. He gave me food and shelter and I played with his sons all day. The castle where the king lived was built on an eminence, with gardens, and a river below.

I used to go and visit the shop of a Hindoo which was close by, and from this man I got much information concerning my journey through Ashrate; but he used to tell me it was utterly impossible for me to go that way, the country was so difficult to travel in. I did not heed his advice, but made many more inquiries of other people about the way I should get on best. I gathered from various sources that the country was very mountainous, and could only be traversed on foot. I must take strong clothes. I should find people who did not know the use of money. So I was obliged to take soap, needles, paper, and cotton goods; and I must take a good supply of gunpowder and bullets, as I should not to be able to procure these articles on the way. The final advice of every one was, don't attempt such a mad journey.

However, I was not to be daunted, and began my preparations. With ammunition I was well supplied: I had plenty of good powder, which I had brought from Affghanistan, besides caps and cartridges. I had also my precious rings, which I reserved for the time of need. I bought soap, needles, salt, and

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paper, and a little medicine for pain in the stomach and for inflamed eyes. In the way of clothes, I bought three cotton shirts, a pair of trousers, a coat, and sandals, all made very strong; but when all was ready I got a good deal laughed at, for I could not possibly carry these things so far by myself.

My horse I was obliged to part with, so I took him saddled before the king, and wished to present the animal to him; he would not take him from me, but ordered him to be sold, and gave me the money. I did not answer the many taunting questions I heard as to how I intended to carry all my riches, but went again before the king, and he ordered four men to accompany me; then he set his seal to a large paper, and ordered his Mirza to write on the paper whatever I wished. I dictated something like these words:—"Let every person who shall meet this lad hereby know that he is travelling under protection of the King of Dhyr and the Governor of Ashrate; whosoever, therefore, shall presume to molest, hinder, or in any way interfere with him to hurt him, will be punished both by the king and the governor." This the Mirza wrote, and the king added, "The salutation of the King of Dhyr to the Governor of Ashrate. We send herewith a boy whom we please to consider as our friend, and we pray the governor to take care of him, and entertain him."

I took this precious paper, and went down to the Hindoo's shop to dine. Here I was joined by my four

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men; I went with them to take leave of their families, and we started on our way over the mountains. In the evening I was very tired, and I said I could not walk any more: so the men took me by the hand to help me, but my feet were so weak I could not go on. Then they said to me: "We have scarcely begun our journey, for it is fifteen days from Dhyr to Ashrate. No one lives up here in the mountains but wolves and other wild beasts; you must walk till we get to a village. We told you of the difficulties of the way, but now we cannot turn back, for we have the king's orders to go on."

These words, however, could give me no strength; I could walk no further: then two of the men relieved the others of their share of my things, and they carried me by turns till quite late in the night. Then I heard the barking of dogs. Oh, the delightful sound! I knew rest was near. We soon entered a village called Tramply. Three of my men went to the chief man in the place, and told him they were bringing a traveller under protection of the King of Dhyr, and we were very honourably treated and lodged for the night with this man.

I was very glad to go to bed after I had eaten a little. My men asked me if I should be able to walk in the morning. I said, "I hope it will not be far." Then they told me that the next day we must make more than we had done on that day. I said I knew I should die. My knees and feet gave me much pain.

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They rubbed my legs for a long while, and I fell asleep.

Early in the morning they aroused me to continue our journey. I was very sorry, for I could not walk, so they carried me.

In the afternoon we arrived at a fountain, where the men sat down to eat and smoke. I was very hungry, and ate a good meal, and drank the sweet refreshing water from the spring. I felt much better, and began to sing and laugh; the men laughed too, and said, "He is like a little king, and he makes us his donkeys to carry him." They told me I ought to be ashamed, and asked if I could not walk a little now.

I felt so much stronger that I was quite glad to shew my strength. I asked for my gun to shoot, but they said: "No, we must go on walking; besides, if you shoot here among the mountains, the echo will make such a noise that the people in the villages will think something has happened." I wished to run on ahead, but they were too wise to allow that, so I walked quietly along with them till night, when we came to a village called Hauslor, and were received as before. We made the whole journey to Ashrate without any great adventure. After the first week I got used to the walking, and for the last nine days I went without help. It was in the spring time that I made this journey.

We arrived in Ashrate in the afternoon of the fifteenth day. The men took my paper to the governor, and he gave them an answer for the King of Dhyr;

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and they took leave of me and returned home. I felt very lonely and unhappy when they were gone, for I had no one to speak to; I did not understand the language spoken in Ashrate, which is the Chutroree language. The governor gave me a room for myself, and I put all my things there, and slept there. I had the key of the door, which I locked when I went out.

The place where I was staying was a large castle, in which the governor lived: there was no town there, but he was governor of all the country round. Outside the castle I saw a large well, with couches round it to sit on, and a large tree sheltering it: there the people came to sit and talk, and rest themselves. I stood there all alone, and I cried for some one to speak to; I wanted my friends. Presently a beautiful boy about my own age (thirteen years) came to me, and signed to me to go with him. I did not move, so he put his hand on me and led me to a garden where were many trees, and I saw other boys playing there. They came and spoke to my companion, and they all laughed; he was the son of the governor, and his mother, having seen me crying, sent him to me to comfort and amuse me. The boys were eating some kind of fruit; it was unripe then, so they rubbed it on a rough stone till it was reduced to a pulp, and they ate it with salt. They put some in my lips to shew me I might eat it too, and they gave me some sweetmeats. I played all day with these boys, and at night I went to my room in the castle, where my dinner was brought to me.

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When I was alone, I began to think over my plans and my situation. How could I speak to the governor? there was my first difficulty. It was evident that I must learn the Chutroree language, which is spoken in all the district between Ashrate and Badukshan. I thought I could not find a better place than where I was, to stay until I had got hold of enough to make myself understood. So I resolved to make every effort to learn Chutroree as soon as possible. Every day I played with the boys in the place, and taught them Affghan games. I soon picked up a few words, and in three months I could very well make myself understood in the language: so I went to the governor and took leave of him, and set off on my long journey alone.

It is many months' journey from Ashrate to Badukshan. With all my things to carry, I could not get on very fast at first. I made about seven miles a-day. I travelled in this way until I reached Santropoor. I sat down in the main street of the town, and was just thinking what I had better do with myself, when a young man with his gun, and all the accoutrements of a traveller, came up to me and asked me if I was a stranger. I told him I was just come from Ashrate; he proposed to me that I should be his servant, and agreed to pay me very well. I was to have the care of his house, to keep his accounts, and cook his food. About this last particular there was some difficulty. My education being that of a chief's son, I had not been initiated into the mysteries of the kitchen; how-

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ever, I was not too proud to learn, and my new master said he would teach me. I went direct home with him, and found that he kept a sort of inn.

The first few days he cooked the food, and I looked on and paid attention, so that I soon learnt his art, which was not very difficult. After this he always went away to his work in the morning, and came home at night; he was an executioner. I lived happily with him for a month; but it was my fate to be always on the move, and an event happened which drove me from this resting-place.

One evening I had prepared a fowl for my master, and being hungry myself, I waited rather impatiently for him to come and begin our dinner. He did not come in at his usual time: it got late; still no master. My appetite at last got the better of my prudence, and I sat down and coolly devoured the whole bird. I then locked the door and jumped into bed. I was aroused, I know not how long after, by a tremendous bumping at the door. I sprang up and opened it, and there stood my master, evidently very angry at being kept waiting in the street. "How is this? what is the matter?" he cried. "What did you keep me out so long for?" I told him I had been to sleep, as he was so late home. I lit the lamp, and he told me to bring his dinner. I shewed the impossibility of obeying his command. "Oh—ho! you lazy young rascal!" he cried; "am I to do all the work, and you all the eating? that will never do." And he began to beat me.

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In the excitement of the moment, I stayed not to think on the consequences, but drew my sword and gave him a cut on the legs. I let go the sword and drew a pistol; but he saw it was getting too hot for him, and prudently made a precipitate retreat by the door, which I shut and locked after him. I waited with a beating heart for the result of my temerity. Presently I heard a number of people trying the door; but it was no use, so they left me alone until the morning. Then they got a ladder, and climbed up on to the roof; from thence one of them let himself down by a rope into the house. I was so intently watching the door, that I knew nothing of these movements until I felt myself seized from behind. I was soon secured, and, the door being opened, the people rushed in and began to beat me unmercifully. I was robbed of all my property except my rings, and sent to prison; my feet were put into a kind of stocks, along with many other prisoners, and irons were put on my wrists. I was left there till night. I asked my neighbour who would feed us, and he said, "If you have friends they will be allowed to send you food; but if not, you will only get barley bread, and not much of that." I asked how long we should be kept in prison, but the man could not tell me, only he said: "The judge comes every day and asks what crime we are locked up for."

At night the friends of the prisoners brought them good food, but I had only my little piece of bread; it

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was put on my knees, and I bent down my head to eat it. "Oh! for pity's sake," I said, "undo my hands, for they pain me;" but this was scornfully refused. In the night I suffered much, and cried aloud; then the watcher came, and having lighted a lamp, he demanded who had made that noise; some one told him, and he began to beat me dreadfully. "For God's sake, don't beat me," I cried. "This beating," said the man, "is for God's sake: if you know God, why did you take your sword to kill a man?" "What is done," I groaned, "is done, and cannot be helped." I was in great pain all night; in the morning they loosed us, six at a time, to go and perform any necessary operations. I went out with five men, and we were all tied to one rope.

At sunrise the judge came to see us. When he saw me he asked where I came from, and they told him, and also related my offence. After fixing his eyes on me for some time in silence, he asked, "Is the man much hurt?" They said only a flesh-wound, and now he is much better. Then the judge told his servant to ask me who I was; I told him, and shewed him my letter from the King of Dhyr: then he ordered me to be punished only for one day, and to be kept in jail for one month.

Then they took me, with twelve of the prisoners, out to receive our punishments. I asked what they were going to do, but no one answered; they were all crying, and in great fear. After I had asked many times,

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one old man said to me, "O my son, they will soon shew us the heaven and all the stars." I did not quite understand him, but felt rather astonished and delighted at the prospect of seeing something so wonderful.

They led us out into a field surrounded by a high iron wall. A vague feeling of horror crept over me when I saw this place, for I knew at once that it was the execution-yard. The executioner, who was a negro man, approached, and first singled out the old man who told me we should see the stars. I soon saw what he had meant by those words. The negro sat him down and drew his dagger. The poor old man cried out, "*I thom*," which is, "I will speak the truth;" but the executioner plunged his dagger into his heart, saying, "It is now too late." He drew his dagger out, reeking with blood, and cut the man's throat, to make sure of his death. Oh, horror! the poor wretch's eyes started half out of their sockets, and his tongue lolled out of his mouth, which was covered with foam. A camel was brought, and the body was laid on it and carried away.

I shivered with terror; my blood froze in my veins, and the rest of the prisoners stood like dead men witnessing this fearful commencement of horrors. The first being thus disposed of, they took a second man; him they hung. Then a third was seized: he was laid flat on his face on the ground, a large sharp stake was then driven through his back, pegging him, writh-

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ing with agony, to the ground; he of course soon died. The nine other prisoners were then set down on nine blocks of wood; the executioner then went to one of them, and with his knife made a gash in his arm, and thrust a candle in under the skin—this he did again and again, till the man was covered with candles. When the nine poor wretches had all been served thus, all the candles were lit. Then the executioner told a man who stood by, with a paper in his hand, to read out the list of who these men were, and what were their crimes; and he read,—The first was a spy. The man who had been hung was a robber, who had killed a man and taken his horse. The nine men were murderers; and the man who was staked down was a fornicator who had defiled his own daughter. They were all Mahommedans.

Who can imagine the state I was in when all this was over? My turn was come at last. A man told me to follow him; I obeyed, with a sickening feeling in my heart. He led me to a large stump in the ground, through which were put planks of wood like see-saws, but so high up as to be quite out of my reach. I was tied by my hands to one end of one of these, my legs hanging down, but far from reaching the ground: a weight was put on the other end of the plank to balance me, and I was left swaying in intolerable, and every moment increasing, agony. Oh, the torture I endured that dreadful day! Often I almost regretted ever having left Affghanistan; but even then I could

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not wish myself back among the Affghans. No, I thought, this trouble I have brought on myself by my own hot rashness.

I was left on this rack all day, and in the evening I was taken down. I felt a curious sensation all over my body, as if some one were scratching me gently. They offered me some hot sherbet, but I would not take it. They said, "If you do not wish to die, you had better drink it;" so I took it, and when I had drunk it the itching feeling ceased. Then they took me back to the prison and left me loose: I slept on the bare ground.

I do not remember anything about the next day; but the day after I got up; all the world was dark to me; everything looked dim and small, houses seemed like little black specks. I had, however, the satisfaction of being loose in the room. Dinner-time came, and I had again the mortification of eating my barley bread, and seeing the others eat good food; some of them said to me, "You are eating that bread as if it was something very nice." "Ah!" I said, "I have had a punishment which was worse than eating only bread." Every day some of the prisoners were taken out; when they went they said to us, "Good-bye, we shall see you again in heaven," and none of them ever came back to us. I used to go and find the food which these poor creatures left behind them, and this, together with what some of the others gave me, made me independent of the barley bread.

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When I had thus passed about twenty days, all the prisoners were gone except one young man. I talked to him, and asked him what he had done: he said, "Oh, only a slight offence, I delayed paying some taxes." I asked him how long he had still to remain in prison, and he said twelve days. I had ten days more to complete my month.

As we two were now the only persons in the prison, the keepers used to leave us, and only came in now and then to see how we got on. I asked my companion where he came from, and he told me he lived three days' journey off. Then I said to him, "I want to ask your advice: will you keep my secret?" He promised to be true, and swore not to betray me. "Then," said I, "let me take your feet out of the stocks, and we will try to escape together from this horrid place." "But," he replied, "suppose we are caught, our lot will be harder than ever."

Then we began talking over our lives. He said he had a great wish to travel. He had no ties to keep him at home; and he proposed to join me. He asked if I thought I could manage to earn enough to keep us both. "Oh, yes!" I said; "I can shoot and ride. I know two or three languages, and am pretty well acquainted with the life of a traveller." I told him all my story, and he related to me the incidents of his life. I wished to be prepared for the worst, so I said, "Suppose in our travels all our money be spent, and we have no food, what shall we do?" "In that case,"

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said he, "I will do my part by begging." Then we joined hands, and agreed from that time to be brothers.

When the keeper came to look after us, we spoke very humbly to him, that he might not suspect us. He left us again, and when he had been gone about half an hour, it being evening, we thought we might as well try and escape. I went to the prison door, and looked out; then I ventured a little way into the street. The keepers were all gone; only a few children were playing outside. I went back to my friend, and said, "Come, now is our time; the only thing is, where shall we go to for safety?" He assured me he knew of a place. "For," said he, "we shall be able to reach the house of my sister by about midnight if we start now." I took his feet out of the stocks. He stood up, and stayed one moment to stretch himself. Then he said, "Follow me!" and went quickly out of the prison, I close on his heels.

We did not go straight out into the street, but climbed over a high wall, on the other side of which was a vineyard. It was more than I could do to get up this wall: I managed to scramble half way up, but was about to fall back again, when my friend, who was already on the top, seized my hand and pulled me up. He took me in his arms, and jumped down with me into the vineyard. We were both a little bruised, but had no time to consider such trifles; we hurried across among the vines, never once stopping to look behind, and soon came to another wall, which was very high.

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I ran and stood close to the wall, and my friend jumped on my shoulders, and then on to the top of the wall; he pulled me up after him, and jumped down as before.

We were now in the open fields, with nothing to hinder us in our flight but the little streams by which the land was intersected, and which were not deep enough to prevent us from wading through them. Whilst crossing one which was rather deeper than the others, my friend laid hold of me to pull me through, and broke the belt which held my trousers up, and when I got out of the water I was minus my breeches. It was a dark night, and rather cold for me, wet and naked as I was. We were both without shoes, so, on the whole, our condition did not seem very happy, but we cheered each other on: the very remembrance of my day on the rack was enough to give me energy in making good my escape.

We ran stumbling and floundering on for a long time, and at last came in sight of the lights of a village. "Now," said my friend, "our danger is pretty well over. Let us breathe a little." So we sat down to rest. "This," said he, "is the village where my sister lives." "How about my trousers?" I asked. "I cannot go before your sister without any." "I will see to that," he replied; and we walked on till we came to his sister's house.

My friend told me to wait outside, and he went in to get me something respectable to wear before his sister. He soon returned, bringing a pair of trousers, which I

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put on; and we went into the house, which was a very good one, especially comfortable to us after our run in the cold and wet. The lady had done her supper, but she killed a sheep and a fowl, and brought us a capital meal, of which we were much in need. After we had satisfied our hunger, we went to bed. Next morning my friend received some money from his sister, and we went on our way; for it would not have been safe to remain long where we were.

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CHAPTER IV.

I continue my journey with a friend.—A night among the sheep.—My friend shews himself to be a villain.—I leave him to his fate.—Badpash.—I live with a schoolmaster.—A change for the worse.—I quit Badpash.—Get a lift on my way.—Mundrawur.—I am hospitably received.—I shew off my shooting, and make a friend by my skill.—I give lessons on the use of firearms.—Introduction to the governor.—He gives me a letter of recommendation.—I continue my journey.—Chutror.—I am entertained by the governor.—His great kindness.—I proceed to Kashcar.—The Kaufirs.—I put off my Mahommedan dress.—Pleasant evening in a Kaufir cave.

I WAS at this time about fourteen years old.

We walked on all day, and towards evening we were both very thirsty, and began considering about getting something to drink. "Here are plenty of villages," said I. "Let us go and ask for some water." "No," said my friend, "I do not know the people." I reminded him of his promise to beg if we should be in difficulty; and he consented to my proposition, and went and asked for something to eat and drink.

The people in the village were very hospitable. We asked a shepherd where we could stay for the night, and he said, "I will give you food and blankets, and you can come and sleep among the sheep if you like." We were only too thankful for his offer. He brought us a loaf and some milk, and we soon began to enjoy

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ourselves after the hot walking we had had all the day. The shepherd told us we must not move during the night, or his dogs would bite us: we assured him there was no danger of that, for we had been enough on the move already, and were glad to rest.

Early next morning we were on our way again, and did a good day's travelling; in the evening we halted at a little village where the people seemed very poor. We asked for help, and were very kindly received; they took us in for the night, and gave us what food we wanted. I noticed in the room where we slept a book ornamented beautifully with gold.

We left the village very early the next day, and had got some distance away, when I saw a great many people running after us: my friend, the moment he perceived them, let something fall, and I recognised the book which I had seen in our room the night before. The people soon caught us, and took my friend and began beating him. I could not quite understand it all, and asked what he had done. "Oh!" said they, "you can go on your way, but this rascal we will take."

I followed them back to the village: the people there pointed to my friend, saying, "He is the thief, the man who stole it. Let the boy go, he is innocent." "What is it all about?" I asked again; and they answered me, saying, "We were very kind to you, and lodged and fed you, and your friend has stolen our book." "What!" I cried, "did you take it? Oh! for shame."

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As I saw the people would take the thief before a justice, I turned to go away. He wished me to stay with him, and reminded me of our oath of friendship; but my remembrance of the day I spent on that fearful see-saw was too vivid to allow me to venture again into danger: besides, I was rather glad to get rid of such an undesirable companion.

I continued my way towards Badukshan alone. For three days I walked on, resting at night in the villages. I then arrived on the borders of the province of Badpash; but I determined to rest a few days before traversing that country.

While thus waiting, I met with a man who was a schoolmaster, and I told him my tale. He was a very religious man, and a priest, having a mosque under his care, besides having several pupils. He proposed that I should go and live with him, to which I agreed, and I availed myself of his invitation. He was not a native of those parts, but had come from a distance, bringing his pupils with him. As he was a priest, every one considered it their duty to help in supporting his scholars; so we used to go round to the different houses, and the people gave us of their food. I took lessons in Arabic from this master.

There was a very great and religious priest who lived in a garden of his own near my new master's house, and to him the schoolmaster went every afternoon to learn of his superior wisdom. This great man never ate in the daytime, but spent nearly all his time

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in prayer and meditation. Among the people living near the mosque I soon picked up an acquaintance, and every evening I used to go in to see my friend.

My master called me to him one day and said, "My boy, I wish you to do a good work for God; but as all such works must be done with a good-will, I cannot allow you to undertake it unless it is your own as well as my desire." I asked him what I could do to render such a service, and he replied, "You know that all my pupils go out and get their food among the neighbours; now I should like you for your part to beg oil for the lamp." I agreed to do this, and he shewed me the shops where oil was sold. There were about twenty of them, and every Friday I went the round of them all, and received a little from each. In this way I became acquainted with all the shopkeepers. I used to carry a large stick to defend myself from the dogs.

Though I had learned a good deal from my master the priest, I did not wish to stay any longer with him, but began to look out for some other home. A woman, who was very friendly to me, told me she knew of a good man who, she thought, would be glad to take me in. She spoke to him for me; so he sent for me, and said he would make me his adopted son. He had seven daughters, but as he was not blessed with one boy he thought he would like to take me into his house; so I went and lived with him. But I soon repented of this change.

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I had only been there one day when he told me to go and groom his horse. I obeyed; and when I had finished I came in to rest, but he gave me a large pitcher and sent me to fetch water; when I brought this they gave me a little baby to mind; so they kept me hard at work all day, a thing I had never been used to. Besides, the place they gave me to sleep in was very poor, and the food was none of the best. I thought to myself this will never do, and I went to take leave of these people; but when they saw me coming they suspected what I was going to say, I believe, for just as I was about to speak the man's wife said to her husband: "Our dear son is very good; how pleasant it will be; he will always live with us and will marry one of our daughters." While they were talking thus I was ashamed to say what I had intended. Still my work was no lighter.

I was sent out soon after to water the horse. I put the bridle on him and took him to the spring, then I jumped on his back, and galloped about until I got him in a regular sweat; when I went home they were very angry with me for making the horse tired. They then sent me to the spring with the jug for water, but I managed to fall down on the way and broke their pitcher all to pieces. I went and told them of this accident, and they gave me the baby to mind. I took the little thing in my arms, and, as I was carrying it, I pinched it very hard; it screamed out, and the mother came and snatched the poor little creature

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from me. They found the mark of my fingers on the child's body, and I got scolded on all sides.

I began to laugh at them, reminding them that they were my mother and father, and I was their good son. "No," cried the woman; "you have been here but two days, and you have half killed the horse and the child, and broken our beautiful jug; we thought you would be good, but, now we see what you really are, we shall not have you here any longer." "Oh," I replied, "as long as I work like a slave you will call me good; as that is not quite in my line, I will say good-bye." With these words I turned away and walked off.

I passed that night at the house of one of my friends, and next morning I left Badpash and walked on towards Mundrawur. The first night I met with some people in a village on the way-side; they were travelling with a number of bullocks carrying wood. I asked if they were going to Mundrawur, and they told me they were: they belonged to that place. They took me up on their beasts, and I made the journey with them. We arrived safely in Mundrawur, after five days' rather slow travelling.

I went to a little meeting in the town where people were worshipping, and told my tale. I was, as usual, very kindly treated. Being very dirty and uncomfortable, I thought I should like to stay in this place a few days, to rest and get refreshed for my further journeyings. One man offered to take me to live with

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him: I gladly accepted his kind invitation, and went home with him.

Soon after, I heard the people practising shooting, so I went out to see them. As I stood looking on, a gentleman came to me and asked why I was so interested in the sport. I told him I should like to try my hand with a gun, so he lent me his, and I put a bullet through the mark the first fire; the people were astonished, and several others let me fire. I hit the target every time; so they wished me to go on shooting, but I said I would rather stand and watch them.

They asked me where I came from, and I told them I was a stranger on my way from Badpash to Badukshan, and much in want of help. "Thus far on my journey," said I, "I have always been treated with great hospitality; I hope you will not be the first to turn me adrift."

Then the gentleman who had first noticed me, offered to take charge of me, and I changed my quarters and went to live with him. He had only his aged mother living in the house, and when we went in he told her he had brought a stranger boy to be their guest for a time. She brought a plentiful meal, and we sat down to eat it. I asked them how long I might stay with them, and the old lady replied, "You are welcome here as long as you like to stay, for my son is in want of a companion."

I did not wish to be always burdensome, so I set about inquiring for something to do, and soon found

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some work. A rich man in the place engaged me to teach his sons to shoot, and agreed to clothe me and pay me in salt, soap, and other articles, which would be useful to me in travelling. When I told my friends of this engagement, they were very glad; they knew the man who had engaged me, and said he was known to be very kind. I parted from them on the best terms, and promised to go often and see them.

My new master ordered his barber to cut my hair, and he gave me new clothes, so I began to feel like a gentleman again. Early in the morning, and again in the evening, I used to take the sons of my master out and give them their lessons, on using firearms. In the afternoon I joined them in their lessons, in reading and other things.

The master who taught my pupils reading, also taught the governor's sons; through his recommendation the governor engaged me, and again I shifted my quarters and went to live at the governor's house: here I was very comfortable, but I was obliged to look to my behaviour and be very polite.

When I had been in this place about two months, I began to think of getting on my way to Badukshan, so I persuaded my pupils to get their mother to ask the governor to give me letters of recommendation to the people I should meet with on my way. The governor replied that he could not do this without knowing more of me. I told them to tell him to ask all the people in the place who knew me, and they would testify to

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my good character, and I sent the letter of the King of Dhyr for him to see. He asked if I had any letter from the governor of Ashrate, and I replied that I had not asked for one, or I might surely have had it, for he had been very good to me.

Then, after the governor had made many inquiries concerning me, he was satisfied about my character, and treated me very kindly; he wrote me a letter directed to all governors of districts between Mundrawur and Badukshan, recommending me to their care and consideration, as I was a poor stranger boy wandering from far. I took this precious document, and saying adieu to all my friends, set out once more towards Badukshan.

The first place of importance I reached was Chutror. I went straight to the governor's house, and sent in my paper by a boy belonging to the place: while he was gone, I got up into a tree to eat some fruit, and was thus engaged when the boy came back to tell me that the governor wished to see me. I said, "I will come soon, after I have done with this fruit." "Come now," said the boy; "don't mind about the fruit, the governor will give you as much as you want."

Then I went down and followed the boy, who led me to where there were several men talking together. I saluted him whom I guessed to be the governor, and he asked particularly after the governor of Mundrawur; I told him he was well and happy: he then ordered me to have a room in his house, and said he

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would like to see me again. The servant led me to my chamber, and was very attentive to me: he told me that his governor's sister was the wife of the governor of Mundrawur.

While I was in this place I was very well treated, and every day I spoke with the governor. I used to go with him to his garden, in which he had a music-room and other amusements. He always asked very kindly if I was happy and well cared for by his servants. When I had been about a week in Chutror, I expressed a wish to be going on to Badukshan; but the governor persuaded me to stay, and as I was so comfortable I remained about two months in the place.

At the end of that time, I went to the governor, and told him I was about to start again on my journey. I told him I knew well the dangers of the way, and worse than that, I was not provided against them, for I had no arms: he took the hint, as I had wished, and presented me with a Cashmere pistol, a gun, a shooting-pouch and ammunition: he also wrote me a letter to shew to the governor of Kashcar. Having fitted me out with every necessary for travelling, he crowned all his kindness by sending twelve men to accompany me. Under these favourable circumstances I performed the journey to Kashcar without any particular adventure, and my companions left me safe in that place.

Kashcar lies on the borders of Kaufiristan, and is one of the furthest places acknowledging the Mahommedan

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religion. The Kaufirs who inhabit the mountains of Kaufiristan are all Budhists; they speak the Chutroree language, only a little different from the pure tongue I had already learned. The manners and customs of this people are quite different from those of the Mahommedan nations I had passed through.

When I went before the governor of Kashcar, and spoke of my intention to travel through Kaufiristan to Badukshan, he told me it was utterly impossible. "My domain," said he, "is the last division of Chutror, and we are always at enmity with the Budhists." I replied that I had made up my mind to go, and go I must, in spite of dangers and difficulties. He told me that it was a two months' journey to cross Kaufiristan, and having passed this district, I should find another people, who were Mahommedans, inhabiting the plains of Badukshan. The governor then presented me with a beautiful ring with a valuable stone in it. I told him that gunpowder would be perhaps of more use to me even than this valuable jewel. "That," said he, "you shall have besides the ring."

So he ordered each of his soldiers to give me one cartouche. This made a very welcome addition to my stock of ammunition. The Kaufirs do not know the use of firearms, but are very skilful with the bow and arrow.

I set off alone to make my way among the Kaufirs as well as I could. The first place I stopped at was called Kobot; the inhabitants flocked around, looking curiously and with no favourable eye at my Mahom-

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medan dress. I said at once to them, "I am no Mahommedan, though you see me in this costume. Necessity has compelled me to adopt it, for I have travelled from afar, and passed through many countries where the people are of that religion; but, now I come amongst you, I wish to dress as you do."

They procured some clothes for me, and I was soon rigged out as one of them; to make the change complete, they shaved off all my front hair, leaving a tail behind like the Chinese. They took me to their caves, for the Kaufirs have no other place to live in, and treated me with great kindness. They are much more gentle in their manners than any other people I had seen. I saw no females anywhere, but I afterwards learned the reason of this. I sat down to dinner with the Kaufirs in one of their caves; they brought bear's meat, pork, goat's meat, beef, and venison, for they almost live on animal food. I wished to take venison; but to make sure that I really was not a Mahommedan, they required me to take either bear's meat or pork. I told them they would never persuade me to eat their nasty bears, but pork I did not mind. "Very well," said they, "take pork!" So I made a good meal of that meat for the first time in my life.

After we had eaten, they brought on capital wine, and we began to get merry. They all jumped up and, putting little bells on their ankles and wrists, began dancing about, making a tinkling noise at every movement. I joined with them in all their fun, and enjoyed

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myself very much; they sang songs, and I gave them some of my Affghan ditties.

Next morning they took me with them to worship their idols; but I told them that my religion forbade me to join them. "How so?" they asked. "There are but two religions, the Budhist and the Mahommedan, and you belong to neither." "My religion," I replied, "is that of the Feringhees," (Europeans.) "What!" they cried. "You a Feringhee!"

Then I was besieged with questions about Europe, of which their ideas were even more vague than my own. I could only tell them my story, to which they listened with intense interest. After this they treated me with double kindness, and allowed me to see them worship without attempting to force me to join with them.

When I told them I must continue my journey, they said it would not be safe for me to travel in Kaufiristan without a further sign that I was not a Mahommedan. "For," said they, "your pronunciation of the language will be against you." They said it was absolutely necessary for my safety that I should wear the image of Budh on my forehead; with this, they told me, I could travel in perfect security through their country. I concluded that it would be best to take this advice; so they brought me one of their little idols, such as they themselves wore, and having wetted the stand of it, which was covered with gum, they stuck it on my forehead. Having taken this precaution, I again proceeded on my journey.

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CHAPTER V.

I wander on over the mountains of Kaufiristan.—I shoot a sheep, and alarm the Kaufirs.—Lonely travelling.—Affray with the natives.—We make peace, and I halt in the village.—I pass for a Magician.—Shugnan.—Mahommedans again.—Gilghit.—Description of the road to Badukshan, and dangers on the way.—Traffic in slaves.—Too late for the caravan.—A wretched night.—I overtake the caravan.—Affghan friends.—Detained by the snow.—Dangerous climbing.—Strange night scene.—I and my friend lose our way.—My friend kills a Kaufir.—Our dismay at discovering that we have lost the track.—We retrace our steps.—I take the lead.—Recover the way, and rejoin the caravan.

EVERY night I stopped in one of the caves. I gave two needles for my food and bed. If I was hungry in the day, when I was travelling, I could get as much food as I could eat for one needle.

I continued walking in this manner for fifteen days, and by that time I had come to an end of my stock of articles for barter. I got very hungry, and seeing no other way of getting food, I went and begged for something to eat. The people refused to give me anything. What was I to do? Well! necessity has no law. At any rate, I was not going to starve when I saw plenty to eat around me, so I loaded one of my pistols very heavily, and shot one of the sheep belonging to the Kaufirs. I quickly reloaded, and went into one of the caves, determined to defend myself to the last if any

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one attempted to interfere with me. The report which my pistol made was echoed among the mountains in a most alarming manner.

The poor Kaufirs were in a terrible fright, for they had never heard such a noise before. I met one of them coming out of the cave, and he demanded what I meant by *killing* his sheep. I said, "I will take your life and destroy all your family, if you will not give me some food." He asked to see what I had in my hand, and wanted to know how to use it. "No," I replied; "he will bite you if I let him go."

They then called me into the cave, and treated me with great respect, seeming to be much afraid of me. Soon they brought me some curds. I noticed it seemed much thicker than cows' or sheep's milk, and asked what it was. They informed me that it was pig's milk. Perhaps it was because I was so hungry, but in spite of some feeling of repugnance I tasted it, and found it very good. They also roasted me some mutton from the sheep I had killed. They wished to keep the rest of the animal, but I demanded it all for myself, saying I had killed it, and must have it. They were very unwilling to part with their mutton so cheaply, but I cocked my gun, and menaced them with it, which frightened them so that they cooked all that remained of the sheep, and gave it to me, only too glad to get rid of so greedy a guest.

I wandered on for three days among the mountains, all alone, and without shelter; traversing a cheerless

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region, where I believe no traveller ever has been but myself. I no longer met with even the Kaufir villages of caves; nothing but mountains, snow, and water. I slept up them, with stones for my pillow.

At last, just as my food was all gone, I came again to a village. I had still a little salt left, and this I gave for something to eat, and then continued my lonely way. When night came, I was so cold that I could not sleep out of doors, so I went again to the village. I could see no one about except one boy about my own age, who was playing, and had climbed up into a tree. I stood and waited for him to come down, and when he did so, I followed him home to the cave where he lived.

It was already getting dark when we entered: the boy sat down, and I took my place beside him without speaking a word. His mother then asked him where he had brought that stranger from, but he could only tell her that I had followed him in. [I may here mention that the Kaufir women are not to be seen during one month of the year, which was just at the time I first entered Kaufiristan, but was now over.]

Presently the father of the family came in and looked at me with astonishment. Dinner was brought, and they began their meal without offering me any, so I reached out my hand to help myself. They looked very much annoyed, and the woman said, "Chutroo" (the boy's name) "brought him here," and the parents were both very angry with their son. Then the man

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struck my hand away as I was helping myself to some more food. I thought I would shew them that I was not to be trifled with, so I drew my pistol and fired it up at the roof of the cave. Of course the report was terrific: the whole family started up and rushed out, crying that there was a ghost amongst them. It occurred to me that if I did all I could to confirm this idea in their minds, it might be a good way to make them treat me well.

The whole population of the village soon came, all anxious to know who the strange being was who had so disturbed them. The poor boy Chutroo was slapped and scolded, in spite of his protestations of innocence, for having brought an evil spirit to torment the tribe. I continued to act the madman, laughing and crying, and throwing dust in the air. I seized a stone and struck one of the Kaufirs, then I fired my pistol.

At last the terror of the people was so great, that it took a turn I had not calculated on. I saw one of the men preparing his bow to shoot at me, perhaps just to see if I were really a ghost. They dared not come into the cave to attack me, but I knew that their skill was such that if they should get an opportunity to let fly an arrow at me, I should stand no chance for my life.

I levelled my gun at the man who seemed most determined to shoot at me, and fired; the poor fellow fell, and also one of his companions who stood behind him: the rest of the Kaufirs fled in extreme dismay. I rushed out of the cave, and having cut off the heads

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of the men I had killed, I took away their bows and arrows. Having thus inspired a wholesome dread of me in the minds of the rest of the people, I returned to the cave and finished the meal which was left there.

The Kaufirs soon came back, and wished to carry off the bodies of their two comrades, but I would not allow it. I stayed for two days in the cave, for I was afraid to expose myself to the sure arrows of my enemies. At last one of them ventured to approach, and as he made no show of hostility, I told him to come near for I would not hurt him; he did so, and several of the others soon joined him. I was as much afraid of them as they were of me, and we were at first very cautious.

I demanded what they had meant by threatening to shoot me, and they protested that they had no such intention. "Only that fool," said they, "whom you have killed, wished to do so." Then I told them not to fear me, for I would not hurt them if they treated me well. I told them I came from Europe; but I might as well have said I came from the sky, for they had no idea of such a place. "I can tell you many wonderful things," I added, "if you will approach and listen quietly; but I will kill the first man who dares to attempt to injure me."

They were all much interested in what I had to say, and we were soon the best of friends. I told them to send their boys to me, for I liked to have a game. The poor fellows were rather fearful at first, but their parents compelled them to come. I had fine games

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with the boys, riding them about like ponies; sometimes I was rather rough, but they were always very polite and respectful.

They were very curious to see my gun and pistol, and one day they mustered courage to ask me to shew them, and explain how they made such a noise and killed people. I told them that it was a species of snake which I had trained to obey only me, and which would be angry if any one injured me, and nothing but my word could restrain it when thus excited.

The boys seemed anxious to know if I spoke the truth, so they asked me to make my snake a little angry, but not to let it kill them. I put a little powder in the pan of my pistol, but blocked the touch-hole with a needle to prevent it going off. Then I told one of the boys that my snake had something to say to him. He came near to listen, and I flashed the powder in his face: he was greatly astonished, but still the other boys thought that they could make the snake obey them, so I let them try: they pushed at the hammer with all their might, but of course could not move it, so they were completely convinced that what I had told them was really true.

I then took my gun and said, "See, my snake eats stone;" with that I fired at a wall and made a great hole in it. They were filled with wonder and fear, and went home to their parents with marvellous tales of my magic power. After this I visited all the houses, or rather caves, and saw the habits of the people, and I

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saw their burying-place. I stayed in this village about a fortnight.

I thought it was now time to be on my way again, so I laid in a stock of meat, and took leave of the inhabitants of this village. They gave me in parting a sign by which all their nation would know that I was a wonderful magician, and not to be interfered with.

After quitting this place, I travelled for six days without meeting with any habitations of men. At night I slept on the bare ground. At last I arrived at Shugnan, which is the last town of Kaufiristan: beyond this lies the province of Gilghit, the inhabitants of which are Mahommedans.

When the Shugnan people heard that I intended crossing over into Gilghit, they warned me that I should certainly be killed—such is the enmity between the Budhists and Mahommedans. So I shaved off my pigtail, and left my head bald. I then washed in a river, and also rinsed out my Mahommedan clothes, which I had brought with me from Kashcar, and when these were dry, I put them on and crossed over into Gilghit.

The people had no idea that I had come through Kaufiristan, and I thought it best not to tell them; so I spoke in the Persian language, which is much used in Badukshan, and informed them I was from that town.

At the time I arrived in Gilghit, the king of Cashmere, who was a Sikh, had come from Thibet to endeavour to gain possession of the town: but the Gilghit

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men were victorious, and killed or took prisoners nearly the whole of the Sikh army. The prisoners were exposed in triumph in a conspicuous place, with all the cannon and other spoil which the victors had taken with them. Knowing that the Gilghit soldiers did not make use of the bugle in war, I asked if they would give me one which was among the trophies, and they did so willingly, for they were very friendly with Badukshan.

Ever since I left Dhyr my money had lain useless in my pocket, for I had been travelling among people who did not know the value of it; but now I was again amongst civilised men, and I began to reap the benefit of having provided myself so well with cash before leaving Affghanistan. If I had at this point in my travels turned my steps towards Cashmere, I should have had no dangers to meet with on the way, for the road between there and Gilghit runs through a very civilised and populous part of Asia. I was much tempted, after all the hardships I had undergone, to take this pleasant route, but Badukshan was my destination, and I resolved that nothing should deter me from doing my utmost to get there.

The road which I must go by wound over some of the most dangerous passes of the Hindoo Koosh mountain. The only habitations on the road are some little inns erected by the governors of Gilghit and Badukshan, for the convenience of travellers. These are inhabited by poor people, who can only offer a miserable

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shelter to the weary wanderer; to supply food is quite out of their power.

These inns are built at regular distances on the way-side as far as Houzob, which is a sort of resting-place before entering on the most dangerous part of the road. It is a fifteen days' journey from this place to Badukshan. The way for the first eight days lies over snowy mountains, till you arrive at the summit of the Kotala-koda, (Mountain of God,) which is the highest point. It is very dangerous crossing this mountain, from the snow, glaciers, and precipices. The glissading down the other side is capital fun, but, if the snow be too much melted, fatal accidents often occur from people suddenly sinking in and being buried alive. This difficulty being surmounted, the rest of the way is comparatively easy.

There are a great many Kaufirs among these mountains, but they do not molest the travellers much, as the road to Badukshan is too dangerous even for these hardy mountaineers. In summer there is a great deal of traffic between Gilghit and Badukshan.

The king of Gilghit takes a great many prisoners from the Kaufirs; these he sends to Badukshan to be sold into Tartary, Bokhara, and the surrounding countries, for slaves. Once a year a caravan leaves Gilghit, taking often as many as 12,000 poor Kaufirs to meet their unhappy fate in Badukshan. The caravan returns, taking tea, sugar, cotton, salt, &c., in exchange for the slaves.

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It is an agreement between the two countries that they shall mutually care for each other's subjects in travelling; this was the reason I was so well treated, when I said I was from Badukshan. This regulation is very necessary, for it would be impossible for any traveller to carry much baggage with him across the mountains.

Any one wishing to go from Gilghit to Badukshan must join the caravan, and, if he be too late for that, he must relinquish the idea for that year. They have the power of refusing to allow you to join the caravan; but this they seldom do; only it is necessary to procure a ticket from Gilghit at Houzob, at which place food is always prepared against the time that the caravan arrives.

On inquiry, I found, to my dismay, that the caravan had just started. I determined, however, not to be discouraged, but set out alone to overtake it. I walked night and day for two days and nights, and then was obliged to ask for shelter at one of the caravanseries. They refused to let me in, as I had no ticket, so I lay down and slept a little while under a tree which grew outside the house. I awoke very cold and hungry, and began to eat some leaves. An old man came up to me and said, "Come with me, my lad; I will find you a place to sleep." I followed him, and he took me to a dark dirty room, where he, his old blind wife, his daughter, and two sons all slept together. They did not offer me anything to eat, though they had some bread for them-

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selves. I could not sleep, for horrid bugs came and bit me all over. I cried out, and the man said I must be quiet, or else he would turn me out. "Oh," I said, "these horrid insects! how is it they don't disturb you?" "Ah!" replied the woman, "they are all our old friends, and they bite you because you are a stranger."

Very early next morning I was again on my way, and that afternoon I arrived at Houzob. When I came near the place I heard music and singing in the Persian language; this was real music to my ear, for I knew it must be the Badukshan people who were with the caravan. I was just asking where the caravan people were, when, what was my astonishment to see an Affghan standing quietly eating some fruit! I went and asked him if he understood Affghan. He started and smiled, and we were soon chatting away like old friends. He took me to his room, and left me resting on his bed while he went to tell the master of the caravan that another traveller wished to join them. He soon came back and took me to speak to the master, who asked me in Persian where I came from. I told him I was from Swat. He looked incredulous, and said, "How is that possible? there is no road to travel by." I then related my story to him, and the people crowded to hear the account of so unheard-of a journey. They treated me very kindly, and after I had had some food I went to sleep again, for I was very weary.

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At night I dined with the Badukshan people, who all ate together with their chief. This man was an officer of the king of Badukshan, and he always lives at Houzob to prepare the food for the caravans and look after the travellers. He told me that he himself would be going into Badukshan the next year, and promised to take care of me if I would stay with him till then. I declined his kind offer, though he assured me that at that time the road was in a very dangerous state.

He then ordered all the travellers who had joined the caravan to come before him and receive his directions. There were only four besides myself, and they were all from Affghanistan; two of them were quite old men; one was a very finely built and powerful young man, and the other was a doctor. The chief laughed when he had ascertained who the travellers were. "Affghans again!" he exclaimed. "What people you are to wander about!" These four men said they had come by way of Cashmere. The Badukshan men remarked that the heads of the Affghans were as hard as stones, and that made them bear such knocking about. "Come, come," interrupted the chief, "you can't think much of the journey through Cashmere; here is this boy, he has come through Dhyr, so if any one boasts of their travelling I think he may."

Orders were then given for the caravan to start again next morning; but when the time came, it was snowing so, we were afraid to leave Houzob; we were thus kept

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waiting for fine weather for two days; then it ceased snowing and we set off on our journey. There were about 50 men from Gilghit, with the slaves, and 40 Badukshan men; they had about 7000 slaves when they started. The Badukshan men led the way, and those from Gilghit brought up the rear: we, the five independent travellers, went where we would. We had with us 13,000 loaves of barley and sago; this was our provision for twenty days' journey.

On the first day the difficulties of the road commenced: we came to an immensely high and almost perpendicular rock, which stood right across our path; there was no way of avoiding it, so it was necessary to surmount it; there were little niches cut in the face of the cliff, up which we were to climb. It was a giddy height, and in a deep chasm below rushed the foaming waters of a mountain torrent; one slip, and we must be dashed to pieces on the sharp crags, or swept away in the boiling stream. We all stopped and looked up at this fearful place.

I began teasing my friends when I saw their nervous glances up the height and down at the river, and I rather wanted to shew my courage by being the first up. I swung my gun and pistol behind me, hung my boots over my shoulder, and commenced the ascent; but my rash haste was soon checked: the leader of the caravan called me back, saying that everything must be done in proper order. He then made us all stand in single file, and gave the word of command, March!

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The slaves went first, looking like a column of ants climbing the rock.

When I got up a little way, I heard some one calling out in Affghan, "Good-bye, good-bye." I dared not look down, but knew by the voices that they were the two elder Affghans. "Come on," I shouted, "there is no danger." "No, no," they shouted, "our lives are precious. We have families, to whom we will return by way of Cashmere." So we saw no more of them.

When I got more than half-way up, I heard the water roaring beneath, and my heart felt rather fluttering; but the leader shouted, "Don't look down; don't look up; look to your hands, and go carefully, but never fear;" and so it happened that we all got safely up. At the top of the cliff we found a proper road, and continued our way pretty easily. At night we stopped and had a piece of bread each, and lay down to rest. Early in the morning we were in motion again, and soon the snow began to shew itself in patches by the wayside.

That night, when we tried to sleep, I felt the cold very much, so I said to one of the Affghans, "Come, let us take a little exercise." We began rolling large stones down the side of the mountain, letting them go leaping, bounding away into the darkness; others followed our example, and soon slaves, keepers, and all were engaged against their common foe, known in England as Jack Frost. What a crashing and cracking

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there was! We waked the echoes, and no mistake; and, more important to us, we kept the blood in circulation. Our leader thought it not worth while to wait till we got cold again, so we continued our way as well as we could in the dark. Ah! how glad we were when the sun rose!

There were numbers of small shrubs growing around us, and the two Affghans helped me to gather some wood together. I struck a light with my gun, and we soon had a good fire. The poor slaves crowded round us and tried to warm themselves, but they were soon obliged to go on.

One of the Affghans proposed to me that we should make a circle of fires, and stay behind a little to get rested and thoroughly warmed. I reminded him that we should be in danger from the Kaufirs on this part of the mountain, but he replied that we should find danger of some kind whatever we did. "Besides," said he, "we have arms. I should rather like to meet with a few of those rascals." So we agreed to let the caravan go on ahead. We gathered together more wood, and made a circle of fires. I lay down in the middle to sleep, and he watched.

When he thought I had rested long enough, he awoke me. I felt much refreshed, and took my place to watch while he slept. When he had indulged a little while, I awoke him, and we began to think of overtaking the caravan. I gave my friend some powder and bullets, and lent him my pistol. He led the way,

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and we walked as fast as we could on what we supposed to be the tracks of the caravan.

We travelled thus for some time, and my friend got a little in advance of me. He turned the corner of a rock and was hidden for a minute from my sight, when bang went a pistol, the report echoing fearfully among the mountains. Instantly I saw five or six Kaufirs start up in the path; one of them staggered and fell, but the rest made off. My friend rushed out from behind the rock and seized the poor fellow's bow and arrows. I asked why he had shot the man, and he said,—"Oh, it was such a chance! There were six of them sitting talking together, and they never perceived me till I announced my presence with a bullet!"

What was our dismay to find, on trying to resume our path, that we had been following the footmarks of these few Kaufirs, instead of the tracks of the caravan! We wandered all round, thinking we could not have been long going in this way without discovering our mistake, but we had entirely lost the traces of the caravan.

I reproached my friend bitterly as being the cause our misfortune. "You thought you could lead the way," said I, "and you mistake the footmarks of six men for those of as many thousands, and now through your stupidity we are lost. We shall die here of hunger and cold, and birds will eat our flesh." These unpleasant considerations inspired me with a bright idea, which in my first consternation I had foolishly

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overlooked. "Come," I cried, "let me lead, and perhaps we shall yet be saved." I noted particularly the shape of the footmarks of the Kaufirs, and then began retracing the way we had followed them.

We had not gone very far, when we came to many other traces going in a different direction; I compared the shape of the footmarks, and as they were quite different from those of the Kaufirs, I felt sure they must be the traces of the caravan. My friend was very unwilling to believe that I had found the right track, but I pointed out the marks of the bare feet of the children of the slaves. We set off running as fast as we could in this new direction, and after some time were rejoiced to see the great crowd of the caravan moving slowly along in front of us. We soon joined them, and shewed the bow and arrows we had taken as trophies. "Well," said my friend to me, "you are cleverer than I thought. I will from this time learn wisdom of you, and what you advise, that I will do."

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CHAPTER VI.

Kotalakoda mountain.—Intense cold.—Sufferings of the slaves.—We rescue a young girl from death.—Arrived at the summit of the mountain.—Glissading.—My friend and I leave the caravan.—We part.—Five days without food.—Terrible hardships.—I arrive in a village.—Kindness of the inhabitants.—I rest in Jerm for a month.—Push on towards Fyzabad.—I find a friend at Adhanan.—Arrive at Fyzabad.—Comfortable quarters in Fyzabad.—Life of pleasure.—Another rash act.—I learn a business.—I am weary of inactivity, and resolve to go to Yarkand.—Start with a caravan.—I find a companion, and we push ahead of the caravan.—Robbers again.—Rejoin the caravan.—Yarkand.—Something about the Chinese.

WE continued our journey without much adventure, until we came on the fifth day to the Kotalakoda mountain. Here we found a great deal of snow, and at night none of us could sleep for the cold. The chief ordered the Gilghit men to the front, and told all the rest to walk exactly in their steps. These men had with them a stock of provisions to last them on their way back; for they leave the Badukshan people to conduct the slaves alone from this part of the journey. I offered them the valuable ring which the governor of Kashcar had given me, for two loaves, but they refused. "Will you give me one?" I asked; but they said they would not give more than half a loaf for the jewel; so I kept my treasure and my appetite as well.

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We travelled on all night, and in the morning fatigue and cold began to tell terribly among the poor slaves, numbers of whom fell in the snow, most of them to rise no more. The Gilghit men now left us and returned towards Houzob.

During the day about 300 slaves fell exhausted and frozen, and were left to die. I begged of the driver to stop and help them; but he said, "Don't ask me; our own lives are too precious to be thus thrown away, for we could never get all these weakly ones over the rest of the journey with us: it is better they should perish." "But," said I, "why do you take all these poor creatures, and bring them up here to die of the cold?" "Oh!" he replied, "it is with us as with those who lade a ship: we know not whether our property will all arrive safely at its destination; but we make allowances for loss on the journey, and hope for the best."

I saw nothing could be done to save those who gave way to the cold, so I gave all my attention to take care of myself. The ascent of the great mountain now began in earnest. I saw the poor slaves one after another lie down to die, and I asked the master how many slaves he expected to have left when he got to Badukshan. "We do not count them," he replied, "until this mountain is passed, for we can never tell who will survive the exposure to the cold."

After this, something white seemed to come before my eyes, blinding me, and I felt very ready to lie

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down and sleep. This was the dangerous symptom of exhaustion, and I struggled hard against it. I took my handkerchief and tied it over one of my eyes, and when the other eye began to fail, I changed the bandage and put it over that one; thus giving each eye rest in turn. My Affghan friend was all this time striding on in front of me, laughing and joking, and seemed rather to enjoy the freshness of the air. Oh! he was a wonderfully powerful young man.

Presently I saw a beautiful young slave, a girl of about fourteen years, lie down in the snow to die. My heart was much pained for her, and I took her on my back and tried to carry her; but I soon felt that my poor strength was not at all equal to the task. I could not leave her. I looked at the strong young Affghan, and I thought with his help I might yet save the girl's life.

I called him, and said, "My friend, do you still remain my pupil? will you still learn wisdom of me? We have but a little more danger to pass through, and we shall arrive at Badukshan, and there we will rest in comfort after our journey; but one thing we shall want, and we cannot do without it there—that is, a good horse." "But," said he, "how shall we get one?" "Look at this girl," I replied; "they have left her here to die; let us save her; she will belong to us, and we shall get many horses for her. He objected, saying that the people would claim her as their property. "What!" said I, "and you an

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Affghan! Let them dare to touch us! we will shew them that Affghans are not to be trifled with. Then I took my gun and pistol, which he had been carrying for me, and he lifted the poor girl on his broad shoulders.

After a long time of hard climbing, we arrived safely on the summit of the mountain, and we waited there for the caravan to assemble before beginning the descent. We were up above the clouds, and could see nothing but ranges of snow-covered mountain peaks. When all who had been strong enough to surmount the difficulties of the ascent were assembled, we had our bread, and after resting, we began glissading down the further side of the mountain. I felt rather nervous when I saw the rate at which they went; but when the slaves began to go down I was ashamed of my fear, so down I sat, as I saw the others do, and taking my feet up with my hands, I shot down over the snow at a rate that took my breath away.

My Affghan friend was more of a coward in this than I was. He stayed on the top, looking down at us till he was left there alone. I looked back at him, and he appeard no bigger than a bird perched on the summit of the mountain. I took my bugle, which I had begged from the soldiers in Gilghit, and blew a call to him; then I saw him come sliding down after me, but most ludicrously; he was afraid to venture on his back, and came sprawling down on his belly, in a most dangerous way for his face.

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After a good deal of sliding and scrambling, we came to a dry patch where there was no snow, and we rested for the night; here we finished up our inadequate stock of provisions, and we had the comfortable prospect of several days' journey without anything to eat! In the morning our eyes were swollen, and red, and very painful. I said to my friend, "Come, we will go on alone; it is no use to remain with the caravan now all the food is gone; we must make all possible speed to reach Badukshan before we die of hunger."

So we two went on ahead. We tried to eat a kind of root, something like an onion, which we found growing, but it was so hot and bitter that we could not swallow it. We soon came to two paths, one on each side of a river, formed by the mountain torrents; both paths wound through the jungles, with which the banks of the stream were clothed. We agreed each to take one of these roads, and whoever was right should come and tell the other. This plan might have been all very well if the stream had been only a small brook which we could pass easily; but as we got further down, the brook widened gradually into a broad river, and I lost sight of my friend entirely.

When night came, I slept a little in the jungle near the river. I was very hungry, and ate some leaves, but they were not nourishing. I drank some water, and continued walking till morning. As I was struggling along wearily enough, I saw a wolf with two young ones coming towards me; she seized me by the leg and

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threw me down, for I was very weak. I drew out my sword and gave the animal a cut that put an end to her power of mischief in a very short time; then I got up and cut her in two, and took the young ones and threw them into the river.

After this I wandered on for two days, during which I ate no food, for the reason I had none to eat. I did not feel hungry, only I had a burning pain in my stomach. I drank some water and felt a little better. For three more fearful days I was in this miserable condition. And here I must leave myself, as my recollection and senses almost forsook me.

I will now recount the fortunes of my friend, as I heard them from him when we met again. He had been fortunate enough to take the right road, and after three days' most hungry walking, he arrived at a village. He told the people of the terrible condition of the whole caravan behind without any food, and they immediately loaded a donkey with food, and started forth to the rescue.

It was on the fifth day of my wanderings that I looked across the river and saw these people coming. All hopes had left me, and I thought they must be robbers, so I feebly attempted to shew fight, and presented my gun; but they called out and told me who they were. I asked how I should find food, and they told me that their village was close at hand, and said that if I went on a little further I should find a bridge by which I might cross the river. I hurried on, for

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hope gave me new strength. I found the bridge, crossed over, and saw a scene which, even in my exhausted state, riveted my attention.

I had always lived among mountains, and for four years I had been traversing mountainous districts, and now, for the first time in my life, I looked across a vast plain. I was much astonished at being able to see the sky, all so broad, down to the distant horizon. But in the foreground of this landscape was the most welcome object to me. There was the village, surrounded with gardens, with boys and girls playing in the road, and sheep and donkeys in the fields.

The people were all on the look-out for the travellers, so I walked in amongst them, and saw my friend lying asleep on the ground. Some one asked me where I came from, and where the slaves were; but I was so overcome by fatigue that I could not answer. They brought me food, but I could not eat; my throat was dry, and my stomach in great pain, and my lips were swelled and hurt me very much. Besides these miseries, my feet were very sore; my heels all cut and bleeding. They brought a silver cup full of hot milk with honey in it. I was by this time sleepy, and but half alive, so they fed me with a spoon; and soon a little perspiration came out on my forehead. When I had finished the milk they left me asleep by my friend.

In the evening some one woke me. I found I was lying on a bed on the ground, and all around me lay

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the poor slaves who had arrived during the day, and had been treated by the people of the village just as I had been. We all went into a large room, and had venison and bread to eat, and we slept there that night.

I asked whether we should have any more mountains to cross before we reached Fyzabad, and was rejoiced to hear that the rest of the way was through the flat country, where I should find villages, and gardens, and civilised people.

I proposed to my friend that we should stay a few days to recruit our strength; but he did not need rest so much as I did, and was anxious to continue his journey. I found it impossible to accompany him, my feet were so tender; so he and all the caravan people went on to Fyzabad, and left me quietly resting in the village, which is situated in the district called Jerm.

When the people heard that I intended going on to Fyzabad, which is the capital of the province of Badukshan, they said I should find shops and everything I needed in Jerm, so that I need be in no hurry to leave them. One of them saddled a couple of horses, and accompanied me into the market-place, where I changed my money, and paid him for his services. Then I went to a serai, and took a room for myself, and bought a water-jug, some candles, a pot to cook in, and other necessaries. I spoke to the keeper of the house, and arranged to pay him three shillings a month for my room. I asked him where I could find a doctor, and also told him I wished for a servant to wait upon me.

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Both of these were soon procured, and I began really to live a comfortable life. There were a good many other travellers staying in the serai.

In about a fortnight my feet were well, but my lips were still painful. I asked the innkeeper if it was a good time of the year for going to Fyzabad; but he said I should do better in Jerm, so I stayed with him a month. I walked about the place, and saw the markets, and gardens, and fountains, and led a very lazy sort of life; which agreed with me so well that at the end of that time I felt quite myself again, and resolved to go on to Fyzabad, which was about ten days' journey off. So I bought a horse, and started off again.

When I was hungry I picked cherries from the trees by the road-side, and found them very refreshing. I found two sorts, some large and red, others small and black. At night I slept in the villages. The first evening I came to a comfortable-looking house, with a garden, and a little stream of water running by it. I got shelter here for the night, and my horse was cared for. The inmates of the place were an old woman and her son and daughter. In the morning I left my coat with them in payment for my lodging, and went on my way.

I met a great many people walking about and looking very happy, and I found that it was a general holiday. I saw them go into their houses and get refreshment, and felt much inclined to do the same, but was

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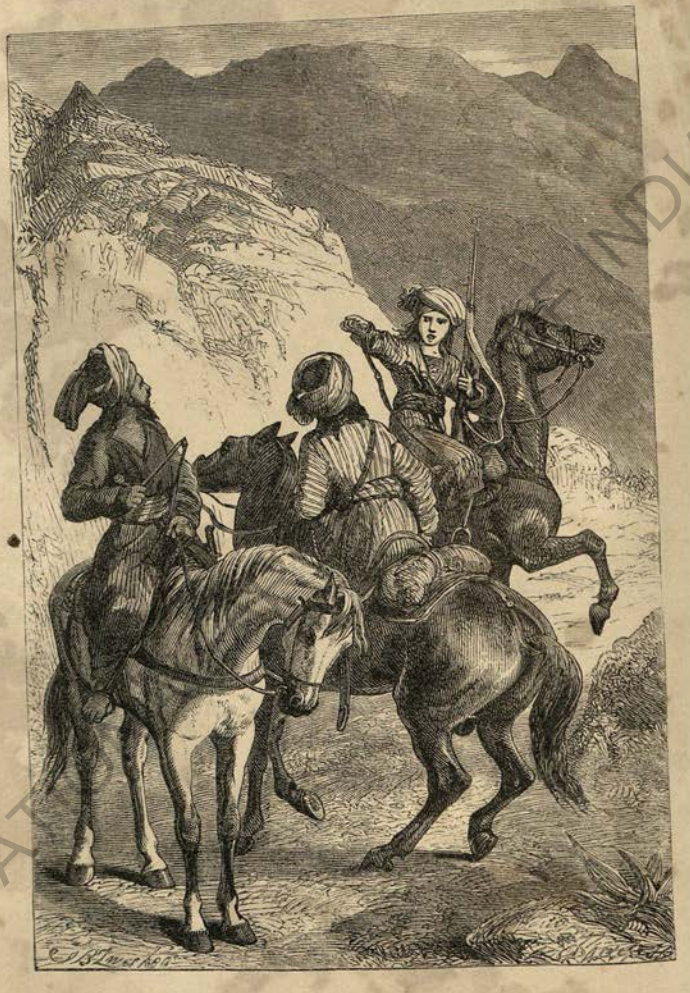
ashamed to follow them in. They all assembled, and began some games on horseback, in which I joined, until my hunger obliged me to ask for some food. I went to a house and begged some bread and water, but the woman whom I spoke to said I must pay for it. I said, "It is a great shame to ask for payment on this holiday, when every one keeps open house. I need not trouble you, if I choose to pay: I may as well go to the shops." Then she told her daughter to prepare something for me, and she brought me some rice and milk.

After I had eaten I left that place, and proceeded on my way towards the capital. In the evening I arrived at a town called Adhanan. I saw a spring in the middle of a green field, and there was a boy playing beside it. I went to him, and asked where I could find lodgings. "Where do you come from?" said he. I told him I was from Affghanistan. "And can you speak Affghan?" he asked. I said I could. Then he told me that there was an Affghan gentleman in Adhanan, who, he said, he was sure would be glad to see me.

He ran to tell this man of my arrival, and soon returned, accompanied by a tall gentleman, who wished me a good evening in Affghan. I saluted him, and gave him my hand, and he came near my horse. The boy went away, and I accompanied my new friend to his lodgings. He was staying at a good inn, in company with a number of merchants from Bokhara. In

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I start on my wanderings. P. 27.

the evening we dined all together, and drank our tea, and I related some of my adventures to them. Thus we passed a very pleasant time, till I got tired and sleepy, and begged to be excused from talking any more; when my friend shewed me my bed, and told his servant to wait on me.

I slept on till twelve o'clock next day, for my friend thought it best not to wake me. When I got up, I asked my friend from what part of Affghanistan he came, and he told me he was from Candahar. He said he had taken a great deal of money from the English, and as the King of Caubul wished to deprive him of his booty, he made off with it, and settled in Adhanan. He was very rich, and had a house in Fyzabad, beside the place in which we were staying.

I told him I was on my way to the capital, and he said if I would wait a month I could go with him. I did not feel inclined to accept his offer; so he wrote me a letter for a friend of his in Fyzabad, supplied me with provisions for the journey, and found some travelling companions for me. We arrived safely at our destination after a pleasant journey of six days. It was about mid-day when we entered Fyzabad. I went directly to the house of the gentleman for whom I had the letter of introduction. He received me very kindly, put my horse in his stables, and appointed me a room in his house.

This man was extremely wealthy. He had private pleasure-grounds of his own six miles from the town

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on the other side of the Kokcha river, where he kept twenty or thirty cats, as many dogs, and an immense number of fowls, parrots, and tame birds. He had also a music-room, with various instruments of English, Russian, and Asiatic manufacture. He spent three months in the summer amusing himself with his friends in these gardens. It was quite one of the sights of Fyzabad to go and see his place; and even the king often delighted to pay my friend a visit there.

When I had been only three days in Fyzabad, several caravans assembled to go to Yarkand, which is six weeks' journey off. I thought this was an opportunity not to be lost, so I made ready to accompany them. When my friend heard of my intention, he would not listen to it for a moment: "For," said he, "this Fyzabad is a very beautiful place, and you have not yet half seen it. There are my gardens, which you must visit, and many other things of interest." So I gave up the idea of leaving him, and settled down to enjoy myself for a time. I walked about, and saw all that was worth seeing, and enjoyed myself, so that the weeks flew rapidly enough.

About a month passed away thus pleasantly, when one day my friend from Jerm arrived at the house. He seemed glad to see me so happy and comfortable. It was arranged that we should go directly for a change to the pleasure-grounds; so we packed up our things, and crossed over the river to the gardens, which I had not yet seen. All the cats and dogs came around us,

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delighted to see their master again; the dogs kept jumping up, and licking his hands and even his face. I was astonished, and asked if these animals would not hurt us; but they told me that they were all tame like sheep. We dined there, and at dinner I asked why my friend kept these gardens, and they told me he was a man of joyful heart, and liked to give pleasure to his friends.

I said, "This must be a great expense to him;" and they told me that most people who came there gave him presents to help to keep the place in order. I asked if I should be expected to give anything, but they told me he had plenty of money and would not think of taking anything from a poor stranger boy. Then he spoke to me himself very kindly, and assured me that he would like me to remain with him as long as I wished. So I lived there and was with the man who had the care of the grounds.

A great many visitors came to stay at the gardens, but my friend only allowed one party to come at a time. They used to write to him, and get his permission to come and bring any lady friend with them; so we had fresh company every evening. Cushions were spread on the grass near the river, and we reclined at our ease. We had all kinds of sweetmeats and refreshments, and beautiful music was played all the night. We drank and laughed and joked till morning, when we went to bed and slept till it was time to get up to entertain another couple. Thus we turned our nights into days and the days into nights, and lived a very gay life.

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This was a great change for me after all the hardships I had undergone, and I thought I should be able to enjoy myself always in this manner. My friend asked me why I never left the garden to walk about the country a little, and I told him I had no wish to do so. Then he agreed with me that I should remain entirely in the grounds and help the man who had care of them. Our meals were most ludicrous; we were surrounded all the while we were eating, by dogs and cats, parrots, and all kinds of birds. We were half deafened with the confusion of barking, mewing, screaming, and chattering.

The two gentlemen often left the garden in the day when they were not too tired with the night's carousing, and once while they were gone, the man and I found that they had not left enough food for us; we had no orders to get any from the shops, so we were obliged to wait. However, I got so hungry that I said I must have something to eat; my companion proposed making some strong tea with plenty of milk, for we had the materials for this, and as to eating we must wait till the evening for that. He set me to watch the milk and keep the cats off, while he boiled the water. Unfortunately, I was careless over my part of the business, and, while my back was turned, one of the creatures lapped up every drop out of the jug. I just came back in time to see who was the thief: in my rage I seized the cat and threw it into the river.

My companion cried out in consternation when he

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saw what I had done, and even wished to go in to save the animal's life; but the stream was deep and swift, and the poor thing was soon carried squalling out of our sight. "You have done it," said the man, with a pitying look. "What will the master say?"

In the evening, when the gentlemen came, the gardener went and told them of the fate of the cat. The owner of the gardens called me to him, and looking at me very severely, said—"My boy, you must be prepared to quit this place to-morrow: this is no place for angry and cruel people; all must be peace and happiness in my domain." I replied: "Sir, you may do to me what you please, kill me with your sword, or throw me into the water, to avenge the death of your cat; but I cannot leave you. I crave your pardon." Then he was appeased, and said he would forgive me this once; but that I must be careful not to give way to my temper again.

One day I got permission to go into the town to see the place again, and get my clothes mended. I saw more beautiful things in the shops there than I had ever seen before. I made inquiries about the way to Yarkand, and ascertained that the caravans for that town started every two months from Fyzabad. I made several acquaintances, and had some good offers from people who wished me to leave the gentleman with whom I was staying, and promised better quarters; but I was quite content where I was, and saw no reason for leaving such a good friend.

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I got tired at last of the life of idle pleasure I was leading, and told the gentleman that I wished for something else to do. He asked me what I would like, and I replied that I wished to be apprenticed to some business, and I rather fancied the manufacture of paper and ink would be more interesting and useful to me than anything else. So he took me to the shop where these things were made and desired the man to instruct me in his craft. There were many others there learning the business, and we were divided into classes according to our skill. I began at the beginning, and got about sixpence a week for my pay at first, besides my board and lodging. We worked all the early part of the morning, but in the heat of mid-day we rested. We resumed our business in the evening, and worked till dusk. As I returned to lodge with my friend, and had my meals from his house, I received about three shillings a week extra.

After work I used often to go out to the gardens and amuse myself. One day in particular, being tired with my work, I went over to the pleasure-grounds in the evening. I drank some wine, and sat down to listen to the music. They were playing on a very sweet instrument called the kanun, which is something like a large musical-box. All the cats and dogs stood quiet when this music was going on, but the singing birds joined their notes to the harmony.

On this occasion I had taken a little more wine than was good for me, and suddenly, as I lay there dreamily

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enjoying these melodious strains, the thought struck me that I was forgetting the purpose of my life. "Come," said I to myself, "you will never find the English, or your relations, by sitting dreaming away your existence here. You must be up and moving." And I resolved only to wait till I was a little more skilful in my business, and then to pursue my way towards Yarkand.

In a short time I had learnt all the processes of the manufacture, and could make very good paper and ink. Then I went and reluctantly took leave of my friend. At parting he made me a present of an immense dog about the size of a small donkey.

I joined the caravan, and we started on our journey: for three weeks we travelled without any adventures, and arrived at the outskirts of a large desert, which is noted for being infested with robbers.

I made inquiries among the men of the caravan for some traveller like myself to join me and go on before by ourselves, but could only find one young man rash enough to make such a venture. When I spoke to him and proposed leaving the caravan, he seemed delighted with the idea; he bragged wonderfully about his strength, saying a thousand thieves would not daunt his courage. "One blow of my hand," said he, "is enough to kill a man; my fingers are stronger than lion's claws, and my arm more powerful than an elephant."

I thought such a prodigy of valour might be useful

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in case of danger, and we quickened our pace, and soon left the caravan behind us. It occurred to me by the way to prove my companion a little, so I asked him to shew me how he loaded his gun, and to my astonishment he did not know the proper way. "Poor fool," thought I, "I am afraid with all your bragging, you will have little else than words to shew in proof of your courage;" and the event proved that my fears were well founded.

We had continued our way till the caravan was far out of sight, when suddenly two men, whom I saw at once to be robbers, came across our path. There was no avoiding them, so I said to my companion, "Come, this is a capital chance; run, secure those two rascals before they escape." He advanced towards them, but not with a very menacing aspect, and actually laid all his things at their feet, that they might spare his life; so they allowed him to pass on.

Now came my turn; they commanded me to deliver up my gun. I told them they quite mistook me, for it was not my intention when I bought it to give it to the first person who should ask me for it, but I procured it for use, "as you shall see if you like to come and fetch it." They were too wise, however, to attempt to approach me; but they gathered up my poor friend's property and departed.

The caravan was about a day's journey behind, but I thought that it would be wiser not to risk myself alone in such a dangerous country, so I waited till it came

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up. I was a good deal laughed at, and the men asked me why I had not gone on. I told them I did not know the way, and the man who had agreed to accompany me had shewn himself to be a great fool. I soon spied the poor fellow amongst them, looking the picture of misery; he had lost all his possessions, even his shoes were gone, and every one ridiculed him.

During the journey the men of the caravan filled their water-skins from any well or fountain we passed, and as these springs were not very numerous, the drink was very precious. My friend came to me and begged a little food and water, which I gave him; for I pitied the poor fellow, and I persuaded the others to leave off teasing him. We performed the rest of the journey pretty comfortably, and arrived safely at Yarkand, which belongs to China.

I lived about a week with the caravan people, and then took a room in an inn. I had spent all my money, so I took one of my precious rings to a goldsmith's and asked what he would give me for it. He told me he would not buy it at all unless I could shew him some proof, or bring some person as witness, that it belonged fairly to me, and that I had not stolen it. This being out of my power, I went to another man, who was less scrupulous: he took his hammer and broke the ring in two to see if the gold was pure, then he looked carefully at the stone, and weighed the ring, and finally he paid me down thirteen yomboos for it. The other goldsmith came into the shop as the bargain was concluded,

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and he asked his friend how he could think of making such an unsafe purchase. "Oh," he replied, "these people came here with the caravan; if the ring was stolen, no one will ever know it here."

Then I went into the market and bought some "paloodah," which is rice boiled in milk, and eaten with honey and ice. There is a great demand for this article, for almost everybody is fond of it. I bought a quantity of fruit to finish my meal: altogether I was very happy in Yarkand.

Most of the people in the town were Mohammedans, but on Thursday it was the Chinese market. The Mohammedans do not mix with the Budhists, so the Chinese have it pretty much to themselves on that day. I went to see their market; there I saw men carrying rats, snakes, mice, cats, dogs, and rabbits, strung on sticks balanced across their shoulders. These they consider great delicacies for the tables of the rich.

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CHAPTER VII.

The inn-keeper's story.—I visit the town of Koten.—Adventure with the slave-merchants.—Attempt to go to Constantinople.—Stray notes of four months' wanderings.—Enormous images, Subsal and Shamona.—Legends of the same.—A fearful leap.—Legend of the city of Gulguleh.—Legend of the snake at Istaliff.—Journey to Kolob.—The Jahoon river.—Visit to the king.—Soldier life.—Chiob.—Disagreeable companions.—A murderous design.—Refuge with the dervish.—A deed of darkness.—Retributive punishment.—I join the king's artillery corps.—I am promoted.—Envy and hatred.—Revenge.—Bloodshed.—I baffle the officers of justice.—Detained in Chiob.

I SOON got very friendly with the man who kept the inn at Yarkand, and one day I remarked to him that the Chinese seemed to be a dirty race of people, eating all kinds of animals which nobody else would touch. He laughed, and said,—"That is nothing; there are some tribes among them who eat human flesh. I have travelled in China," said he, "and will, if you like, relate you a few of my adventures."

I told him I should be much interested in hearing his experiences, and he immediately began:—

"There is a district in China called Surboodaly, which is not under the government of the Emperor: it is in this place that the people are most known to be cannibals. When any of this tribe dies, his brethren do not bury him, but eat him. If children die in birth,

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they roast them in oil, and consider them a rare delicacy. I once in the course of my wanderings was obliged to pass through this province, and I went to one of the houses and asked for food: they brought me a man's hand most temptingly prepared. I turned away with a sickening feeling of disgust, and would have left the house, but the wretch who lived there detained me as his prisoner, and locked me in the room.

"He had four young men, his sons, living with him, and they took turns to watch me and prevent my escape. When these were tired of their post, they sent their sister to be sentinel while they went to rest. I was then rather a fine young man, and when this poor girl saw me, she took pity on me: now pity, they say, is akin to love, so it proved in this case. She informed me that it was her father's amiable weakness to be constantly on the look-out for strangers, and when he got any one in his power it was his custom to kill and eat them.

"This was a pleasant prospect for me! I asked the young lady if she could devise any plan of saving me. She replied,—'If you will be my husband, I will deliver you from my father's hand, and be your faithful wife.' To this I agreed, seeing it was my only chance of escape, and she went and brought clothes, and dressed me as a woman, and covered my face; she then unlocked the door, and led me quickly out into the market-place, where she bought a couple of horses, and we mounted. She left her face uncovered, and did all the speaking,

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informing the people that I was a young girl, and too modest to shew my features, or talk to men. We were soon out of danger from her father, and travelled together through Chinese Tartary, till we arrived here at Yarkand, where we were formally married, and have lived together very happily ever since."

I could scarcely credit this curious story; but my friend took me and introduced me to his wife, whom I saw at once to be a Chinese, and she confirmed all that he had said. Before this I had had some idea of making my way to Pekin, but the accounts I heard of the Chinese completely disenchanted me of this desire. No one would be permitted to perform this journey without a passport; indeed, it would be impossible for strangers to make their way through the Celestial Empire itself.

I had a fine opportunity for visiting Pekin, if I had been so inclined, for several Chinese officers, who took a fancy to me in Yarkand, told me that as I was only a boy, they would dress me as one of their nation and take me with them to the capital. I refused their kind offer, and joined the caravan going to Koten. We had an easy journey of about two months through a well-populated and civilised country, and no circumstances on the way particularly impressed my memory.

I was much interested in the town of Koten. It is one of the principal depôts for the products of China. Immense stores of silk, tea, umbrellas, carpets, &c.,

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are brought to this town by the Chinese; and merchants of all parts of Asia resort there to buy these articles. I met there merchants from Russia and Bokhara, and even some who called themselves French, and other European merchants; but it was their wares, and not the men themselves, that came from Europe.

I spent a greater part of my time walking about the streets and listening to these foreigners. One night, as I was wandering at a late hour among some Kokan merchants who had come up from Bokhara, four men suddenly rushed on me, crying, "Thieves." They bound my arms and took me prisoner. At first I could not understand the meaning of this strange proceeding, but the terrible truth soon occurred to me; they intended to sell me for a slave, for I knew their principal trade was in that line.

There were a good many Chinese policemen walking about, so I cried out for help: they came and asked what I was bound for; the rascally Kokans answered, that I had been stealing, and they had caught me in the act. The Chinese knew the character of these men too well to believe their story, and they asked me what I had to say for myself, and who I was. I told them I came from Yarkand, and mentioned the names of several Chinese officers, who would confirm the statement. I then related how I had been assaulted and bound for nothing at all. The policeman asked me to point out the man who had beaten me; I did so, and he made him sit on the ground while I gave him a

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sound thrashing. Then the Chinaman told me to spit in the man's face, and made the Kokans pay me two yomboos as compensation for the trouble they had given me.

"These rascals," said the policemen, "ought to be ashamed of themselves; they make more disorder than all the other nations put together." They kept the two who had been foremost in attacking me in custody, and I returned to the inn thankful to have escaped from such a danger.

Soon after this I made up my mind to visit Constantinople, and made inquiries about the way. I was told that it was a very long journey, and I must pass through Balkh and Persia. I joined a caravan, and started on this great undertaking. I first went to Banakola; from thence I traversed great deserts on camels with the caravan, and passed through the Burbur country to Korzar, and from there to Bameean, which is on the frontier of Affghanistan.

I saw that my way lay through that country, and I was afraid to venture for fear of being recognised and retaken by the Affghans. So I turned my steps towards Balkh. Leaving Balkh behind me, I went through the Kundooz and Katayan, and came again to Koten, after wandering for many months.

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Between Affghanistan and Balkh, about six miles from Bameean, is the city of Gulguleh. It once belonged to Jellaladun, a great king who lived many

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hundred years ago, and was also the founder of Jellalabad. In Bameean I saw the great images of Subsal and Shamona, otherwise called Surkbut and Konucbut, or, in Arabic, Yaouck and Yasouck. These figures are supposed to represent the first teachers of the Budhist religion, who, when they died, left their images for the people to worship.

Some say they represent a once powerful king in Arabia, and his wife, who were driven out by Mahomet and fled to this place. Omar, the follower of Mahomet, pursued them, and fought ten days against them. When Subsal first saw Omar he cried out and said, "Who are you? and where do you come from?" The prophet answered, "I come from Arabia." "And do you know the mighty Omar?" asked Subsal. "Yes," replied the prophet. "What is he like?" said the king. Omar replied, "His nose is like mine; his eyes are as my eyes; his form resembles me. When you see me, you see Omar!"

Then the great Subsal laughed a scornful laugh, and said, "How can you be my great enemy, who has killed so many of my nation? I could eat you, poor little mortal, at a mouthful." Then Omar answered; "Your taunts are vain. Let me see how much you can eat, and I will shew you my power." "Come to the mountain," replied Subsal, "at my dinner-time this afternoon, and you shall see me eat." So Omar went, and he saw the giant king take two elephants by their trunks, and two camels, and roast them. He

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tore up trees for fuel, and kindled them with fire out of his mouth. Then Omar's heart failed him, and he drew near and courteously saluted the mighty king.

Then the great Subsal said, "It is good, Omar! that you behave politely and humbly before me, or I would finish my meal by devouring you on the spot." Omar replied, "You are far from the true religion of God. I come to warn you to embrace the divine doctrines. If you reject my advice, you pay with your life for your folly." "You are the ambassador of the false prophet of Arabia," cried Subsal. "I do come from the great prophet," said Omar. Then, cried the king, "Taffa, Taffa; spittle on you. Skies, that this little man should dare to attempt to force me to take his religion!"

They each began to push with one hand, and tried to overthrow each other, but neither gained the advantage. They strove till nightfall, and Subsal knew, of a truth, that it was really his enemy Omar who stood before him. They stopped awhile to rest and eat, and then commenced with both hands. Thus they wrestled for three days, but neither of them would yield. Then Subsal said, "Go stand by that rock, and I will shoot at you. If I miss my aim, you shall try your skill at me." Omar did so, and the king drew his great bow far back, and let fly a swift arrow; but it struck the rock above Omar's head. Then the prophet drew his sword, rushed in, and cut the giant king in the middle of his enormous body. "Ha!" cried Subsal, "your sword is

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not sharp." "Let me see you move," replied Omar. And Subsal turned round, and fell into two pieces, and died. Then Omar went to settle Shamona's business; but she and her two sons became Mahommedans, and thus their lives were spared.

I fell in with the army of Affghanistan going to take taxes from Huzareh; and it was whilst travelling in their company that I came in sight of these images. We could see their immense forms from a great distance, and many of the horses shied on approaching them. When we arrived close to them, we were all looking up, bewildered by their amazing height. I proposed that some one should climb up and get on the head of one of them. The soldiers declared that it would be impossible; but I said, "If you give me some money I will do it." They dared me to fulfil my promise, and offered me a small sum from each one if I should succeed in performing the feat; but they made me sign a paper to say that if I perished by my temerity they were not guilty of my blood.

I went to a cave, where was a poor woman, and asked her to shew me the way up. The images are placed in enormous niches made for them in the face of the rock which shelters them, and between them is the entrance to the cave. The woman lighted a candle, and we entered the narrow cavern, and began ascending some steps. We were an immense time going up, but at last we came out opposite the shoulders of the

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image on the inside of the niche. I was within reasonable jumping distance to get on to the shoulder of the figure, but the thought of missing my footing made me shudder! I looked across at the image, and down far below me at the army, the soldiers looking like little children playing beneath me. If I slipped I must inevitably be dashed to pieces.

It was a fearful thing to do. I shut my eyes, and took the leap, and in a moment was clinging with a beating heart on the broad shoulder of the image. I walked across to the opposite shoulder, and all the people shouted and clapped their hands below me. Then came the return. I had fulfilled my promise, and did not care to risk my life for nothing. So I told the woman to bring a rope, one end of which she flung across to me, and I made it fast on the image; she secured the other end on the rock, and I soon got safely back into the cave. I ran down the steps, and hastened to collect my money from the soldiers, and altogether it amounted to a considerable sum.

Not far from this place, as I said before, are the ruins of Gulguleh, of which town I heard the following tradition. The Emperor of China made war against Jellaladun, and being very successful, pressed hard on him, and at last besieged him in Gulguleh. The city was well stocked with provisions, and plentifully supplied with water by a stream from the mountains. The Emperor found that Jellaladun gave no signs of yield-

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ing, and almost despaired of being able to take so well fortified a city; but what he could not do of himself, fortune put it in his power to achieve.

The princess, the daughter of Jellaladun, put a letter on an arrow, and shot it to the tent of the Emperor of China, who picked it up, and, opening it, read,—"O great and beauteous prince! promise that I shall hereafter be your wife, and I will discover to you a plan by which this town may soon be in your power." He wrote a letter, agreeing to comply with the wish of the princess, and fastening it to an arrow shot it to the tower where she was. She immediately wrote her answer, and fired it as before to the Emperor; and this was the plan: She told him to cut off the stream which supplied the city with water, and assured him that her father could not hold out long if he carried out this stratagem. The Emperor acted on the suggestion: Jellaladun was soon obliged to surrender, and the Chinese destroyed the city.

The Emperor began his triumphant return to China, taking the wicked princess with him. She complained on the way that as she had lived all her life on silk and down, she was too tender to ride on horseback. Then the Emperor ordered her to be crushed to death between two stones; "for," said he, "a daughter who has betrayed her father will make a treacherous wife."

In this neighbourhood I met with very rocky ground, from which sprung fountains of red-coloured water. It gurgled up between the stones with a bubbling sound,

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and had a very nasty taste; but I saw many drink it for their health. I met with a curious little animal among the rocks; it was like a white rat, but had no tail.

From Bameean to Hillatoo is a very cold journey. I performed it in company with the army. We encamped one night near some wheat ricks. While we were asleep some one set fire to the wheat, and many of the soldiers were burnt to death. I awoke, and seeing a great glare of light, and every one in confusion, I leaped on the bare back of my horse and rode off. All my things were lost except the clothes on my back.

We afterwards crossed the Punjshier river, a branch of the Indus, and arrived in Zilmit, which is a very hot country. The change of climate was too great, and many of us were very ill. My horse died, and I was myself for some time not far from the grave. We pushed on to Koram, where the climate is colder, and there we soon regained our strength. From thence we went through Huzareh, having experienced a great deal of cold on the Hindoo Koosh mountains.

At Istalif I saw the celebrated image of a snake, which from a distance looks exactly like an immense python. When I came near it I saw streams of water running from its eyes; this water has the reputation of being potent to cure any disease. I heard the history of the snake, which was as follows:—"There was once a great snake which visited Istalif, and devoured num-

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bers of the people; it did so much mischief, that at last the surviving inhabitants of the place made an agreement to send out one beautiful girl and a camel every day for the reptile to eat, provided it would promise not to do any more harm to them. For some time this went on, and many poor girls were sacrificed.

"When, one day, the prophet Omar met one of these poor creatures going out with the camel to be devoured, he inquired the cause of her dejected appearance, and of the gloom which pervaded all the neighbourhood. On hearing the accounts of the ravages of the snake, and the agreement that had been made, the valiant Omar took his bow and arrow, and went out in search of the terrible monster; he soon met with him, and put an end to his depredations by shooting him dead on the spot. From that time the water has been continually running from the creature's eyes."

* * * * *

After waiting some time in Koten to rest from my wanderings, I resolved to give up the idea of visiting Constantinople for the present; and having found a caravan going to Kooloom,* I joined it, and we arrived there safely after a protracted journey.

Kooloom is situated on the margin of a large river, that flows through a lake which has several names, being called by some Lake Amoo. Syphon, Jihoon, and Hamoon,† are other names by which this piece of

* Pronounced by Campbell Kolaub; but supposed to be Kooloom.

† The River Amoo, or Oxus.

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water is known. This lake divides Balkh from Bokhara: across it, and the river which runs through it, there is a great deal of traffic: in the narrower parts horses are used to draw the boats along. The waters of the lake are very fresh and sweet. We went a good way down this river, towed along by horses, till we reached Kooloom.

The government of Kooloom is very careful about admitting strangers into the town, fearing lest they might be spies from some foreign power. All those who enter the place are obliged to shew themselves to an officer and obtain leave to go to the caravanserai; without this permission no strangers are admitted into the town. On all the roads leading into Kooloom are houses where travellers coming to the place must stop and write down in books their names, where they come from, and what their business is in the town; and those who wish to leave are obliged to write where they are going and on what business.

I went and had my name taken down, and said, "I wish to see your king, so it is not necessary for you to make any further inquiries: his Majesty will do that for himself." Then the officer told me he would conduct me into the king's presence. I stopped to arrange my dress, and then followed my guide. When we arrived at the royal residence, the king was out hunting; so, while we were waiting his return, I asked the officer to teach me what manner of salute it was proper to make to his Majesty, and how it was best to

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behave. We waited in a large enclosed field, at the further end of which was the king's hareem, and on two sides of it were buildings belonging to the king. In this place his Majesty gave audience to those who wished to speak with him.

After some time the king returned from hunting, and I went and stood before a window in which he was sitting, and saluted him. He asked me who I was, and I said, "I am a traveller from Affghanistan." He asked why I travelled; and I told him I was wandering about to amuse myself, for I had no friends or relations. "Which way have you come by?" asked the king. I said I came by way of Badukshan. Then he laughed aloud, saying, "What an outrageous lie!" I related to him all the circumstances of my journey, to which he listened with great interest, and seemed to form a better opinion of my veracity before I had done. "Were you not afraid of thieves?" said he; and he seemed quite astonished at my daring to venture so freely among the much dreaded robber hordes, which infest the districts I had passed through. I told him I never felt afraid of any thieves, for they have souls as well as other men. "If they threaten me," said I, "I threaten them; if they shoot, so can I."

The officers who were standing round smiled at this little bit of brag, and the king said to me, "Come, let us see your skill with the gun:" he ordered one to be brought, and handing it to me, told me to fire at a mark. I trembled rather, and did not shoot quite so

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straight as I could have done if I had not been nervous. I shot three times; but my hand was not so steady as usual: however, the king seemed quite satisfied, and said to me,—"You must stay with me, my boy, and be servant to my son." "No," I replied, "I will not do so." "How is that?" said the king; "you come here and say you have no friends, and no parents, and I offer you my help; I offer you an honourable place: you will have plenty of money, and will live in the most comfortable manner; and all this you refuse! You have some other desire. Tell it me."

Then some of the officers whispered to me to say "yes;" at any rate for the present, and take the place the king offered me. "No!" I said, "I will not; you may kill me sooner. You have me in your power. I am only one poor boy against all your soldiers; but still, I repeat it, I will not stay to serve you." "Very well," said the king, "I have no intention of forcing you to do what you don't like: still, if you choose to accept it, I still promise you honourable treatment, and every comfort you can want, if you will take my situation. If you still persist in refusing, you can go on your way when and where you will." "Then," I said, "I will stay and serve your son."

All the attendants of the king then commenced their dinner, and his Majesty continued conversing with me. He at last noticed my wistful glances at the good things they were eating, and he cried out, "Oh! you rascal cunning crow! It is the food that you want,

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is it?" and he ordered some dinner to be brought out for me; but when it came he said, "No, come in and eat with the others." So I went, and had a good meal.

I heard the king talking to the officers about me. "I never saw such an impudent boy," he said, "and so bold; he is come all the way from Badukshan, and now he actually dared at first to refuse to serve my son." He then ordered the officers to take me under their care and treat me well.

There were outside the enclosure twenty-five cannon, and also a regiment of soldiers, who saluted the king whenever he passed by. He had several other cannon besides these twenty-five, and wished still to have a greater number of guns. I obtained permission to live with the gunners, for I was very anxious to learn how to fire cannons. I used to go to the palace every day for my work; and when the king's son went shooting or hunting I loaded his gun and carried it for him. There were three other young princes besides the one I attended.

The gunners with whom I lived were mostly Russians. In the morning they went through their exercises, and I used to join with them; so in a short time I got pretty well acquainted with the artillery practice. One day the king ordered the gunners to practise at a mark, and he looked on to see their skill. I went and asked one of the Russians to let me shoot, and the man refused. The king noticed this, and the gunner com-

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plained of me, saying, "This lad comes here wanting to fire, and interrupting us." Then the king told him to let me do as I liked, and I fired off the cannon; then I went to the king, and asked him to let his servant teach me properly to use the guns. "Go ask them," he replied. So I continued from this time regularly to go through the practice with the gunners. I learnt how to load, and fire, and point a cannon.

I went one day before the king and said, "I am now a good gunner; please your Majesty, let me fire at a mark?" But he was very angry with me, and said, "Go away; don't come bothering here." Then two men seized me and carried me out of his presence, and told me not to shew my face again before the king, or he would certainly kill me. I was much frightened, and no one spoke to me. I was sorry this had happened, for I could not go again to see the king. I went to my lodgings, and was very unhappy. However, one of the officers remained my friend, and to him I went and asked what had made the king so angry, and what he had said of me after I was carried away. This officer then told me that just as I had come before the king, he was talking on particular business to a stranger; and after I was gone he merely remarked, "What a little rascal devil to come interrupting so impertinently!" The stranger asked who I was, and the king replied, "He is some stranger boy whom I have befriended; and now he takes such liberties and bothers me so, that

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I must forbid him to come before me again;" and he laughed at the idea of my pestering him so.

I remained in this country about three months, and by that time I was pretty expert in the artillery exercise, and had made many friends. I wanted much to see the king once more, to get a passport out of his domain. One day he came to see us practising with the cannons, and I started up to go and speak to him: several of my friends warned me not to venture to shew myself to him; but I did not listen to their advice. When the king saw me he said, "Good morning; how do you do? I did not think you were still in my kingdom." I replied, "I could not go without taking leave of your Majesty." Then he took me with him again to the palace; and all the officers who saw me there winked and smiled to me.

The king asked me where I had been, and I told him I had not left the gunners. "How do you like my country?" he asked. I replied, "I like your country and your people very much, and am very sorry that I am now obliged to depart. I hope your Majesty will not be angry with me." Then he ordered his steward to give me some money and good clothes. The steward told me to ask what sum his Majesty would be pleased to present to me. I did so, and the king said, joking, "What do you think? will three kroors be enough?" I replied, "I shall be content with anything your Majesty can spare." "Thirty ashrafees then will be my gift," said he; so I kissed his hand, and when he

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had ordered a pass to be written for me, I took leave of him with a joyful heart. I felt as if I had escaped from prison, it was such a relief to get on my journeys again.

I travelled next to Chiob, the ruler of which place was brother to the king of Kooloom. Chiob is not such an out-of-the-way place as Kooloom, for many travellers pass through this province. I met here some strangers from Persia; they were doctors and conjurers, and had ingratiated themselves into great favour with the king, before whom they often played, and exhibited their tricks. The king sent me to stay with them. We lived about two miles out of the town: there were ten of us altogether. Every week we had a sheep sent us for food, and our oil, salt, rice, and bread were also sent to us.

These Persians were great cheats and rascals; they had a poor boy, whom they had brought with them from Persia, and treated like a slave. Near where we lived was a house where fruits were kept in store for the king's use. This was generally locked up, and was not often visited by those who had the care of it. So my companions made a duplicate key, and used to go in every night and steal grapes and other fruits. I would not partake of their booty. "Are you not afraid of being punished?" I said. "Oh," they replied, "no one will ever find out the theft; and if they did, they would excuse us."

The more I saw of my companions the more wicked

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I discovered them to be. They used to go into the market, and laugh and joke with the women, and often they abused them. The people dared not hurt the Persians, because they were such favourites with the king; they were obliged to submit. "Let them amuse themselves," they said, "they must do as they like."

One day some of the Persians called me aside to speak to me. They said, "Two of our friends are gone on to Bokhara, and we shall soon follow them there; will you join, and always go with us wherever we go?" I replied, "I will accompany you as far as Bokhara; but I cannot promise to go with you further than that." From that time they began to be very friendly with me.

One day they called me aside again, saying,—"Look here, boy; we have a plan, and we want your help in carrying it out. We know a man who keeps a shop and sells fruit; we have been watching for a long time, and are quite convinced that this fellow has plenty of money: we even know where he keeps it. Now, if we have money, we can travel comfortably, and go where we like. Let us go at night, dispose quietly of the man, take his money, divide it amongst us, and leave the place directly." I replied,—"You know your own plans, I have nothing to say to you:" but I watched my opportunity, and gathering all my things together, I left my dangerous companions. As I had no place to live in, I went to where the dervishes lived, and asked them to keep me, saying I would be their pupil: they received me very kindly.

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I heard from the Persian boy some time after how his masters had carried out their murderous plan. The very night after I left them, they went to the shop and knocked at the door; the man was in bed, and would not come at first, but they cried that a friend had just arrived, and they must have some fruit to set before him. "Come," said they, "we will pay you as much as you like to ask." Then he came and opened the door, and they rushed in, seized him by the beard, and cut his throat. They then took all his money, and locking up the shop, went back to their lodgings.

In the morning all the neighbours were much astonished that the fruit-shop was not opened, and when the second day had passed, and still no one came out of the house, they began to suspect something had gone wrong. The third day came, and still the shop was shut: then they said, "Our neighbour would surely not leave the place without telling us; we must open his door and see what is the matter with him." After trying many keys, they found one which fitted the lock, and on entering the shop what was their horror to behold their poor friend lying on the ground, his head severed from his body, and already stinking! Many people flocked in to see the shocking spectacle, and the corpse was carried to the judge; inquiries were set on foot to discover the murderers, but no clue could be found, and the body was buried.

The Persians still remained in the country, and one day, when I had been about two weeks with the der-

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vishes, they met me, and asked me why I had left them. I said, "I am poor, and you are brave, clever people; I cannot mix with society so much above me." But I added, "You had better leave the country, or you will be found out and brought to justice." "Tush!" they replied, "no one knows anything about it, and the affair is over now: it is winter; we cannot travel comfortably until the spring."

I was staying with a dervish who had about twenty-five pupils: he loved me very much, and called me his youngest disciple. His pupils all obeyed him with a religious exactness, and brought him all sorts of good food, so that there was always a superabundance of fruit and various delicacies in the house. The dervish had about forty dogs, and I still kept my great hound which I had brought from Fyzabad, so we had animals enough about the place.

When I told the dervish I wished to leave that country and continue my travels, he always said, "I will ask God to punish you if you go," for he did not want to lose me. I said to him,—"Dervish, you are a man of God, a prophet, can you procure for me the thing I most desire? If you will give me a good gun, a horse, a sword, and some money for my journey, I will stay three months longer with you; if not I must go and find work." He replied, "I will promise you these things." "How?" I asked; "you dervishes are all poor men." "You mistake," he answered; "I am not poor, I have all the riches of a king; when you go

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I will send round to all the people, and tell them each to give me a little money for you, and I will ask the king to give you a horse and gun." So I believed the dervish, and remained with him, and was very comfortable.

After a time the Persians wished to leave the country, and intended to sell their boy to get money. The poor fellow overheard them talking of this project, and he went direct to the kazee, saying,—"I am not a slave; yet these wicked men intend to sell me. Oh, they are very bad men; murderers they are, for they killed the man who kept the fruit-shop, a little while ago." Then the judge wrote to the king and told him of this discovery. The king was still very friendly with the Persians, so he ordered that the person who would give evidence against them should be brought before him. So the judge took the boy, who gave his statement before the king, who heard what he had to say, and then replied,—"No one knows who killed that man. Why did not this boy speak before?" But the judge answered, "The boy is right; the king is wrong. These men must be brought to justice."

The king refused to give up his friends, so the kazee incited the people to compel their ruler to obey the laws, or else to dethrone him.* The king saw he had

* A somewhat similar affair occurred in Candahar during the stay of the British Mission there in 1857-58, with this difference, that the kazee fell under the wrath of the people, as well as the governor, who was the heir-apparent to the throne of Kabul. "A Hindu youth, son of a grain-merchant in the city, was by some means induced to repeat

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not influence to resist his subjects, so he was obliged to submit. The people dragged the wretched murderers from the castle, bound their arms, and led them out of the city. I saddled my horse, and quickly followed to see the fate of the magicians. They saw me, and entreated me to help them. "Help yourselves!" I cried. The people began to throw stones at them, and they soon fell down, and were stoned and beaten to death: the enraged populace even continued for some time to abuse their dead bodies. Then they covered them over with stones, and left them. The king regained his authority, and some time after he deprived the judge of his office.

the *Kalima*, or Mohammedan creed, whilst at play with some boys of his own age of the faith of Islam. He was overheard by a passing Mullah, who at once led him off to the nearest musjid, and informing his confrères of what had occurred, proposed that they should at once make a Mussulman of the lad, and mark him with the outward sign of his adoption into the new faith. The poor boy, partly through dread of the painful operation, and partly through fear of the anger of his parents, set up a dismal howl and begged to be released. In the meantime the parents had received tidings of their boy's predicament, and, with several other Hindus, rushed in a body to the mosque, and demanded the restitution of their child. This the Mullahs positively refused; a noisy argument, with angry recriminations and abuse, followed, and a crowd of passers-by having collected round the uproarious scene, by their remarks increased the excitement of both parties, who from a contest of words began to verge into a dispute of a more serious nature. But the muhtassibs, or police, now appeared, and dispersing the crowd, carried the boy off to prison till the affair should be referred for settlement to the kazee. The next morning the Hindus proceeded in a body to the citadel, the residence of the governor, and began wailing and shouting, '*Farīād, farīād! Sardar Sahib farīād!*' After this had continued for some time they were admitted, and managed to prevail on the governor, by means of a heavy bribe of three thousand rupees, to set the boy free. This was accordingly done, and the Sardar having pocketed the bribe, gave the Mullahs to understand that the alleged convert to Islam had escaped from prison during the

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My time with the dervish was now nearly up; so one day he said to me, "The king is my friend. If I ask him, he will come and see me; but I think, on the whole, I had better go to him." So he went, and told the king about me, and he expressed a desire to see me. Then the dervish came and told me to be quick and get ready, for the king was waiting. So I washed and dressed, and went in before his Majesty. Now it was the king who had ordered me to live with the Persians, so when he saw me he exclaimed, "Ah! I know this lad. He came from my brother in Kooloom. But how comes he with you, dervish?" "He

night, and had set out with his father for Shikārpūr or Karachi, by the Bolan route. The Mohammedans, however, soon became acquainted with the true state of the case, as well as with the unworthy part which their governor had taken in the affair; and the consequence was, that the whole Mullah fraternity became immensely excited, abused the Sardar as an infidel and traitor to the true faith, and threatened to have their revenge for the insult offered to their blessed religion. They proceeded in a crowd to a sacred shrine beyond the Kabul gate, where they hoisted the green flag, and ranted and raved for hours in a perfect frenzy of fanaticism. The soldiers at once fraternised with their spiritual preceptors, and without hesitation, though in defiance of strict orders to the contrary, gave them readmission into the city. Once inside, the mob lost all control of itself, and amid cries of 'Death to the infidels!' 'Succour to Islam!' surged through the different bazars, seeking somebody or something to vent their fury upon. Presently the cry was raised, 'To the kazee's house,' and in a few moments the dwelling of the chief magistrate of Candahar was reduced to ruins. The mob then laid siege to the citadel, round which they congregated in great numbers, rendering the position of the mission one of the greatest danger. The din was fearful, and above all could be heard the choicest Afghan curses launched against the Sardar and his 'infidel' guests. At length the heir-apparent, thoroughly dismayed, found himself forced to submit to the demands of the Mullahs, as the only means of restoring quiet to the city."—BELLEW'S *Political Mission to Afghanistan.*

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came of himself," replied my friend, "and has been with me these three months." The king asked me why I left the Persians? and I replied, "Because they proposed to me one day to help them kill the man at the fruit-shop." The people who were standing round all applauded my action in departing from such bad company, and the king said to me, "I will give you a great present; only don't be in a hurry—I must have time to think about it." Then he asked me if I preferred to remain with the dervish, and I told him I was quite happy with him, and did not wish to change my quarters.

I remained until the three months were passed, which was only a few days more, and then I went to the king to take leave of him, and get my present. "What!" he said, "are you come already? I said, do not be in a hurry. This is not much like patience. Where are you going, and why do you leave a place where you are so comfortable?" I replied, "I should like some work to do to earn some money." "What can you undertake?" asked the king. I told him all my accomplishments, and he said I might be with his gunners. I asked what my pay would be, and he said, "That depends on your work. My officers will pay you." So I resolved to take this employment, but at night I still slept at the dervish's.

When I first went to my work, the officer asked me if I only wished to learn, or whether I already knew the practice? I told him I understood something

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about it. There were five men to each gun. He who held the match had the lowest pay, and the first man among them was he who loaded the cannon. When a man was perfectly skilful in one office, he was advanced to a better one, with more pay. I was very uncivilly treated by my companions, who looked on me as an intruder. I did not care for their enmity, but they used to say that I did my part badly, and was sleepy and slow, and they said I had better either come and live with them altogether, or else go away. So the officer told me I must either leave the dervish and go and live with the gunners, or else I must lose my situation. I was very angry with the men for this; so I was determined I would rather go and stay with them, as they proposed, than let them get rid of me as they wished.

Then I left my comfortable home with the dervish, and remained entirely with the artillerymen. They set me to do twice my share of work; so I spoke to the officer, and he appointed to each of us what was our proper duty. I received at first seven rupees a month, but I told the officer that I could do more advanced duties, so he examined me, and gave me another appointment, with ten rupees a month. Most of the gunners were strangers from India.

One day the king and all his family were gone to Kooloom to see their mother. Only a governor was left in charge of affairs. They were about a week absent, and before their return the king wrote to his

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governor to get all the streets cleaned and decorated, ready for his entry into the town, and he also ordered a salute to be fired on his approach. I was called to help prepare the cannons which were to be fired. When I had done my proper duty the gunners asked me to help prepare the charges, and I did so, though that was not my part of the work. Then in the evening, when it was dark, we were waiting till we should see the king come by the castle, that we might salute him at the proper time. He was later than he said he would be, and my companions got impatient. Some of them were thirsty. At last they said, "The king go to hell! we want some water, and will go to get it." We advised them to wait till the king had passed, but they said they would be sure to be back in time to fire the salute, and they went away. Only one man stayed with me by the cannons.

While they were gone, suddenly we saw a body of horsemen come galloping down the road. "Come," said my companion, "fire! it is the king." "No," said I, "I have done more than my own share of the work already." "Never mind," said he, "let us do it, or the others will be severely punished." Then I took the match, and ran quickly and fired all the cannons; but it was too late—the king had already passed by!

Next morning the king called all the gunners before him, and asked why the salute had been fired so late. They made an apology, and explained how it had happened. Then, while we were all standing in the pre-

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sence of the king, the officer read out the account of the work of the day before, and shewed that I had done nearly everything myself. Then the king ordered that I should be made membashee of the gunners, and receive the salary attached to that dignity. The membashee is an officer over the others; and I now received forty rupees a month, and the man whose place I had taken, and who had been my chief persecutor, was now obliged to obey my orders. Of course all this did not make him more friendly towards me in his heart; though for a time he pretended a great respect for me.

One night when all our work was done, for it was on a Friday, this man came to me and said, "You are my officer now. Come, we will be good friends; let us take some wine together." "I don't like wine," I replied; "but if you wish it, I have no objection to being your friend." The fellow was a great opium-eater. I went with him and drank a glass of wine with him; though that was rather against my judgment. Then he proposed that we should take a walk, but I said, "I must dress first;" so I went and put on my coat and shoes, and taking my gun and pistols with me, I returned to my companion. He gave a strange uneasy look at my fire-arms, and remarked, "We are only going a little way, you need not carry those things." "Then why do you carry yours?" I asked. "Well," he replied, "it is better that one of us should be armed." "Very well," said I, "leave your gun and pistol. I will take mine—it will be quite enough." "It will be

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better after all," he replied, "that we should both take our weapons." Then he drank some more wine, and tried to persuade me to take some; but I said I had had quite enough. After the wine he took his opium and ate some, and smoked some till he got thoroughly intoxicated.

Night began to close round us, so I said, "Well, it is too late now for our walk, I would rather not go." "Oh," said the gunner, "pray come; I wish so much to go. If you do not want a walk, then come for my sake." "Where shall we go?" I asked. Now there was an image to which the people used to go in the day-time to worship it. This was four miles out of the town, and the road to it was very lonely. Thither my companion proposed we should bend our steps, and I, not liking to appear cowardly, made no objection to such a walk at such an hour.

I took the lead, and he followed me till we came beside some water, near to a mill. Then he told me to go on alone a little way, and he would overtake me when he had transacted some business for himself. I did as he wished; but having a vague suspicion of something wrong, I looked behind to see what the fellow was doing. I saw him squatting down: he drew out his pistol and examined the pan to see if the priming was all right; then he got up, and slipping the pistol up his sleeve, advanced towards me with only the muzzle shewing. My heart told me he wished to kill me, so I took my tabarzéen, (battle-axe,) and putting myself in

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an attitude of self-defence, I warned the man to retire: "Keep off, or take the consequences."

He still staggered towards me; he was much intoxicated: again I told him he should not approach me with impunity. If you see a snake coming you will not let him bite you, but cut him off; so would I preserve my life from the weapon of the drunken wretch who followed me. He aimed his pistol at my breast, but I struck up his arm, and he fired in the air. Enraged at being foiled, he closed upon me, and raising his dagger struck it in my side, but was too drunk to aim well, and the blade pierced only the thick folds of my cloak and vest. To make sure of his vengeance, he turned the broad blade again and again, to let out my heart's blood.

In the excitement of the struggle I knew not that I was unwounded, and with desperate energy I seized the broad-sword that hung at the belt of my enemy, slashed him twice across his face, and swung it heavily down on to his shoulder. The keen blade of his tulwar, such a one as may only be found in these Eastern countries, passed right through his body, coming out just above the hip. He staggered and fell asunder, deluged in blood; and, horrid to relate, drunken curses mingled with the gurgling sound of the very fountain of blood which continued for some moments to well up from his heart. Then he lay dead before me. I felt sick and ill, and after throwing the sword in the stream, I rushed home to my own miserable bed. Before morning I was

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in a raging fever, and for many days I suffered much. All this made me suspect that I had been supplied with drugged wine before taking that fatal walk.

Frequent inquiries were made for the gunner, and as I had been walking with him, and had returned alone, every one pointed at me with suspicion; but I denied knowing where he was. Some days after, the body of the man was found by a seller of milk, who brought it across his donkey and carried it before the king. Rewards were offered to discover the murderer. The king spoke to me, and told me I was suspected; promising to pardon me and give me much money if I owned it. I said, "How could I kill him with a knife, or axe, or sword, or pistol. Look at the man, and see how he died." They said he is killed with a sword. "Then," said I, "look at my sword, and see if there is the mark of blood on it." They examined my blade, and it was clean and bright, and the king said,—"He is innocent: he is religious; he lived with the dervishes, and would not kill a man."

The money I earned I was always very careful of, and this, together with what the king of Kooloom gave me, made a very valuable addition to my funds; but I was anxious to be on the move again, and came before the king to ask leave to go out of his kingdom. He did not wish me to go away, and always put me off, saying, "By and by I will see about it." So I asked one of his officers to tell him I had particular business, and really wished to continue my travels. The officer

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went to the king; and said, "Why does your Majesty withhold from that boy the permission to go out of this country?" The king replied,—"Because I pity the poor child. I have children of my own, and I know how I should feel if one of them were to wander about among the wicked and cruel people of the surrounding kingdoms. I am particularly afraid for this boy, for he is very proud in his behaviour." The officer came and told me all this, so I felt obliged to stay.

I passed altogether a whole year at Chiob, and lived very happily, having everything I could wish for. When this time was nearly gone by, I went once more to take leave of the king. When he saw me he said,—"What! are you still asking to go? Is there anything you want? you can have whatever you ask for—why not rest contented?" I turned sorrowfully away; for I began to fear I should have great difficulty in getting out of the hands of my friends. The people saw me look sad at the king's words, and one officer said,—"Please your Majesty let him go." "It is winter," replied the king; "he cannot travel now," and he laid his hand kindly on my shoulder saying,—"Never mind: wait three months, then summer will commence, and I will surely let you go. You shall live very happily; the time will soon come when it will be comfortable to travel."

Then I returned to the dervish's to remain with him for these three months. When I told him my trouble at not being able to get away on my journey, he said I

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ought to thank God for sending me among such kind friends, and he told me of a brother of the king who gave 12,000 horses for the use of all the dervishes. I asked why the king should be so anxious to keep me, and the dervish replied,—"Because you brought a letter from his brother, the King of Kooloom, who is also very fond of you, and wishes to be kind to you. Both these kings are very princely men, generous, affable, and brave, so you must not be impatient, but make up your mind to enjoy yourself now you have the chance."

I thought this advice was good, and resolved to profit by the advantages I had for passing the time in the pleasantest manner possible. I made many friends of all ranks, and spent my time visiting them at their houses, having tea and plenty of amusements and music.

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CHAPTER VIII.

The blacksmith's dinner-party.—A friendly offer.—Horse-racing.—The winner of the race.—I covet the animal.—My horse Zangi.—On the move again.—A sharp ride to Rustak.—Hospitable dervish.—Lonely feelings again.—Journey to Talokan.—Zangi shews his power.—Alone in the desert.—A terrible night.—Endurance of my horse.—Talokan.—Halt for rest.—I punish a thief.

ONE day as I was walking through the town, passing by a large blacksmith's workshop, the owner came out and called to me to go in and talk to him. I did not pay any attention to him, so he sent his apprentice after me to tell me he wanted to speak to me on particular business; then I turned into the shop. The blacksmith said, "Where do you come from, and how is it that our king is so fond of you?" I replied, "I am a stranger boy, without parents. I have wandered from a far country, and the king, having a good heart, pitied me and was kind to me." The blacksmith then invited me to go and dine with him that night, and I gladly accepted the invitation. In the evening a man called for me at the dervish's, and conducted me to the dwelling-house of the blacksmith. When we arrived there the man led my horse home, and I went in with my friend.

Now the shop where my friend worked was a dark,

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dirty place, and he, when at his work, was always very black; great was my surprise, then, to find a very beautiful house, in which he lived, and he himself looking quite the gentleman. There were nine or ten of his friends with him to dinner. We had a capital meal, with sherbets, and afterwards tea and wine were brought on, and they began drinking and smoking. I took a little wine, and related some of my adventures, and told about the various countries I had seen. They then had their instruments brought in and all began to play; one took an instrument like a guitar, another played on a sort of violin; they had also a flute and a tambourine, and a boy danced. I liked this music very much indeed, for they were very good performers. They offered me an instrument, but I could not play on it: they said it was the custom in their country for all gentlemen to learn music, and play some instrument; any one who neglected this study was considered a low fellow. I excused myself, saying, as I was a stranger I could not be expected to have the same education as they had. They played all night, and in the morning began to look sleepy; they took their leave, and the blacksmith himself went away.

I lay down there, in the room, to sleep. In the afternoon I got up and dined with my friend, with whom I became very intimate. He gave me a general invitation to go and see him when I wished. He asked when I intended leaving the country, and when I told him I should only wait for the spring, and then continue

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my travels, he said, "Ah, you will never be so happy in another country as you are now." "True," said I, "but wherever I go I can support myself by working." Then he said, "My boy, you have no relations, and so you have no ties to keep you settled. It would be far better for you if you would make some relations, and remain in one place all your life. Come, marry my daughter, and I will be a father to you, and you will be very happy." "No, no," said I, "it is a bad thing to get married." "How?" he asked. "Adam and Eve were married; and if your father had never taken a wife, how would you be here to speak to me?" "Tush!" said I, "you talk nonsense. I must never visit you again." So I left him, and never went to see him more.

One of the great amusements at Chiob in the winter was the horse-races. The kingdom is very celebrated for its beautiful steeds, and the property of the people consists a good deal of these noble animals. Every one owns some horses; some have a hundred, others twenty or thirty, or fewer according to their wealth. The richest men own large herds of thousands. Of course, the poor cannot afford to keep their animals in the town; indeed, there would not be room for them all, so they are all sent out into the open country, about six days' journey off from the town. These horses are almost like wild horses living out there in the country, with no work to do; but there are keepers who live always near and watch over them. Horses that have

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nothing particular to recommend them are very cheap in Chiob. I bought a very nice mare for a few rupees; but those animals that are very pure in breed fetch a high price.

Every one rides in Chiob; bakers bring their bread on horseback, and any one going about the town to the shops thinks it necessary to ride; indeed, it is dangerous to walk in the streets, there are so many horses prancing about. When any particularly fine colt is foaled, he is reared with great care and trained for the races; they run when they are about four years old. The horses that win in the races the king always buys at any price the owner likes to name, Foreign merchants are not allowed to purchase animals which thus shew themselves to be the very pick of all the herds.

About twelve days before the race, the owners of horses that are to enter the lists begin to get the creatures into condition for the run; they are careful not to give them too much food, and they lead them about at regular intervals night and day. Their jockeys, like the Persians, are generally mere boys. During the night before the eventful day the boys lead their steeds out to the commencement of the course, and early in the morning the race comes off.

During the time I was staying with the dervish the race took place. The course was very long, some twenty or thirty miles;* the horses starting from the further

* Burnes, in his work on Caubul, refers, on the authority of Dr

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end, and coming across a desert country towards the town. The king himself was waiting, eagerly straining his eyes to catch the first glimpse of the horses. A crowd of people, too, were all looking intently out into the desert, anxious to see whether their favourite would be the winner. The king, by the aid of his telescope, was the first to perceive the horses. "They come!" he cried. "I see two; one is black like a crow, and the other white as a dove. The black one is first, the others are still out of sight; the race is between these two." Soon these foremost horses were visible to the naked eye. On they came: the dove gains; is even; a minute of breathless suspense, and the two noble creatures dash past the goal, the white being fairly ahead. Every one crowded round to discover the owner of the winner of the race; and the king, finding the animal belonged to one of his own people, bought it of the man for a great price, according to his custom.

There were about one hundred horses in the king's stables, of the Arab and other fine breeds. I loved the new white very much, and used often to go to the stables to see it. It was not very large; it had a long mane, wide chest, and across its back behind the saddle was as wide as its chest; its tail was long and thin, its hoofs were large and round, and the ankles thin. Being just four years old, it was a most covetable creature, and I acknowledged I felt a strong desire to get it

Lord, to races over a country extending from forty to fifty miles in length.

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to be my travelling companion during the rest of my journeys; so I determined to refuse any gift from the king unless he consented to let me have this beautiful animal.

Spring came at last, and I prepared my things for my journey. I went once more to take leave of the king. I took care, however, to sell my horse before I went before his Majesty, and so, when he asked if I was in want of anything for my travels, I replied, "I am supplied with everything except a horse." "Oh," said the king, "then this is just the place to get what you want;" and he ordered a horse and saddle to be given to me from his stables. The servant went and brought a beautiful steed, arrayed with everything necessary for mounting. I looked at it and said, "I do not like this horse, I want another kind." "Why," said the man, "this is a fine animal." "Let me go with you into the stable," said I, "and I will shew you my choice." "No, you must speak to the king again about it," he replied.

So in the afternoon this servant went with me to the king and said, "Please your Majesty, this boy does not like the horse I have chosen for him." The king looked rather astonished, and asked me why I was dissatisfied with the present. I replied, "I have stayed so long in this country at your Majesty's pleasure, and now my humble petition is that your Majesty would give me the white horse which won the race." He laughed at the idea and said, "No, no, my boy; it would be impos-

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sible to spare that animal, the best in my stables." "Well," I said, "if I cannot have that horse, I do not wish for anything." "That is your own fault, then," said the king. "Good-bye."

I kissed his hand and went sorrowfully away, and when I got out into the street I began to cry; all my bright hopes of happiness in possessing my favourite horse were gone. I must buy some commoner steed, and be content to jog along at a slower pace. Thus sadly I walked to the dervish's, and was just thinking of setting out to buy a horse, when a servant of the king's came running to me, saying, "Come quick; the king wishes to speak to you." I followed him back to where I had left the king, and a small hope was in my heart that he would yet give me my desire. When I came into the king's presence again, he said to me, "My boy, will you be happy if I give you the white horse?" "Yes, yes," I cried; "and when I go into countries far and near, I will speak of the great king of Chiob, and will shew the horse, and tell of his kindness to me."

Then he called for the animal, and it was led before him, and he took a hot iron and marked his name on its back. He then, to my great delight, presented the beautiful creature to me as his parting present. I asked some of the officers afterwards what had made the king change his mind, and they said, "Some one told the king that you were crying and looking very unhappy in the road; so we reminded his Majesty of his promise to give you whatever you should ask for, and we said,

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'What is one horse to you, who have so many? Your Majesty will not miss this animal, and to this poor boy it would be his fortune;' then he relented and called you back."

I was so delighted with my treasure, that I felt as if I were a king. My horse's name was Zangi. Many people, officers and the king's sons, came and wanted me to change horses with them, for they did not wish Zangi to go away. But I knew too well when I was suited, to yield to their arguments. I said, "I have only one little tattoo (pony), and all you rich men want to deprive me of it." They saw I knew my prize, and how to keep it; so they left off trying to get me to take another horse instead; but they gave me a piece of good advice: "Go to the king," said they, "and ask him to give you a paper, making the horse over to you, and signed with his name: or people will never believe that you got possession of so valuable a creature by fair means, and you may have it taken from you by force." I acted on the suggestion, and the king again gave me my request.

I then went into the market and bought a very good saddle, and I got my gun and pistols all thoroughly cleaned and in good order. I inquired for some one who might be going to Rustak, not with a caravan, but on horseback like myself. I found one man who had two splendid horses, and wished to go to this place to sell them: he told me he intended to start the next morning, and promised to call for me at the dervish's. I

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spent the rest of the day in taking leave of all my friends. One officer said to me, "Let me give you a word of advice about your horse Zangi: you have, indeed, secured a prize, for it is one of the finest animals in Chiob; but there is danger, for many people would be tempted to murder you to get possession of your steed. I hear you have bought a beautiful saddle for Zangi? That was not wise: it will draw more attention on you: you should put an old shabby thing on him, that people may not be struck more than is necessary with the beautiful form of the horse." I thanked him for this advice, but said, "As I have the saddle, I shall use it: however, trust me, I will care for my Zangi as I do for my own life."

When I got home and was talking over my intentions and prospects with the dervish, he said he had friends, other dervishes, in Rustak, and he gave me a letter of recommendation to them, advising me to stay with them, as there would be less danger of my horse attracting too much attention, dervishes being generally thought poor men. Then he gave me some fruit for my journey, some called *pista*, and some pomegranates; some cake, and a bag called *koorjeen*, which fastens on the saddle behind to keep food in; it also contains a water-jar. I bid adieu to the good dervish, and early next morning my friend called for me. I saddled my Zangi, and taking all my things with me, I once more started on my travels.

It takes a caravan twelve days to go with camels from

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Chiob to Rustak, but we accomplished the distance in two days. I had hoped to have done it in one; but as my friend wished to sell his horses, it would not do to hurry them overmuch. When we arrived, my friend went about his business, and I asked my way to where the dervish had said his friends lived. I soon found the house: it was very large, but had a particularly small door, and near the door ran a little brook. When I knocked, the door was opened by a boy, and I read the name of the dervish who lived in the house from my letter. The boy went and fetched his master, to whom I handed the paper. When he had read the letter, he seemed very glad to see me, and asked me to come into the house, and told the boy to take my horse. I said, "I must see where the stable is, if you please;" so the dervish shewed it to me. I was pleased, for it was large and comfortable; "but," I said, "I wish my horse to be quite alone." In this the dervish indulged me, for he took his own horse out and let me have sole possession of his stables, of which he gave me the key.

I used to feed my horse myself, and would let no one else attend to him. I gave him four double handfuls of barley every morning, two at night: in the afternoon and evening I gave him grass. When I asked the dervish how much I should pay him for the keep of my horse, he replied, "Oh! nothing, nothing!" "Why?" I asked. "It is not our custom," said he, "to lodge people: thus you see our door is so small, to intimate

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to the world that we receive no visitors; but as you have brought a letter from the dervish at Chiob, and have been his pupil and his friend, so are you my friend." All the while I stayed in Rustak, I walked about when I wished to see the town, and spared my horse as much as possible: for a week I kept him entirely in the stable; but when I wished to take him out for a little turn, he was so frisky that I could not ride him in the town, and I was obliged to bring him back again to the stables.

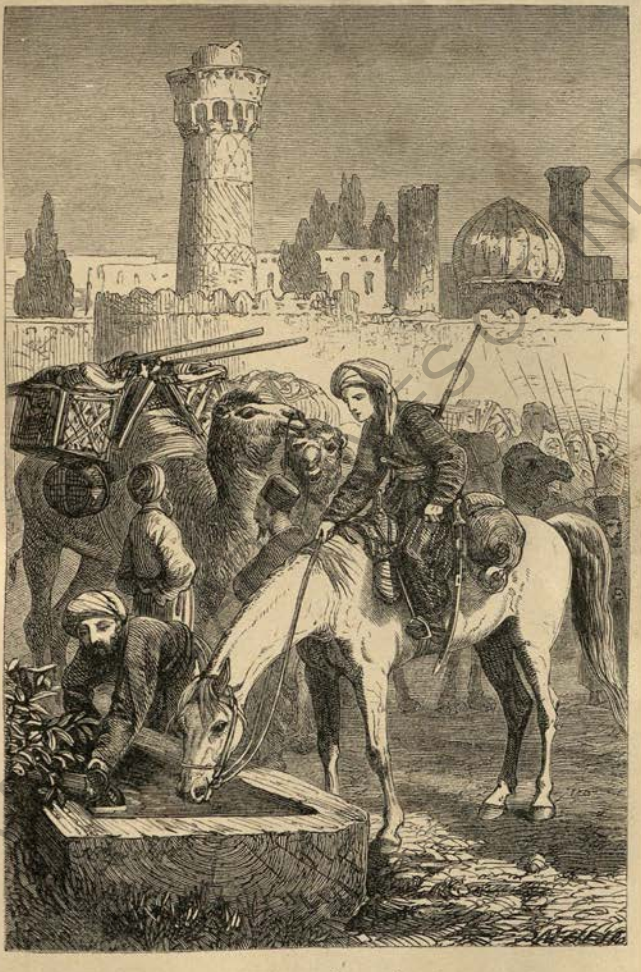
I inquired what caravans were about to start from Rustak, and found one going to Talokan, which is a journey of fifteen days. There is a great deal of business carried on between Rustak and Talokan, principally in the buying and selling of slaves. The way between these two towns lies across a very hot desert where there is no water, and which is infested with hordes of fierce Lakay robbers. I took a quantity of water in a large skin; I also laid in a stock of various kinds of fruit, and bought some barley for my horse. Having thus provided the necessaries for the journey, I rode out to join the caravan, which was assembled a little way from the town. In the middle of the encampment there was, as is the usual custom, an iron stake driven firmly into the ground, to tie horses to. I made Zangi fast to this, and sat down on the ground. I felt very lonely, for I knew no one to talk to, and I remained some time quietly thinking and watching the people cooking their food.

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Presently a man near me, who was just settling down to a good meal of rice and meat, observed my abstracted and sorrowful look, and said to me, "Come, sir, join me at my dinner." "Thank you, sir," I replied, "I have already eaten; but I shall be glad to sit by you while you dine, and talk with you a little." I took my seat beside him, and asked when the caravan would start. "Before we begin our journey," he replied, "we must wait till it is a little cooler." Observing that I looked tired and sad, the man asked me what ailed me. I replied, "I am rather lonely. I come from a distant country, and have now no friends." He tried to cheer me, telling me to keep up a good brave heart. When the time drew near that we should start, my friend reminded me that I should need a good stock of water. I told him I was well provided in that respect; but I took my horse and let him have a long drink. Then a bell was rung, (sometimes a gong is sounded,) to tell us to prepare to start.

There were about 5000 men with the caravan. The camels were loaded with rice and sugar, wheat and barley, and we had an escort of 800 horse soldiers. I wished to ride alongside of the cavalry; but my horse insisted on going in front, and would allow nothing to pass. I proposed to the horsemen to come on and leave the slow camels behind; but they replied that it was their duty to keep near the caravan, to protect the people from the robbers. However, they made this plan: that a few of their number should remain with the caravan,

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Again on the road. P. 152.

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and the rest of them ride on for a few miles, and then wait for the camels to come up with them. This they thought would be better for their horses, who got very restive at being restrained to keep pace with the caravan. I was glad of this arrangement, as my horse was so eager to gallop ahead that it was almost more than I could do to hold him in; so I slackened the reins and let him go, thinking to tire him out. The soldiers came on after me, but I soon left them all behind; they were obliged to halt, and wait for the caravan, and I managed, with a deal of trouble, to get Zangi to go back and rejoin them.

The soldiers came round me in great astonishment to look what sort of an animal I was mounted on, and they wished to buy my horse. Of course I would not think of parting with Zangi. I said to them, "I must go on. I cannot wait for those crawling camels. If any of you like to join me, come on; if not, I will go alone." Only one man volunteered to accompany me. He had a very fine horse, and was anxious to prove that he was as well mounted as I was. The others tried to dissuade us from our purpose, saying it was foolishly rash thus to expose ourselves to danger. We laughed at their fears, and rode off. We pushed on till night, and I began to sing to beguile the loneliness of the way.

My companion then spoke to me, saying, "Listen to me. Here is great danger, and we have no help but in ourselves. We must go quietly and gently, and not

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speak unless necessary." I replied, "I shall sing and talk as much as I like; for if thieves come, they will see us just as well if we are ever so quiet. Why should we make ourselves unhappy for nothing?" "If I had known you were such a foolish fellow," said my companion, "I would not have come one step with you." "Don't trouble me," I said. "You do as you like; I, too, will please myself."

Then he whipped his horse, and thought to run away from me. I was determined to shew him that it was not an easy thing to outstrip my Zangi; so I galloped after him. We both kept up for about an hour, and then the man's horse began to shew signs of fatigue; so he pulled up, and looked with amazement at my noble steed, who was perfectly comfortable, and as fresh as ever. "What did you give for that horse?" he asked. I said he must tell me what his cost him. "My horse cost 800 tolas," said he. "And mine," I answered, "cost me one salaam." He laughed, and said, "Well, I never before knew a horse to keep up with mine."

We continued our way in company till night came on, and I, being very drowsy, fell asleep as I rode. When I awoke I rubbed my eyes and looked around, trying to remember where I was; but my eyes could not pierce the thick darkness. I was alone in that solitary desert; my horse had wandered from the path in search of grass, and my companion, on whom I relied to direct the way to Talokan, had treacherously left me.

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I was still oppressed with drowsiness, but I felt my danger. I bit my fingers to keep myself awake, and fired off my gun; but still what hope could I have of finding my way? Suddenly my horse began to neigh, and from the distance another horse replied. Zangi immediately set off at full speed in the direction of the sound, and soon I perceived dimly through the night a man on horseback. "Who are you?" I cried. "Speak, or I will fire on you!" He quickly answered my challenge. It was my faithless companion.

I was very angry, and began to reproach him with his cruelty in leaving me alone to perish. "When we started," said I, "we both promised to do all in our power to assist each other; and I have already twice witnessed your perfidy. First you tried to get rid of me by out-running my horse, and failing in that, you took advantage of my being asleep to push on and leave me behind in the desert. We will now part company, for I do not wish to remain with you any more." "That is just what I wanted," he replied; and he whipped his horse, and rode away from me. But he had not gone far when the poor animal, which was urged far beyond its strength, gave way entirely, and could not move a step further. The fellow was in a terrible fright and called to me for help. I reminded him that we had just resolved to have nothing more to do with each other. "Oh, for pity's sake," he cried, "give me a little water!" I replied, "I will give you some if you tell me all you know about the way to

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Talokan." He said, "We are not yet half way there. You will know when you approach the town, for you will pass a large inn, in which is quartered a troop of soldiers, who guard the king's territory." Then I gave the man some water, and left him.

I was much alarmed lest Zangi should be overdone, and fall exhausted in the desert; so I did not urge him to quicken his pace at all; indeed, I had no occasion to, for he seemed to need more restraining than otherwise. He kept up such a speed, that every moment I feared he must drop; but the further we went the stronger he seemed to become. What a horse that was! it knew no fatigue. After some time I thought I would just see if he was still fresh; so I touched him with the whip, and away he galloped as if he had only just left the stable. I resolved to let him go on at this pace as long as he could; but I got tired of riding before he did of running, so I checked him, and with some difficulty got him to go quietly. After a little bit of play he settled into a steady but rapid pace.

I got very tired, and looked anxiously to the sky for some appearance of dawn. At last the eastern horizon got a little lighter, and the stars began to disappear. I was glad, for I knew it would soon be day. That night! how long it was! How I wished for the morning! I was excessively tired, and could hardly hold up my head. The sight of the dawning day gave me fresh life, but clouds closed over the horizon, and it became darker than ever. Steadily onwards went my horse:

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again I urged him into a gallop, and planting my feet firmly in the stirrups, I resolved not to check him again; but I was soon obliged to give in, for I was not strong enough to keep my seat. After a little bit more playing about, Zangi resumed his steady pace.

I cried from sheer fatigue, and felt despairing at heart; if thieves had attacked me, I should not have had strength to defend myself. I was so exhausted, that this night seemed a thousand years in length: it reminded me of my hours of torture on the "see-saw." My thighs were very sore, and my eyes pained me much from crying and want of sleep; I even wished for thieves to come, for they would stop me and let me rest. But I gathered my strength together again, and once more set my horse to gallop. I let go the reins, and held my poor tired legs with my hands, so as not to fall off. At every bound of my horse, I felt a great pain which made me cry out. I soon became unconscious, or went to sleep, and when I opened my eyes it was broad daylight, and before me was the inn of which the soldier had told me. I had just strength to hold on till I arrived in front of the house; then I fell from my horse to the ground.

I lay there unconscious for some time. When I came to myself, some people were putting me on a bed. I looked around for Zangi, and saw that he was well provided for. I begged the men to move me gently, for I was very sore. Three of them came to me and asked me where I came from. I said, "From Rustak."

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"When did you start?" they asked. When I told them I had left Rustak on the previous day, they all uttered an exclamation of surprise: they rubbed my arms and legs a little. I asked them to bring my things and put them under my head: they did so, and soon Zangi came and began pulling at the bag which contained his barley. I gave him a handful of the grain, but he was not satisfied, but took hold of the bag again; he kept on thus asking me to feed him till all the barley was gone: then I asked the men to tie my horse's halter to my arm, and leave me to sleep. This was done, and I was left alone to rest, and they did not wake me till the afternoon. They then gave me some hot water to wash myself, and I rose up somewhat refreshed.

I asked how far it was to Talokan, and they told me it was a good way off, (about twenty miles.) Some of the soldiers were just going into the town, so I resolved to accompany them. I felt sure my poor horse would not be able to go very fast; but directly we started, Zangi took the lead, and would allow none of the others to come even with him. The soldiers were astonished to see so much spirit still left in the noble creature. "What a horse you have there!" they said; "he seems to feel no such thing as fatigue!" I asked one of them to change horses with me for a little while, that I might speak with the others, and ride beside them. This the man agreed to do, so I mounted his steed, and he rode on Zangi, who set off at full gallop as soon as he felt

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the soldier's whip: we all did our best to keep up with him, but Zangi was far too fleet for us. The man was alarmed, and made such exertions to stop the spirited animal, that he broke the reins; he then pulled off his coat and wrapped it round Zangi's head, and thus soon brought him to a stand.

When we came up with him, we put a new bridle on the horse; but the soldier told me I must ride my own beast. I begged him not to get off, for I was tired, and it rested me to ride his quiet animal. The man said he would not risk his life for any one by riding such a fiery creature, so I was obliged to remount my Zangi. Directly I was on his back, away he galloped, and I saw no more of the soldiers, so could not pay for the bridle, or thank them for their kindness. At last I nearly fell from my seat, and as I could not stop the horse, I turned him to where some young corn was growing, and he stayed and began to eat.

I was now close to the town, and once more I took the road, and Zangi went off at full speed through the streets. I was afraid of killing some one; so having managed to stop my wild steed, I dismounted and led him along. I inquired for the caravanserai, and looked out for a boy to lead the horse. I asked a man to find one for me, and another quieter animal for me to ride. He soon sent a boy with a donkey; I mounted the donkey, and told the boy to lead Zangi and take me to the inn. When we came there, I sent my guide to find me a servant. He went and fetched a man, and I

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gave the boy a "tanga" (sixpence) for his trouble. When I asked for the stables, I was told they were in the square in the house, for the inns are built with an open space in the middle, all around which are the apartments: so the people can have their horses in the stables near their rooms. I asked if I could not put Zangi somewhere by himself, and the innkeeper told me that if I paid for it, I could have two rooms, one for me and one for my horse. I did not mind the expense; so I had some straw laid down in one room, and having seen Zangi well provided for, I locked him in, and took the key away with me.

I then asked about the arrangements for dinner, and found that the lodgers were divided into classes, and ate together in companies according to the rank they paid for. I joined the second class, but only took a little curds and whey in my own room that night. For three days I was unable to walk much. I made up my mind to remain fifteen days in this town; and as soon as I had recovered sufficient strength, I began to walk about the place, making several friends and visiting the places of amusement.

One of my acquaintances asked me to go and visit him at his house. I accepted his invitation, and for greater safety wrapped up my loose money (fifty tangas) in my sash, and tied it in a tight knot. When I entered the house, I took off my sash and laid it on the table, and began to amuse myself with a musical instrument, called a rabob. In this country the coin stamped in

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any former king's reign is of less value than the new money of the present sovereign. My host found the sash with the tangas, and seeing that it was good new coin, he slyly substituted some old money for it, and tied up the sash again. When the time came for me to go home, I noticed that the knot in which I had left my money was not so tight as I had made it. I suspected something was stolen, so I untied the sash, and was surprised to find a sort of coin I had never seen before. I could not understand it at first, and said to the man, "I brought good money in this knot, and now I see nothing here but some worthless copper. I don't know what to make of it; where are my own tangas?" "O my friend," said the man, "I know nothing about it." I reflected, that if I made a fuss, and took the fellow before the judge, I should have much trouble, and having no witness to prove the man to be guilty, I might perhaps gain nothing by such a step, so I replied, "Oh, I suppose it is my own fault; I got my money changed last night, when it was dark, and I must have been imposed upon."

I resolved, however, to have my vengeance on the rascal, so I said, "It is rather too hot at present for me to return to the inn; I should like to sleep here for an hour or so, and then I will go home." He welcomed me to stay as long as I wished; then I took two of the coins out of my sash, and asked the man to go and buy a cucumber in the market. While he was gone, I looked about the house to see what I could lay

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my hands on: there were many valuable things, but all too heavy to be carried easily. I could only find the rabob, and a beautiful silver-mounted pistol, which were portable enough: these I took and ran out with them into a field and buried them. I returned as quickly as possible to the house; but the man had come back before me. He asked me where I had been, to get in such a heat. I replied, I did not feel quite well, and had been for a walk. I told him to cut up the cucumber and bring some salt, and I offered him some; but as he refused at first, I would not press him to take it, but ate it myself. When I had finished, I said, "It is time for me to go." The fellow seemed in very good humour, and flattered me, promising to take me to all the places of amusement in the town. I then went straight to the inn, and took my dinner there with those of my class.

About an hour afterwards, when I was sitting quietly in my room, some one knocked at the door. "Come in," I said; and the man at whose house I had been in the morning entered. I pretended to be delighted to see him, though in truth I guessed his errand. I told the servant to call some of my friends who were living in the inn; and while he was gone, my visitor said to me, "I have to-day lost my rabob, and a beautiful pistol, and as no one but you has been at my house, I am come to ask if you know anything of these things." I said I had nothing to do with them, and could, of course, have no idea what had be-

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come of them. Then the fellow got angry, and said he was certain I had stolen his property. "How about the fifty tolas you took from me?" I asked, (for I would magnify my loss a little, to punish the man more.) "I charge you, fellow, with having robbed me of that money." He was in a perfect fury at this unexpected reply to his charge, and swore he would drag me before the judge. I remarked that it was my intention to do the same to him, so we could go together.

Then came my two friends whom the servant had called, and on seeing them, my accuser remained silent. I ordered some callayan (hubble-bubble) to be brought, and told these gentlemen that I had particular business to speak about. Having settled comfortably down, they told me to say on. "This man," said I, pointing to the fellow who had come to accuse me, "was an utter stranger to me, and now he comes pestering me, and saying that I have stolen from him a pistol and a musical instrument." My friends asked what the man had to say for himself, and he repeated the charge against me. Then I continued, "You hear his impudence; and to make matters worse, the truth is, the rascal has robbed me of fifty tolas." My friends advised us to go to the judge and have our cause settled. "Your advice is good," I replied, "but I beg you to keep an eye on this fellow for me, for I fear he may at any moment rob me again." They then said it would be well to refer the case to the decision of the innkeeper. We all went together to find this important personage; it

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was just time for drinking tea, but we were obliged to finish our business first. My friends explained the case to the master of the house, and he said directly, "Oh! it will be easy enough to prove whether the lad has taken the things; for as he is a stranger here, he can have no friends who would hide the articles for him; therefore, if he has them, they will be in his rooms."

A good many people were by this time assembled round to hear the quarrel. My room was thoroughly searched. I shewed my money, and explained how I came by it, and gave it to the hotel-master to keep for me. The people asked what kind of pistol the man had lost, and he said, "It is silver-mounted, and was made at Constantinople." They asked what else he had missed, and he told them I had taken also his rabob. "Is that all?" they asked. "Yes," said the man; "I have missed nothing more." This he repeated three times. Then they examined my pistols, which were of a different manufacture, and not mounted with silver; and, of course, they could find no rabob. "I have still another room," said I, where I keep my horse; but I hope no one will do more than look at the animal; I do not wish any one to touch him."

The people told me they had no wish to make any further search; they were quite satisfied I had not stolen the things. Then the innkeeper asked me what I had lost. I replied, "There is every reason to suspect that fellow of having robbed me of fifty tolas. In

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the first place, he forced himself on my acquaintance, and yesterday he asked me to pay him a visit at his house. I accepted his invitation, and to-day called upon him. I had the afore-mentioned sum of money in my sash, which I left in his room for a little while. When I took up the sash to return home, the money was gone; the fellow denies knowing anything about it, and on my threatening to place the matter before the judge, he brings this foolish charge against me of having taken his pistol and rabob; such is the case. You, my friends, are my judges."

The people, after some consultation, decided in my favour. "For," said they, "this boy is a stranger here, and the man began the acquaintance with him of his own accord. The lad is likely to have been possessed of such a sum as fifty tolas, for he has shewn us a hundred tolas which still remain to him. Then, as to his having stolen the things: if he has done so, where are they? There is nothing of the kind in his room, and he has no friend or accomplice who would guard them for him." They then told the man that he must pay back the fifty tolas, or proceedings would be taken against him. "In whose authority do you give this order?" asked the man. The innkeeper replied that he was responsible for the case. "Very well, then," said the man, "I shall lay the matter before the judge. Are you prepared to swear that I have robbed this lad of fifty tolas?" "Yes, yes," cried the bystanders, "we are all witnesses against you." "Come, come," said

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the keeper of the inn, "make no quarrelling, or I will put you in prison: this is no case for the judge; the matter is already decided."

Then the fellow, seeing all were against him, tried another way to get out of his own trap, into which he had so unexpectedly fallen. He addressed the people, assuring them that if they would only disperse he would arrange matters with me. They said they should inquire of me in the morning if I had received full compensation, and if I was not satisfied they would bring the man up again, and make him pay the whole sum. Thus having assured the fellow that the thing would not be forgotten, they all retired, and left us alone to settle the dispute. At first the man wished to go with me to my room to talk it over, as he said, in quiet; but I told him I would stay where I was till he satisfied my demands. Then, when we were quite by ourselves, he approached me, fawning and flattering, saying, "Oh, pardon me, I never guessed where my sin would lead me. I have, indeed, fallen into my own trap." "I must take from you one tola for every tanga you stole from me, and this punishment will, I hope, teach you to be more honest in future."

Then he changed his tone again, and came familiarly smiling, saying, "Well, now I am in your power, let me really know my fate. I am sure you won't be too hard upon me." I still regarded him in a very unfriendly manner, and asked if he wished me to take less than fifty tolas. "Yes, yes; of course," he replied,

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"you will not be so severe as to demand such a large sum as that?" "Then," said I, "you must bring me the very same coins you took from my sash; if you fail in doing this, I will make no reduction in my demand." He replied: "I have them all just as I took them, and if you will give me my pistol and rabob, I will immediately return your money."

I answered very angrily, "What do I know about your things; if you mention them again, I will call back the people." Then the fellow got quite furious, and regarded me with a most vicious look. I calmly fixed my eye upon him, and began to tease him. "Ah! ah! you thought to get my money, did you? Thought I was young and inexperienced; but I know how to take care of myself and my property too, though I am but a boy." "Well," said the man, "let me hear your whole demand." So I said, "You must promise to speak no more of your pistol and rabob; in fact, you must forget that you ever had such things. Then you must bring me back my money, as I said before, and I will only take five tolas extra from you, for all the trouble you have caused me."

The fellow bemoaned his hard case most piteously. "There is my beautiful pistol, worth five tolas, and the rabob, too, worth quite that sum, and you take five tolas from me. Oh dear, I lose fifteen tolas at least, and you get all your money back as well!" I interrupted him, saying, he must decide whether to accept the accommodation, or pay the whole fifty tolas. So

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he brought out all my money and returned it to me, and promised to deliver over the five tolas next morning in the presence of the innkeeper. This he did, and I then said to my friends, "I pity this man's unhappiness, and have agreed to excuse him his faults on payment of only five tolas," and the bystanders were witnesses that the affair was finally settled. The money came in just opportunely to pay my expenses at the inn, and the man took good care not to trouble me any more. After a few days I went one night and dug up the rabob and pistol, and then buried them deeper.

When I had passed about a month in this place, I began to inquire about setting off on my travels again. My friends advised me not to start while the rainy season lasted; but to wait and find some companion. I soon heard of a man who was about to start for a place called Kolm, so I quickly gathered all my things together, and joined him.

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CHAPTER IX.

Start for Kolm.—Stopped by a storm.—Travelling alone.—Lost in the jungle.—Luxuriant beauty of nature.—Wild forest life.—My solitude disturbed.—A wild boar.—A lion.—The desert again.—Return to the jungle.—Bird-catching.—Longings for society.—I fall into bad hands.—Magicians in the desert.—Commencement of a mystery which the reader may explain.—Visions.—The mysterious eggs.—Wonderful pictures.—I resolve to break the magic spell.—Vision of the laughable book.—Of the great army.—More mystery.—The man-image.—I break the spell.—My senses return.—My great loss.—A scorching desert.—Even Zangi fails.—Great sufferings.—Relief.—Water.—Once more among men.—Uncivil reception.—A woman's kindness.

We rode out together a long way in the open country, when suddenly there came a great storm of rain with thunder and lightning. My companion proposed that we should go and lodge in a little village, but I preferred returning to the town; so, putting my horse to full speed, I made my way back, and reached Talokan that night. My friends laughed when they saw me. "Ah," said they, "we told you it was cloudy, but you would not hear." I waited for ten days at Talokan; at the end of that time the weather cleared, and I again inquired for a travelling companion; but not being able to find one I resolved to try and make my way to Kolm alone. I unfortunately got off the track, and, after wandering about for a considerable time,

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forgot all my bearings and was completely lost. I, however, made the best guess I could as to the direction in which Kolm lay, and continued my way quite at hazard. I arrived in a district of large jungles and forests, and kept rather to the southern borders of the woods. My clothes got torn to pieces, and my face was terribly scratched by the thorn bushes, so I was obliged to dismount and lead my horse through the most open parts of the forest. Thus I went on all day, and got far in the depths of the jungles.

I had some food with me, and at eve sat down to rest and take refreshment. There were many streams murmuring all around, so I did not lack for water. I made a fire, and unsaddled my horse; covered him with a cloth, and rubbed him down a little. Then I loaded my gun and pistols with bullets, and lay down to rest. The sweet evening songs of birds lulled me to sleep. After a nap of some hours I rose, saddled my horse, and led him on again till daybreak; and all that day I wandered on, pushing my way through thick woods. I knew not where I was going in these pathless jungles. When evening came I rested again as before, and the following day I arrived at a thinner part of the forest, where it was easier to get along.

I walked on in a delicious shade. There were many kinds of trees all around me; under my feet was a beautiful soft carpet of fine grass; roses and other sweet-smelling flowers filled the air with fragrance. Clear springs of water rippling between banks clothed

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with the richest herbage gave freshness to everything around, and beautiful birds fluttering among the dense foliage overhead enlivened the scene and charmed the ear with their wild notes. But I was the only human being there. My food was all gone, and I thought, what shall I do? I see no end to this forest. I could think of nothing better than keeping straight on. In the evening I came to a great clear space surrounded by the jungle, and, seeing that the grass was very fine, I resolved to stop and shoot some birds to eat. So I halted there. I had no difficulty in procuring enough birds for a meal. There was plenty of water, plenty of grass for my horse, and wood to make a fire with, so I wanted for nothing. I let Zangi loose to graze, and I amused myself by singing and making poetry in Persian.

Two whole days I spent in this dreamy, lonely, wild enjoyment, and then set forth on my way again. Presently I came to a place where were a great many large monkeys, who, on perceiving me, immediately set up a great chattering and screaming. When I first saw them they were on the ground eating something, but in a minute they sprang up the trees and looked down at me with eyes of astonishment. As I went past them they came quite close to me, and snatched at me, and ran behind the trees making horrible grimaces at me. While I was looking at one, another would pull my hair; and when I looked up one would drag at my horse's tail. I struck them with my whip,

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and they put their paws, which I had beaten, into their mouths and ground their teeth.

I saw one little young monkey sitting on the ground and scratching at my horse's feet for insects. Zangi resented this impudence by crushing the little beast into the ground. All the other monkeys immediately set up a loud scream, and surrounded me with most menacing looks; the trees seemed full of them, and I really began to get alarmed, for their numbers increased every moment. I levelled my gun at one of the foremost of my persecutors and fired; the creature fell heavily to the ground, and all the rest vanished like so many spirits. I was quite glad to be rid of them so easily.

The next day, just as I was getting tired of this jungle life and began to fear I should never see the open country again, I suddenly came to the end of the forest and looked out across the desert. I felt at first considerably pleased, as I did not seem quite so hopelessly lost, and I continued my way straight across the country for some distance. But the thought occurred to me that in leaving the woods I was losing my only chance of subsistence, for certainly I should find no food in the desert; so I turned back to the jungles to shoot a stock of provisions to take with me on my journey.

I had not been long in quest of game when I spied a wild boar running straight at me. I shot him in the breast, and he fell severely wounded, but not dead;

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not thinking he would hurt me, I went to despatch him with my knife, but no sooner was I in his reach than he made a rush at me; his sharp tusks tore my boot, and it was a mercy I was not lamed for life; this was, however, his dying struggle. I soon gathered some wood together, and on the pile I laid my prize, and soon had him capitally roasted; I cut some steaks from him, and made a good meal; I finished with a draught of pure water from a spring close by, and having packed up my pork in an old coat I had with me, and refilled my "matara" (goatskin) with water, I mounted Zangi, and took my way through the desert again.

I had not got far when suddenly my horse began shying very much, and trembled all over. "Oh dear," thought I, "my Zangi must be dying, for he never behaved like this before; he fears nothing." I looked around, but could see nothing; still the poor animal strained at the bridle, and seemed on the point of running away with me; then he stood still, with his legs far apart, every muscle rigid with fear, and his eyes straining, staring into the jungle. I looked more carefully, and presently spied a large tawny brown animal, which I at once conjectured to be a lion. I quickly loaded my gun, and fired at the beast, which directly turned away and disappeared in the woods. I do not know whether my bullet struck him or not.

I then let my horse go, and galloped on till evening across the desert. Then I dismounted, and began to look about for food for Zangi. I searched for some

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time, but without success; only I noticed a great deal of the dung of some animal on the ground; it was more like that of sheep than any other animal I knew, but still I was confident that these would not be found out there in the desert. I resolved to follow these traces, which I suspected were those of wild deer, and these animals would be sure to go where there was grass. After some time the tracks led me back again to the jungles, though at a different part from where I had already been. Here I found a stream of water, on the other side of which there was no wood, only long grass as high as my waist. This part of the jungle was much thinner, so I let my horse loose to graze, and having satisfied my hunger with a piece of my pig, I lay down to sleep, but all the time kept one ear open.

Early in the morning I was awakened by the chirping of innumerable little birds. I rose up, and the thought occurred to me that I might save my ammunition by catching some of these little songsters in a trap, as I had learned to do in Affghanistan. I put a quantity of sand, which the birds eat, into a piece of cloth, and hung it up in a tree. When the little creatures were gone into this kind of bag to get the sand, I pulled a string which I had attached to it, and the cloth fell down over them, bringing many of them at a time to the ground with it. When these birds were skinned and roasted, I found them a great delicacy.

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I remained here in the jungles about ten days. I had everything I needed, and this wild life had already made me and my horse quite new creatures; so much stronger and more active did we become. But I was unhappy in the midst of such abundance; and at last one morning I mounted my horse, and set off to follow down the course of the stream, to try if that would lead me once more to the dwellings of men. That afternoon I left all traces of the jungles behind me, and continued my course along the bank of the stream, which wound its way through the country.

In the evening, to my great surprise, I came suddenly to a queer-looking little hut, outside which I saw some naked people squatting on the ground, with their faces buried between their knees, which they were clasping with their arms. There was something weird and ghastly in their appearance, so that I felt an instinctive dread, and laid hold of my sword. At this the creatures lifted up their heads, and said, "What are you about, young man?" "Who are you?" I asked; "and what do you here?" Without heeding my questions, they merely said, "Come down and take rest."

I dismounted, and approached these strange beings, wondering who they could be; for their nails were like great claws, and long hair was on their bodies. They had hidden their faces again, and they sat motionless, hugging their knees. I half doubted of their humanity, and again took hold of my sword, just to try if they knew what pain was; but though they

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could not possibly see me do this, their faces being turned away, they immediately lifted up their heads, and said, "Young man, what are you about?" "What sort of people are you?" I asked. "You squat there, and won't speak." Then they said, "Sit down and rest;" and again resumed their extraordinary position.

I sat down, and waited to see what they would do. I was very hungry, and hoped they would offer me food. When it got quite dark they rose, and I followed them into the house, where they all sat down again as before. Presently a man brought in a candle. This fellow was a proper human being, the first I had seen for some time, and he had clothes on. Suddenly he fell down before one of the naked men, crying aloud, and kissing his feet. Then he arose, wiped his eyes, took the light, and motioned me to follow him.

I went after him, and he led me to a room in which was a carpet and various household things. The servant left me here, and went into a little garden near the house, and gathered some vegetables or herbs. In the middle of the room I noticed a fire between four large stones. The servant put over this fire a round shallow iron pan. As soon as this was heated, he put the herbs in, having chopped them up, and he fried them with butter, pepper, and salt; and he brought flour and water and mixed a cake, which he cooked in the pan with the herbs.

When all was done, he brought it and set it before

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me. I asked him to eat with me, but he refused to do so. I was too hungry to stop to ask what the food was made of, so I began eating directly, and never, in my life, tasted anything so good. When I had finished, I asked where I should keep my horse, and the man said he would take charge of him. I said I would go too, and look after him; so we went, and as I felt sure no one would touch the animal, I left him tied up outside the house, and went in-doors to rest. I lay down to sleep, and soon found myself alone in the room; the man had gone away with the light, without saying a word. I rose and tried to open the door, but, to my astonishment, it was fast locked; so I lay down and went to sleep. I dreamed that a beautiful girl was by my side. I looked at her face, she was very lovely, and I kissed her; but the moment I touched her lips, a sudden pang shot through my teeth, and I awoke. I felt very unhappy, and began to cry; the girl had vanished, but my teeth were still in great pain. The door was open, and there was a light in the room, and on looking round I saw the servant standing by my side, offering me something in a cup. I said, "Thank you, I do not want to drink." He replied, "If you do not drink, your teeth will continue to pain you;" so I took the cup, and swallowed the contents, which tasted to me like some sort of wine.

In a little while all my limbs began to feel very heavy: my hair seemed to me like trees, my arms and legs like mountains, and I laughed excessively at no-

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thing at all. Then the man brought some bullock's dung and burnt it in the fire, and while it was smouldering, he laid three eggs upon the embers; gradually the fire faded, and at last went quite out, leaving the blackest darkness in the room: thick, and it seemed to me almost palpable, was this darkness. Presently I saw something moving in the ashes, and the three eggs appeared glowing with a red light, like rubies. One of them rose in the air, and gradually expanded, opening out into a large ardent ball, in which I saw many countries, and kingdoms, and peoples.

I gazed attentively on this wonderful picture for a time, and then it gradually faded. The egg remained for some moments, still burning in the air, and revolving rapidly, and at last fell down on the ashes. Again the same thick darkness filled the room; but soon the second egg rose from the fireplace as the first had done, and burned with the same red light. It expanded, and I heard a fearful noise as of loud thunder, and in the luminous ball I saw again many countries and people, but the latter were all dead. Suddenly they all arose, and began to dance; some of them thrust out their tongues, others looked very angry, and others were crying. I was all this time unable to stop laughing.

Then I saw scenes of war; all the people in the mysterious landscape began to fight, shooting and stabbing one another with great fury. This picture

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vanished slowly, and the egg, after turning for some time in the air, fell down and left me in the terrible darkness.

Once more the red light appeared in the ashes, and the third egg rose and expanded as the others had done. Another scene presented itself. I looked upon the most beautiful jungles and gardens, just such forests as I had passed through, and suddenly the landscape was enlivened with troops of beautiful girls dancing and singing together, and drinking wine: amongst them I spied the same damsel of whom I had dreamed.*

She moved as if to speak to me, and I heard her companions ask her who I was. "He is a poor stranger boy," she answered, with an accent of pity. I sprang forward to embrace her, but the servant man seized my arms and held me back. I struggled hard to get free, but he cried,—"Take care, if you go near her you will be mad till judgment-day, and never leave the jungles." "Who are these beings?" I asked. He told me they were creatures summoned by the arts of the naked men; and if any one touches these beings he will be mad till the end of time: "It is best," said he, "to turn away from their enchanting looks, or you will love the spirits and lose your reason."

By this time the scene was beginning to fade; the beautiful maid slowly retired, bidding me adieu as she went. I felt some pain to see her go. The globe then

* These are known to be some of the effects of taking the powerful narcotic called Hashish.

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began to revolve, and finally fell, leaving me in deep darkness. Soon the door opened, and the servant came with the light, and asked me how my teeth were. I told him they were well, quite well, and asked what time it was. He said, "It is nine o'clock." I was astonished, and thought the night was very long indeed. I was already feeling hungry again. Then, in the wall behind me, suddenly a door opened, and a curtain came before it and bars of iron. The man sprang out through this door and left it open, and I saw that it was bright sunshine outside. The door shut to, and though I tried very much I could not find it again to open it.

Presently, the man sprang in again by the same mysterious door, and began to cook me some food, just like that which he gave me before. I asked him to eat with me, but he said, "No; I cannot do that." I said, "You must eat. How can you live without food? I won't begin my meal until you join me." I looked to see if my pistols were right, and as they were all near me, I took one up and cocked it, intending to fire at the roof of the house; but the man cried out, "Oh! don't do that, or we shall all die directly." I said, "I want to go out and look after my horse."

The servant then came and sat near me, and cried very much. I felt sorry for him. He said to me, "Those four men are very clever (sahar) in mystical crafts; and when any wanderer comes here they never

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let him go away again. I, like you, missed my way, and fell into their hands." "But why do you not run away?" I asked. "Ah!" he replied, "would that I could! I have tried to do so, but a fearful burning came in my bones, and I was obliged to return. They will keep you here shut up for ten days. Then you will be like me and many others who are in this place." "How long will you be kept here?" I asked. He said, "Till judgment-day." I said, "If I were to run away now, should I feel that burning pain?" He said, "No; you have not been long enough here."

"Do you know any wisdom," I asked, "by which one may break this charm?" He answered, "I do: the mystery lies in those eggs which you saw. All those beings who appeared in the landscapes are about the house all day, but invisible; and if you had fired your pistol just now we should all have perished at once, and have been burnt up. If you are a good shooter and can hit those three eggs, the spell will be broken, and we shall all be free; but if you should only hit one or two, the charm will remain, and you will be fearfully punished till judgment-day. If you succeed we will kill those four old men, and be at liberty. But many have tried in vain." "But," said I, "how is it that among the many who you say inhabit this house none can do this thing?" "Well," replied the man, "they did not all come like you with a horse and gun."

I inquired how it was that the eggs were so wonder-

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ful, and the man tried to explain it to me; but I could not make any sense of what he said. He told me something about burning the fat of some animal, and other mystical things. I could not believe him, so I said, "Give me an example of it, that I may understand more clearly." "Well," he said, "how does the silk come?" "From the worm," I answered. "How?" said the man. "All worms cannot make it." So he left the subject, for I could make no sense out of his speech.

He told me if I wished to shoot the eggs I must wait till night; and he related to me some tales of horrid witches who lived in that place, whose eyes were set perpendicularly in their heads, and whose breasts were so long that they used to put them over their shoulders. "These vile creatures," he said, "delighted in killing people and tearing out the entrails of their victims." I asked how the witches came to belong to the old magicians, and the man told me that they knew some mystic words to repeat, which make the witches ready to obey their summons, and they had only to ring a bell to bring these terrible beings into their presence. The servant also told me that his masters knew of some kind of food which would cause wings to grow on those who ate it. Besides this, he spoke of many other things which the four naked men could do. At last he rose up, and said, "I must go now. I leave you to decide whether you will venture to shoot at the eggs." Then he sprang out by the

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hidden doorway. I felt very miserable and afraid, for the room was quite dark.

I was kept prisoner in here for a time that seemed, as near as I could reckon, about three days and two nights. Then I heard a bell ringing very loud, and many voices outside the door, as of children, and old men and women. Mingled with these was the sound of drums, and cymbals, and the cries of many animals. Afterwards came the most beautiful singing. Then all my bones became very painful, and I resolved to shoot at the eggs at the first opportunity; for I thought, "If I miss I will shoot myself, and be free by death from this wretched place." That day I heard many curious noises.

At night the man came again with the candle. The thought often crossed my mind that perhaps this fellow was as much of a rascal as his masters. However, I was still determined to follow his advice in one thing, and have a shot at the eggs. I sat down and thought, "I don't know what is the matter with me; whether I am dead or alive, or whether I dream or am intoxicated." I tried to collect my senses and understand my condition, but I could not.

The servant began to prepare the same sort of food for me again as he had done before, and though I did not wish to eat, I was so hungry that I was obliged to take it; and soon after, I fell asleep. When I awoke, I was alone, and the room was quite dark. Suddenly I was startled by a loud noise as of cannons. This

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came three times, and then the place began to shake as if there was an earthquake, and I felt myself moving up and down like a ship. The servant came in with a candle, and I began to vomit. He held a cup like the one he had offered me before. I refused to drink, but he said, "If you wish to go straight down through the earth, you will not drink;" so I swallowed the draught, and the earthquake stopped. The house seemed to grow larger and larger, and I felt a pleasant sensation of great comfort, and was inclined to remain where I was, and forget all my former life. I noticed that my gun and pistols were gone. I began to laugh, and laughed extremely at everything—at anything—at nothing.

The man came, and said, "Some one calls for you." I said, "No one calls for me, for I know no one here." He replied, "Oh, yes; some one has called for you." So I tried to follow him, but fell down three times. Then he took my hand, but still I could not get along; so he put me on his shoulders. All this time I was laughing very much. As I was carried along, my face was towards the ground, and I could not see where we were going. When the man set me down, I found I was no longer in a room, but in the fields, and it was broad day. I saw before me a beautiful tower, exactly like the one I lived in at Konnar.*

I was astonished, and thought, "I will go to my home, and will say, 'I have been for change of air, and

* Islampoor, a town in the district of Konnar.

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now I am come back.'" So I began to walk, and came to a room where were all my old friends, but no one would speak to me. They looked very angry, and I was afraid they might kill me. There was one servant-girl to whom I used often to speak; for we both felt that we were obliged to remain at Konnar against our will; and to her I now went, and spoke, but she only laughed. I said, "You are my friend, speak to me. I want to leave these people, who wish to kill me." Then she gave me a book, and pointed to it, and signed to me to flee. So I understood that the book was to read in, if I felt pain or unhappy. I took the little volume, and went away till I came to a village. I began to read, and many people came to hear, and laughed at the words of the book.

Then came one who looked like a stranger, and he said, "Come with me, I will take you to my country, that my people may hear that book." "I will go with you," I replied, and I rose to follow him; but all the people were angry, and looked fiercely at the stranger. He, however, held me by the wrist. Then I saw a number of soldiers mounted on white horses; they were dressed in red, and looked very terrible. At their approach the people all ran into their houses. Just at this moment the servant of the naked men came behind me, and touched my shoulder, saying, "How are you? How do you get on?" "I am very well," I replied, "and very happy." He then gave me a round white thing like a marble, telling me to eat it.

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I refused to obey, but he told me if I did not take and eat it, the soldiers would shoot me. "No," said I, "they won't do that." But as I spoke they all cocked their guns and gave me a most menacing look. "Oh," I cried, "I will eat the ball." So the servant gave it to me; and when I had eaten it he gave me another, which I ate too; and he gave me something to smell. When I smelt this thing the earthquake came on again, and I began to vomit, and fell down.

The man brought the cup again, and offered it to me with an insinuating smile, saying, "Drink," just as he had done before. I would not take it, but he said if I did not I should go down into the earth. So I drank, and got happy again. The man then brought a cup, into which he poured something like vinegar. Then he took out a chain, like a watch-chain, on each end of which was a triangular piece of gold. He put these triangles in the liquor, and then applied one to each of my ears. Immediately I began to burn all over, and I cried out—"Oh! don't do that, I shall die." "There is no fear," said the man; but he took the pieces of gold out of my ears, and suddenly vanished. I stood thinking for a moment; then, on looking round, I perceived the stranger man standing near me. He took my wrist again, and said, "Read your book." I did so, and we laughed very much.

The stranger then said, "Come, I will take you now to my country." I tried to follow him, but I fell down three times; so he took me on his back and walked

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into the desert. We came to a bank, and I saw many of those soldiers who had appeared so terrible to me before; now they were all ranged in a line and looked very fine. They spoke to my bearer and said, "Have you brought him?" And he answered, rather knowingly, "All right; this is he." I then mounted on horseback, and followed the soldiers, who marched on in front. I felt rather afraid, and asked where we were going; and my conductor replied, "We are going to a place where you will see many officers of Government, and with them is a prince who takes taxes from this country. We are not far from the camp now."

Soon we came to another bank, and my guide said, "Look, there are our encampments;" and I saw many snow-white tents, all striped with gold, and very symmetrically arranged. I was glad, for I was tired of riding, and felt very much heated and in a great perspiration. I said, "I am very thirsty and hot;" but my companion said, "Never mind, you will soon be where it is cool, and you will be able to get plenty of water; but you must mind and be very polite." When we came quite near the camp, I saw a row of soldiers standing. They were three times as tall as ordinary men, and were very powerful-looking and beautiful young men; they had ornaments of gold on their foreheads and golden medals on their breasts and knees; they all held their guns straight up, and these were very clean and bright.

As we approached I heard some music and singing,

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and the tall soldiers faced about and marched, we following behind. I began to laugh, for I could not think where I was, or whether I was asleep or awake. When we arrived at the tent of my conductor, I came down from my horse, and I saw an officer and heard him read the list of the soldiers' names. I sat down, and they told me to read from my book. I said, "Tell me where I am, and what has happened to me;" but they answered, "To-morrow morning, early, we shall start on our march to our own country; and when we arrive there you will be where you want to go."

It soon became night, and I got very hungry. Suddenly the servant came with a candle and touched me, saying, "How do you get on?" I replied, "I am very well, thank you." Then he brought me a large "kuncha," or dish of pilaw, which is rice and meat. It looked as if some one had been eating some from the dish; so I said, "Who has been having their dinner from this?" for I did not like to take it after it had been handled. The man said, "I am servant to this prince, and it is the custom here for his highness to take his food first, and what he leaves is given to the others." So, as every one else had begun to eat, I joined them, and made a good meal.

When I had done, I seemed to be in a house; there was a light in the room, and several persons were with me. I read to them, and they were much pleased with the book. They asked the man who had me under his care not to take me away to his country, but to leave

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me with them. But he said, "I am afraid God will be angry with me if I do not take the lad; he must come with me."

In the morning I heard many bugles sounding, and beautiful martial music, and the man told me they were about to march. I saw all the tents taken down, rolled up, and packed on camels; then all the people became silent and looked unhappy. The animals all stood loaded, ready to start, and the soldiers were in marching order; but an ominous stillness was in the camp. I asked the man who had charge of me what was the matter; but he only motioned to me to be quiet. I was very angry, and struck him a blow in the side. He took it quite quietly, but my fingers immediately gave me great pain, so that I cried out with the torture.

Then the servant of the naked men came with the cup, which he offered to me with the same bland smile as before, saying, "Drink." Again I refused; but he said, "Very well; your fingers will continue to hurt you." So I drank the dose, and the pain passed. I began to cry very much, and some one asked me what I wept for. I said, "These people all seem so unhappy: why is it?" They said, "Because we intend to go away; but we wait for two men-servants, who are away—we are looking for them. We have heard the noise of the bugle. It is time to go; but they are not found. When the bugle sounds all must be ready; but these men are not found. We still wait."

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The men who were lost were "furrash," (servants of the king.) Presently the bugle sounded, to let us know that they were found. They were taken before the prince, who was in the open air, seated on a handsome throne. The people and soldiers stood round, with their hands crossed on their breasts, and I was amongst them. The prince was very fair, and was a fine, strong young man, with long moustaches. All the people were from the same country, and dressed alike. The prince asked his servants where they had been. They said, "We have been to a village, buying eggs and other food for the journey." The prince said, "I gave orders, two days ago, that you should be all ready this morning at the call of the bugle, and now we have been kept waiting for you for some time." Then he ordered that their beards should be plucked out. They prayed for mercy, that their honour might not be taken from them before all the people. But the prince ordered them to be carried out of his presence. So the soldiers dragged them away, still crying for mercy, and the sentence was carried out; and the prince ordered that they should walk, and not ride, during their march home.

Then I heard a noise louder than the loudest thunder, and my heart failed me for fear. I saw an immense train of cannons drawn by horses. Next to these came the foot soldiers; after them the horsemen; and last of all were the camels and the baggage of the army. Again I heard the noise of firing many cannons, and

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afterwards was played most beautiful music, when suddenly the whole grand pageant vanished, and I was alone in the wilderness. I was much frightened, and wandered about to try and find the soldiers; but all was solitude and silence, and I was soon tired of my fruitless efforts.

I stood still under a tree to think what I should do, and a man touched me on the shoulder. I looked round and saw that it was the servant of the magicians, and that I was not standing, but lying down in the same little room which was my prison; and it was dark, for the servant came in with a candle. At first I was very unhappy. I thought I could go with the soldiers and escape from my tormentors, and I lay some time wondering at the manner in which they had disappeared; then I felt a pain like diarrhœa. When I found myself in the room where I had been so long shut up, I cried very much. "What have I done?" said I. "I am sure I have wished no one any harm, and why am I here imprisoned?" The servant answered, "It is your own fault: why don't you shoot at the eggs?" I said, "If I do not hit them, I shall be worse off than I am now; and I cannot believe your words; I am afraid you are also deceiving me."

Then the servant went out, and soon came back with another man, who walked monotonously up and down the room, but would not speak a word. I asked the servant why the man was so silent, and he replied, "Oh, he speaks and laughs with those who know him.

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You only do exactly what I say, and he will talk to you and joke as much as any one, for he is a very funny fellow."

Then the servant went out and fetched a basin of hot water, which he handed to me, telling me to empty it over the silent man's head. "No," said I; "it will scald him and make him angry." "Only take my advice," said the servant, "and you will see if I am a deceiver." So I poured the water on the man's head, and he fell all to pieces. It seemed only a clever piece of mechanism covered with paper, underneath which it was made of wood, and the joints were of something like india-rubber. I was much amused at this unexpected dissolution of the silent man, and the servant said, "Now, will you have confidence in me, and shoot at those eggs." I promised to do so at the first opportunity, and I asked who the four old men were. He replied, "They are called 'Munnajum' or 'Sahar.' They always live in the wilderness, and understand astrology and various wonderful arts."

That night I found my gun and pistols and sword all replaced near my bed. I loaded the gun carefully, and waited anxiously for the appearance of the eggs. "Now bring them," I said, "I am ready—live or die." "Don't be in a hurry," said the servant, "you need not be so sure of getting free." I was very impatient. At last the man brought the cows' dung to burn, and I made ready to have a fair shot. I sat down with my gun cocked, and resting on my knee. Directly I saw

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the little ruddy-glowing spot in the ashes, I took a steady aim at it and fired. The room was instantly filled with smoke, and I smelt a disagreeable smell. The second egg arose. I was ready for it, and fired again, with the same result. Then the third egg appeared, and I fired at it. Some time after the last shot, I looked round the room. There was a loaf of bread near me, and the door was open. I walked out into the open air; but there was no one to be seen. I could find no trace of the magicians. I saw my horse still tied where I had left him. The poor animal was very thin, and was grubbing in the ground for some roots to eat. He had cleared all the grass from the space within his reach.*

I went back into the hut, but could find no one there, which seemed to me very curious. There was only one little room. My senses seemed gradually returning. I comprehended this one fact; I was alone with my horse in the wilderness. Oh, what a sense of relief, of release, I felt! I could not believe I was really at last free; so I jumped on Zangi's back just to try round in every direction, and see if no horrid spell imprisoned me still. I made a few turns, and every moment was more assured of the reality of my deliverance. I returned once more to the scene of my misery; but I soon remounted my horse, resolving at once to fly from the frightful place. I put my hand in my bosom, and

* The visions described in the preceding pages are unaccountable, unless as the result of a narcotic, or the fantasies of a delirium.

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then discovered my crowning misfortune—my rings and my money were all gone! This treasure, which had cost me so much trouble in gathering together, I could not bear to part with without some effort to regain it. What I had lost was no trifle for me to lose. I led my horse into the little room of the hut, and slept there that night.

In the morning I tried to discover some of the other chambers which I had seen in my visions, or whatever those strange sights may be explained to have been by wiser heads than mine. I was soon convinced that there was no other room in the place, except the one where I was, and my money I could not find any traces of. "Well," said I, at last, "what is gone is gone;" and taking the loaf which the villains had had the heart to leave for me, I mounted my horse and rode away into the desert.

All that day Zangi carried me steadily on, but night came, and I could find no grass and no water, so I ate half my loaf and gave the rest to the poor horse. In the morning I began to feel the torments of thirst, and as the day advanced my misery increased. Oh, how terribly hot it was! the sun blazed down on me, and I could find no relief. Even Zangi gave way, and was unable to sustain my small weight, so I dismounted and led him along as well as my strength would permit. The desert was covered with pebbles, black and red, which were so hot that they blistered my feet in walking; for I had no shoes. Poor Zangi

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kept pushing aside the stones and trying to eat the earth. Our condition became more and more miserable. My feet were so cut and wounded with the stones that I could not walk.

Longingly I looked round for a tree—for anything to shield me from the fierce sun's rays; but nothing could I see, only the wide desert quivering in the heat. I was burning, and tried to get some shade behind the horse, but it was no use. I thought I must die; but no! I would not lie down like a coward, but resolved to go on as long as I had strength to move. I went on a little further, and my courage was revived by a joyful sight. In the distance I descried a tree. I dragged myself along as fast as I could, and when I came near I saw the delightful shadow and sank down to enjoy the coolness. I was very thirsty, and looked around for indications of water. I could see more trees at some distance, but could not imagine in what country I was.

Though much revived with hope, I could not walk, my feet were so wounded. I cut some pieces from my horse-cloth and tied them under the soles of my feet like sandals; but still it gave me such pain when I attempted to walk that I was obliged to try another plan. I put the pieces of cloth on my knees, and cut two more for my hands, and then I crawled along, holding the bridle of the horse between my teeth. In this painful manner I made my way to the other trees, and there I found my reward. First, I came to some

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fine grass, and then suddenly arrived on the banks of a beautiful stream of water. Zangi rushed in and drank till I half feared he would injure himself. Then he lay down and rolled in the cool element, saddle and all. I beat him for this; so he crossed over and began to eat grass on the other side of the stream. I would have plunged into the water myself, but I feared I should injure my feet. However, I drank till I satisfied my thirst, and lay down to rest. Presently, Zangi lifted up his head and gave a joyous neigh; and he came back through the water and stood by my side, so close that I tried to push him away: he would not go, but said to me, as plain as horses can, by his actions, "Come, get on my back, I can carry you now." I mounted, and the good animal seemed delighted. He jumped and frisked about for gladness. I rode on a little while, and came to some jungles. As I was still fainting with hunger, I ate some leaves, which had a sour taste. I felt now quite hopeful, and promised with my heart not to venture again into the desert, but rather always remain in the woods. I made my way all day through the trees, and in the evening arrived at a small village. Oh, how glad I was once more to behold proper human beings!

There were several boys attending to some donkeys; and when they saw me with my gun and pistols, they made off in great alarm. I went on until I met a man, to whom I said a few words in Persian; but he did

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not understand me, so I thought I had not got near Kolm yet, for they speak Persian there; and I saw too, that the inhabitants of the village were not dressed as I knew the people of Kolm dressed.

No one could understand me when I spoke, nor did they seem to care about helping me. Indeed, I fancied they regarded me with malicious looks. I wanted much to procure some bread, and was reflecting how I should get it, when I saw a little child near me with a piece in its hand. I snatched it away and ate it. The poor little child went crying to its mother. I feared I should get into a quarrel, so I loaded my pistol; for I felt reckless, and was annoyed at the way the people treated me; but the woman came out of her house smiling, and patted me on the face, and said something I did not understand.

I made signs that I was hungry, and she beckoned me to follow her. She brought me to her house and left me outside while she fetched some flour and water, and a basin. She motioned to me to do something with these things, and at last I understood that I was to mix a cake; so I made a paste in the basin. The woman then shewed me the oven, which was a hole in the ground, and lined with bricks. It was filled with sticks which were lighted, and they heated the oven: then the ashes were taken out, and I put my cake in to be baked. I only put in half the paste I had made; and Zangi, who was looking on, much interested in my

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bread-making, came and snapped up the rest and ate it. However, when my cake was done, it was quite enough for me, so I did not grudge the horse his share.

It was now quite night, so I slept near the door of one of the houses.

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CHAPTER X.

Wanderings among strange people.—My wretched condition.—Reach Koristan.—A friend in need.—The Satan-worshippers.—A religious festival.—Curious rites and customs.—Sacred temple.—Amusements.—Start for Bolagain.—My companions.—Among the mountains again.—A tiger.—A clever shot.—A night with the mountain goatherds.—Bolagain.—I become schoolmaster and make money.—I travel to Dracalan and to Bancoot.—I hear about the Russians.—I join the Kokan army.—A brush with the Russians.—Pursuit.—Triumphant return.

THE next morning I again tried to make the people understand. I spoke all my languages, but it was no use; so I resolved to go on a little further, and if I could not find another village, to turn back and stay with these people till I could get information about the surrounding country.

I rode on, and found houses and villages more and more abundant. I asked at one place for bread, but could not make the people understand. I envied my horse, who was well off for food, as there was everywhere plenty of grass; but I was hungry and in a wretched condition. I had a shirt and a coat, a pair of trousers, and a *kola*, (a sort of cap from Tartary,) but these were all dirty and old. In the evening I stopped outside a village to rest for the night. I found some trees which bore nuts; I knocked some down with

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stones, and this was my principal food. I passed some time in a most miserable manner; my body itched all over, and I found I was covered with insects, which bit me and made very sore places on me. I washed in a stream, and got rid of this nuisance. After some time, my shirt and trousers were all torn to pieces. I was ashamed of myself, and of the miserable life I led.

I went on very unhappily, journeying through the villages, which I found gradually larger and more populous, until at last I reached the capital of the country, which was called Koristan, or Zendagan. This is a fine town, the inhabitants are very civilised, and there are beautiful shops there. I was very glad for the chance of getting into a less savage style of life, and was anxious to get some proper food, a place to sleep in, and some clothes. I went into a money-changer's shop, but the man who kept it took a wooden measure to beat me with. I began to cry, seeing the impression my ragged condition made on the people. Then the man spoke to me, but I could not understand him; so he motioned to me not to run away. Several people came into the shop to look at me, and they seemed to come to the conclusion that I was dumb, or mad; they looked at my gun and at my horse, and seemed entirely puzzled as to who I was. I spoke to them in Persian, to shew them that I was not dumb. I pointed to my feet, to make them understand by their travelled appearance that I had come from a great

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distance. I still cried very much, for my heart was lonely, and weighed down with misfortune and want of sympathy.

The money-changer was evidently touched, for he kissed my hands, and seemed to ask pardon for having threatened to beat me. He set me down on his good, soft carpet, and sent a boy to fetch some food. He brought some bread and some *shorba* (soup of sheep's head.) I was so glad once more to taste properly prepared food! I gave a little to Zangi, and tried to ask for some barley for him. The money-changer signed to me that he would take all care of the horse. I shewed that I wanted to sleep, and the man signed to me and made me understand that he wished to know if I would like to live with him. My grateful looks spoke for me; so he sent me with the boy, who led me through the town.

As we went along, the boys of the town all laughed at my guide, seeing him conducting a naked fellow through the streets. He took a stone and struck one of our tormentors, who all flocked together to revenge the blow. I did my best to help my friend, but every one was laughing at me. So the boy beckoned me to come on as fast as possible, and we soon arrived at the dwelling-house of the money-changer. Outside the house was a couch and a mat, on which my guide made me sit down. At night the master came home, and he brought a light and came to look after me. He spoke to his servant, who brought me some more food. My

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kind friend then ordered a blanket to be brought for me, and he let me sleep there on his sofa, and twice a day he gave me as much food as I could eat.

I tried to make him understand that I wished to see after my horse, and, as soon as he saw my meaning, he laughed outright, and seemed quite amused with my anxiety about the animal. He sent his servant with me to shew me where was a field of grass, and he gave me enough barley for a week. Near the house was a large tree, of a kind called, in Persian, "channar," which gave beautiful shade, and under its shelter I spent a great part of my time. Thus I passed some days, amusing myself with my horse, or sitting quiet in the shade under the tree; and at night I slept on the couch outside my friend's house. They gave me something to put on my feet to cure the sores, but I was greatly in want of clothes. The people were very kind, but laughed at me a little: in truth, I was a pitiable object.

After some time, the money-changer gave orders that clothes should be given to me; so the servant brought a few things for me to put on, that I might go into the house to be measured. I was much pleased with the inside of the house, which was very beautiful. I was taken before two ladies, and some girls and a boy were also in the room. As I was ignorant of the manners of this people, I did not salute them. One of the ladies made me stand up, and she measured me, and cut out two pairs of trousers, and a sort of dress

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which is worn by this nation; then she sent me with the servant to the shoemaker's, to order some shoes for me. When this was done, the man took me back to the couch, and took away the clothes which had been lent me.

After some days, one morning, as I was asleep, the servant came and woke me, and put all my new clothes before me. I was going to put them on, but he motioned to me to cut my nails and make myself clean first, and he fetched a barber to cut my hair; then I washed myself and dressed with the help of the servant, for the costume was quite new to me. My clothes were very good and comfortable; I felt like a king; I seemed to be so fine in my new things, after being ragged, and even naked, so long. I sat down on the couch, feeling that I was now a presentable, civilised being again; and soon the money-changer's boy came to me and led me into his master's house.

It was all very prettily decorated, evidently for some special occasion; and on the *dasturkhan* were many kinds of food. A number of people were sitting round, talking, and I perceived that I was the subject under discussion. They motioned to me to sit down with them. I noticed that they did not eat much; many of them took nothing at all, but I wished to make a good meal and satisfy my hunger. They stopped my hand and signed to me that I must not eat yet. I discovered that these people were the *Shitan-parast*, or Satan-worshippers. Satan they believe to be God;

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and they are opposed to Christians, Mahommedans, and Budhists alike. Their religion forbids them to spit on the ground; also they may not put water on fire. They are very civilised. The day on which I first went among them to dine was a great holiday, a religious festival. My kind friends had prepared my clothes that I might enjoy the day with them.

As we sat with the dinner before us, still not eating, for the people seemed to wait for something, presently a man brought into the room a little kid, some grass, some fire, some water, and a large copper vessel, with something wrapped up in a cloth. These were all set down, and a man stood near them, and commenced reading from a little book. All the people then left the dinner, and stood round and listened to the words of the book. When the reading was over, they all bowed low three times and worshipped all those things, and they beat upon their breasts. I sat still and looked on at this ceremony; the people approached quite close to the kid and the other things, and stood for some time weeping. Then the man who had been reading gathered all the holy objects up and carried them away. The worship being concluded, the people all kissed one another on the forehead; wine was now brought in, and each one took a little, and they returned to the dinner and began to eat. They signed to me, too, that I might eat as much as I liked.

When the meal was over, they got up and called me to accompany them. Two of them led me, each taking

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one of my hands. I signed that I wished to go and look after my horse, so my two conductors took me to the field where he was. I tied his fore feet and let him loose to graze. We then went back and joined the rest of our friends, who were just going out to call on the neighbours. I do not know whether they only visited their acquaintances, but, if such was the case, they must have had a large circle of them, for we went into any house, it seemed to me, quite at random; but in every dwelling we found food spread.

I counted how many different houses we called at, and it was nearly one hundred. We only stayed about one minute in each place, and then my friends would kiss the people of the house on their foreheads and go away to make another call. In some of the houses I helped myself to some of the food which was spread out, and no one interfered with me in doing so. We returned home after having quite a hard morning's work, and I went out to see after Zangi. The money-changer saw me go and motioned to me to make haste back.

When I returned I saw two basins of blood in the room. My friends put one basin on the fire and cooked the blood, and when it was done they took pieces of it and ate it. I too ate a little piece. Then they took blood from the other basin and smeared it on their necks. They motioned to me to do the same. I was reluctant to comply, but they made me understand that I could not go with them unless I did as they did; so

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I complied, for I was very anxious to see all their worship. I accompanied my friends out again into the streets; there were many people walking about, and all had blood smeared on their necks. We went on till we came to a large lofty building; we entered and went up some stairs, and were some time going up. At last we came to a window; I looked out and saw that we were at an immense height from the ground. I saw many images up there. Then we descended some other steps, and entered a room which was gilt all over with gold. Opposite this was a smaller chamber, also overlaid with gold: there was a bridge from room to room which crossed over a pond of water. In the smaller room were many images and old priests; the latter played music, and the people gave money for the support of their religion. When we left this temple the day was far gone; it was near evening.

There were all kinds of amusements in a field outside the town. Men were there with various things for sale, and there was music, and singing, and a great deal of licentious conduct. I saw many people practising shooting, and they were gambling over their sport; they placed oranges on the ground and shot at them from horseback. They had not good guns, but large, clumsy, heavy things, which they fired with bits of fuse. I had very little powder with me, but I put up a mark and shot at it. The people were astonished to see me hit what I aimed at, at such a long distance; for their

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guns would not carry nearly one half as far as mine. I fired three times, and they crowded round me and spoke to me. I signed to them that my powder was nearly all gone, and they gave me some of theirs; but it was very coarse and would not do for my gun. I noticed that they had very large touch-holes in their pieces. I saw many other amusements during the festival, and got quite rested, and felt ready to continue my journey.

The holiday lasted three days. Zangi profited as well as I did by the kindness of this people, for when I went to look after him I found him in capital condition; so I came to my kind friend and motioned to him that I wished to continue my travels. He mentioned the names of the surrounding countries, and wished to know where I was going. With some difficulty I made him comprehend that I did not wish to go alone; I would like to find some travelling companions. So he went to the caravanserai, and on inquiry found that there were two men just about to start for a place called Bolagain. Half of the way to this town was through villages, and the other half over snowy mountains.

I decided to go with these men, so my friend brought them to see me, and explained to them who I was, and gave me into their care. I understood this much of his words to them, that he would have them write to him from Bolagain, and tell him how I made the

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journey. My good friend gave me an *anban* (goatskin bag full of flour,) and I bade him good-bye, and set out with the two men, towards Bolagain.

My companions were fine strong young men, and knew the country well. They wore wooden sandals, and walked so well that they kept up with my horse, going at an easy pace. I asked by signs if Zangi would be able to go over the mountains, and they motioned to me that he could. I was very glad of this, for I could not have parted with the animal. I was rather afraid at first that the two men might kill me and take my horse; but they were very kind to me, and I could not suspect them of such wickedness: they gave me some of their food.

The first night we came to the beginning of the mountains, and we found it cold. We made a fire and baked our cakes; then they lent me a blanket, and we wrapped ourselves up as warm as possible, and went to sleep. In the morning I was very sleepy, so my friends put me on my horse: one held me up for fear I should fall, and the other took the bridle and led the way. I laid my head on the horse's neck and went sound asleep. As the road got more and more stony and uneven, they found it too much trouble to keep me in my seat, so they lifted me from the saddle, and one of them carried me on his back, while the other took all our things and rode on the horse. When one was tired of carrying me, they changed places. About mid-day I awoke; we were all very hungry and sat down by the side of

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a mountain stream, ate the remains of our cakes, and drank from the pure spring.

The road was now too steep for riding, so we let Zangi make his way unencumbered, and we walked on. We were now in a pass between two mountains, and the wind was very cold. The two men stopped and lighted a fire; we fed the horse, and sat down to rest. My companions smoked their pipes: they loaded their guns too; for there was some danger, as we were no longer in the territory of their nation. They motioned to me to make my fire-arms ready, so I cleaned my gun and pistols, and loaded them. My companions smiled, and seemed to think that I knew what I was about. When we continued our way, they lighted their fusees, and kept them burning to be ready for any enemy who might present himself. One of them went in front, and the other went behind me, and we walked on cautiously for some time.

Presently the man who went first stopped and pointed to some rocks a little way ahead. I looked and saw a tiger crouching down: the man motioned to us to stop while he went to shoot the animal. He crept noiselessly forward till he got near the rock on which the tiger lay; then he rested his gun on a projecting ledge and fired. The beast made a loud noise like a cat, and then lay dead. We ran up to look at the beautiful creature: it was shot through the head. The men took my axe and cut off the tiger's head, and then took off his skin. I was much astonished to see them shoot

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so well, with such gunpowder, and such guns. I afterwards saw these men shoot some birds called *couk* (partridges, I think) very cleverly. When it got dark we made a fire and cooked our birds, and made some more bread, so we had quite a delicious meal. The next morning I was sleepy again, and my companions carried me as before; they sang songs to cheer us on our way.

We continued our journey without particular adventure until the fourth night: we were then very high up among the mountains; the ground was covered with snow, and it was very cold. We left the road and came to a little black tent; this was the dwelling of one of the mountain shepherds who keep their goats among the rocks in this elevated district. Their hardy animals feed on the scanty grass growing between the rocks. The people in the tent heard us come, and called out something, to which my friends responded in a joking tone, and they laughed; my companions evidently knew the shepherd well. He did not come immediately to let us in, so they called out again; and as they looked at me, I think they said they had a friend with them, and wished to make him comfortable. At any rate the owner of the tent came to us directly, and brought some carpets made of sheepskins, and a lamp; then they made a fire, and the shepherd brought very good food, so we settled down for a very cosy night: several other shepherds came and talked with my friends.

I could see that their conversation was about me, and was unhappy that I could not understand them.

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They gave me a comfortable place between them, so I was kept nice and warm. I saw them kill a sheep, that we might have some meat the next day. The sound of their voices soon died away, and I went to sleep. I don't know how long they went on talking. Next morning, when my friends woke me, the shepherds were all gone away to their work. I did not like to leave my warm place, but we were obliged to go on our way. We went back into the road, and on through the snow. We had the meat which the shepherds gave us for food. I got very tired that day, and my kind guides carried me. This high mountain was the last we had to cross.

We soon descended into more level country, and on the fifth day of our journey we arrived at Bolagain. The men gave me two *gaze*, (pennies,) and left me to shift for myself. I went direct to the market-place, and bought some food. The people in this town could not understand me; but I met with a learned man who understood Persian. It was quite delightful to me to have some conversation with this man. He asked me if I could undertake to teach Persian. I said I could. So he took me to a large school, where they had many books, some of which were written in Persian. Those who speak that language are much honoured in this country. The people could scarcely believe when my friend told them I was a Persian master. But I wrote, and spoke, and sang to them in Persian, and they were astonished. I knew I ought to get good pay for teach-

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ing, as it was impossible for them to get another master. My friend, who seemed to be the owner of the school, offered me about five tangas a-day for teaching the whole school. I thought, "I will say 'No!' Perhaps he may offer me more." He advanced to ten tangas; again I ventured to refuse; and he then offered me fifteen tangas a-day, to which I assented. I asked who would pay me, and my friend said, "It is my school. I shall give you your money. Your board and lodging you will get among the pupils at their homes."

There were about 100 scholars in attendance, and they took turns to entertain me at their houses. I had only now to secure a place for my horse, and I should settle down very comfortably. I spoke to the owner of the school, and he appointed me a stable and a room to keep my things in. Thus I entered on my duties as a schoolmaster. I wrote the Persian alphabet for each boy on his slate, and they learned to make the characters. My pupils were very fond of me. I had plenty to do with them, for I heard them all read separately every day. I worked on in this way for about three months. At the end of that time I took all my earnings to the money-changer's, and received for it an equivalent to about £20 English money. I told the head-master I wished to leave, and asked him what country lay before me on passing from their territory. He told me I should next come to Dracalan, where Persian is the tongue of the people, and he said it was a very beautiful country.

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I then took my departure from Bolagain, and came with a caravan to Dracalan. In this place I did not find any work, so I asked about the way to Bancoot, and found that it was a very long journey. I joined a caravan, and travelled safely to Bancoot, taking the usual time in going. I do not enlarge upon the journeys I performed in company with the caravans, partly because such a mode of travelling is a very commonplace affair, and partly because, being so, there were not many incidents which impressed themselves strongly on my memory.

The inhabitants of Bancoot are Mahommedans, and they speak both the Turkish and Persian languages. The country belongs to Kokan, but it is twenty days' journey to the town of that name. I heard a good deal also about Agamusjed, which is about ten days' journey from Bancoot. The town once belonged to the Kokans, but at the time that I was in Bancoot the Russians had possession of it. I was very anxious to see the Russians, and at once made up my mind to visit Agamusjed. I found great difficulty in accomplishing my object, for there was no communication between that town and Bancoot, as the Kokans were at war with the Russians. I found, however, that strangers who had nothing to do with the war were allowed to pass with a ticket. So I wrote a petition, stating that I was a stranger from Affghanistan, and wished for a pass to Agamusjed. This I took to the office of the Government of Kokan. When they read what I had written,

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they called me before them, and I saw the officer who had to give out the passes.

He asked me where I came from; and I said, "I am from Affghanistan. I wish to go on to Agamusjed." He replied, "Your face, young man, is not like that of an Affghan. I fear you are a spy." "What makes you take me for a spy?" I asked. And the officer answered, "Your hair and your features are not Affghan. But why have you travelled all this distance?" I replied, "Sir, if I tell you the whole truth, will you promise not to harm me?" "I will pledge myself," said the officer, "not to injure you in any way." Then I said, "I am an Englishman, and not an Affghan." And I proceeded to relate to him my history. "But," I added, in conclusion, "I am no spy, and cannot and will not do any harm." The officer then said, "It is well known how brave the Affghans are. Have you, in the time you spent amongst them, learned to ride and shoot after their manner?" I replied, "Of course, I have. I was educated in every way as a noble Affghan." "Well," said my questioner, "will you enter my service, and join our army against the Russians?" "I have no objections," I replied, "provided you pay me."

We soon agreed about my wages, and the officer told me he had already about forty Affghans in his ranks, and proposed to send me to live with them. I was unwilling to do this at first: "For," said I, "I am afraid they will kill me, as I ran away from the

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Affghans against the will of the people." "Don't fear for that," said the Kokan; "I will only tell them that you come from their country. How can they know of your having been once their prisoner?" So I was quartered with the Affghans, who were very kind to me: it seemed to come like the days of my childhood to be speaking the Affghan language again. We received eight tolas per month each; and our clothes, food, lodging, and servants, were also given to us. The Government likewise provided us with horses; but all these things would be forfeited on leaving the service. I was obliged to wear the uniform of the regiment; but as I would ride my own horse, I had one tola a month extra pay. Every day we went to our practice. I used to go with several of my Affghan comrades to pick fruit, pomegranates and grapes, from the surrounding gardens: we helped ourselves by the right of the strongest, and the people were much afraid of us. My conscience often reproved me for this tyranny, and though the other soldiers would encourage me to oppress the defenceless inhabitants of the place, still I did not join to any great extent in their ravages.

After some time, the order came to prepare to march against the Russians, so we assembled and waited for further commands. About six days passed, and then some of the soldiers were not ready to go to battle. The commander was very angry, and ordered some of the under-officers to be beaten on the soles of their

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feet; and I heard him call them cowards, saying, if they behaved like that, the Russians would certainly take the country. Our army consisted of about six thousand foot and six thousand horse soldiers. We marched seven days from Bancoot, and fell in with the Russians at a place called Korza: they had several regiments, and they formed in order of battle to receive us.

Our officer watched the enemy's movements through his telescope, and commanded the soldiers to stop playing the bugles and listen to his orders. He said, "If we should attack the Russians in one body, they would fire upon us, and we should, in all probability, be repulsed." To obviate this danger, and make our attack more bewildering to the enemy, we were separated into companies of 100 foot and 100 horse soldiers each, and we had orders to surround the Russians and attack them simultaneously on all sides. We had sixteen cannons, which we placed by fours; before, behind, and on each side of the Russians.

We advanced in separate divisions to the attack, and the enemy seemed quite ignorant of our manœuvres: they perceived one body of men and opened fire on them. Our troops from the opposite then rushed forward; the enemy turned to resist the charge, and found themselves completely surrounded and harassed on all sides. All was confusion; we could only distinguish friend from foe by the difference of dress. We fought hand to hand for two hours. As soon as one of

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our companies was attacked, the others rushed to the rescue, till we were quite mingled with the enemy, and fought man with man: it got so dark with smoke that we could not distinguish friend from foe.

At last the Russians sounded the order to retire, and our officer commanded us to pursue, saying, it would be to our shame if we allowed one man of them to escape. All who were mounted immediately set off in chase of the enemy. I was soon among the first, and fast drawing ahead; one of the Affghans came and begged me to lend him my horse. I was too eager in the pursuit to comply with his request. About sixteen other horsemen besides myself overtook the Russians, some of whom we took prisoners. I was ahead of all the Kokans, and came even within sight of Agamusjed; but I heard them calling out to me from behind to come back, so we returned to the field of battle. We took altogether about a hundred prisoners, and on the ground lay many killed. Our soldiers began to plunder the bodies.*

I saw a dog licking his master's wounds, and I took him for my part of the booty. I also caught a good horse, which I led away for myself. A great many cannons fell into our hands. We had not many men killed, and our troops were very joyful. They cut off

* This affair was probably among the first of the hostilities between the Russians and the Kokans. The warfare has since continued, greatly to the disadvantage of the latter, who have been compelled to send an embassy to Lahore to solicit assistance from the Governor-General of India.

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the heads of the dead of the enemy to take as trophies; but they buried the bodies of their own slain. We formed a triumphant procession into the town; the camels bearing the heads of the Russians went first, and the Kokan troops, with their spoils, marched after them. All the people came out to see us: we had a good dinner given to us, and the king raised our officer in rank.

The khan's sword was hung up, and it was proclaimed to the prisoners that as many as would go and kiss the weapon should be permitted to return to their own camp at Agamusjed; but those who refused to give this token of submission should be killed. All the Russians, with the exception of three, gladly availed themselves of the khan's offer; they kissed the sword and were allowed to depart. The three men who refused the conditions of their release then said they wished to enter the service of the Khan of Kokan; they were told that they would have to renounce their own religion and become Mahommedans. They agreed to do this, and were accordingly enlisted into the Kokan army.

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CHAPTER XI.

Battle of Cheetah.—I join the Russians.—Their report of the English.—Agamusjed.—Life in the Russian army.—Discontented with the Russians.—A council of war.—Stratagem.—The Russian officers.—Success of my plan.—I depart from the Russians.—Travel in disguise.—Calay.—Shurzesubze.—Hard up.—Zangi falls ill.—Hydropathic treatment.—I write to the king.—Quarrel with an officer.—I act with decision.—I move on towards Bokhara.—Skirmish with the Turkomans.—Wounded.—Rest in Bokhara.

I HAD conceived a great longing to go to Russia, and I thought my wish might be gratified if I joined the Russian army; this I resolved to do at the first opportunity.

After some time the Russians brought another army against Kokan. We assembled about twenty-five thousand men to meet them, and the two armies came together at a place called Cheetah, which is some distance beyond Korza. It occurred to me that I might easily join the Russians in the battle, so I took all my money with me. We commenced the action early in the morning. The Russians had the advantage of position, being on a little hill, while the Kokans were in the plain. We attacked as before, and were again victorious. The Russians retreated, but, as they had more horsemen than the Kokans, they were not pursued. I quickly put on a Russian cap which I had

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taken at Korza, and went after them at full gallop. I soon came up with them, and they looked at me evidently perplexed to see the Russian cap with the Kokan dress.

When we had left the Kokans a long way behind us, the Russian officer said something to me in his own language. I answered in Persian and said, "I have for some time been in the service of your enemies; but that was by necessity, not from choice. I have now escaped from among them, and am come to join you." Then the Russians saluted me, and as we rode along together I told them all my story; to which the officers listened attentively. I asked them if they knew anything about the English, and they said, "Oh, yes; there are some wild savages living in the jungles in Europe who are called English," and they all laughed.

When we arrived at Agamusjed one officer gave me a place in his regiment, and was very kind to me. I asked what would be my duties, and he said, "You cannot go among the soldiers; it would not be honourable for you: you are a gentleman and will live with me." However, as I was very anxious to learn more of military affairs, he gave me an appointment with the soldiers. We slept six or seven in one apartment, and ate all together in one large room, where was a fire and an immense pot, in which they made soup for us. We used knives and forks like the English.

After a little while I became unhappy, and went to the officer who was my friend, and told him I wished

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to leave that country. He said, "You promised to be with the soldiers, and you have not yet served your year. Your name is down on our lists; I cannot let you go." I saw there was no help for it, and it was no use to grumble.

The Russians now wished to make another attack on Kokan, and my friend called me, and asked about the Kokan mode of warfare. I told him of some of their plans, and he said that in the evening several officers would wish to speak with me. So that night I went before the Russian council, and was questioned by some of the first officers of their regiments. They asked me about Kokan and many other countries; but I would only speak of the Kokans. One of these officers took me with him to his dwelling, and there he asked me what I thought of their chance of taking Kokan. I said, "I know nothing about it. You ought to be better acquainted with your own business than I." He replied, "You know the Kokans and their manner of fighting, for you have been among them. Tell me now what is the best way to fight against them."

This officer also asked me to write for him all the history of the defeat of the English in Affghanistan. I answered, "I know nothing about it. I was too young to understand what took place." I was unwilling to answer all the questions that were put to me, for I thought he wanted to know too much. I told him I wished to leave Agamusjed as soon as possible.

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But the officer was not to be easily discouraged. He said, "My lad, you know very well all that I asked you, but you will not tell me." I asked him how he knew that. He answered, "You have sense enough. We have seen that you are not a fool. You put on a Russian cap, and ran away from the Kokans; such plans require a good head to make them." Then I thought I would tell him something. I said, "If you wish to be victorious over the Kokans, you must adopt their plan of attack." "What plan?" asked the Russian. I asked if he would carry out my project if I told it him; and he promised to submit my ideas to the commander-in-chief.

"Then," said I, "I advise that you should take nice tents, plenty of gold and silver, and much treasure with you. You shall not take any heavy cannons, only a few light field-pieces. You must go quietly and pitch your tents at Cheenah, or Cheenako, and distribute all the treasures in the camp, and leave only a few soldiers to defend it. The rest of your troops shall be concealed near. The Kokans will be sure to attack the camp; and after a short defence, the troops who are with the tents shall take to flight. The Kokans will then begin to plunder the camp; and whilst they are thus engaged, your troops shall attack them; and then if you don't come off victorious, it will be your own fault."

When I had finished detailing my plan, the Russian asked where I lived, and if I was poor. I told him I

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had some money. He invited me to go and live with him; but I said I could not leave the regiment. Then he promised to write to the officer and obtain my discharge. When I took my leave, he said I was to wait on him again in the morning. Next day, I went to call on this officer, as he had told me to do, and he shewed me my written permission to leave the service, and go where I liked. He gave me a very nice room near his own place. He had two beautiful Russian boys with him, and he told them to wait on me, and do whatever I desired. I had not very nice clothes, so the officer ordered his servants to procure some for me, and I dressed and lived like a Russian.

Many Russians came to visit at the house. At night they had good dinners, with wine and fruit afterwards. I used to sit by the fire, and listen to their conversation, though I did not understand much Russian. They used to drink a good deal, and they talked over all their affairs. I heard much of Moscow and Petersburg. They were fond of gambling, and spent nearly all night in carousing. Towards morning they would all go off to their beds, where they slept nearly all day. In the evening they got up, and transacted their business in time to get to their amusements again at night. They were very clever men; most of them spoke five or six languages.* They all understood Persian, except the common soldiers.

* This is borne out by Professor Eastwick's "Three Years in Persia," which see *passim*.

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I was treated very well by the Russian officers: they were much interested in the account of my travels. I told them I should like to be in the Russian service, but that I wished always to feel free to go when I thought proper. I said I knew something of artillery practice, and would like to join their gunners. So they arranged that I should nominally be in their artillery as membashee, but that I need not do more work than was agreeable to me. This mode of life suited me very well, and I was tolerably happy.

We heard, soon after this, that the king of Kokan had issued orders to his brother-in-law, who was the general of his armies, to march against the Russians, and the instructions given were, that the soldiers were not to care for plundering the enemy; for, said the king, we have plenty of wealth, and do not go to war to gain spoil. The command was also that the general should not return to Kokan until he had gained a victory over the Russians. In spite of this information, the Russians resolved to carry out my plan of attack. All was arranged as I had advised. I remained with the body of the army, which was concealed.

The Kokans marched forward and charged on our camp. After a short resistance, the defenders retreated, leaving the Kokans masters of the tents. Seeing all the treasure, which had been left about in great profusion, their avarice made them forget the commands of their king, so they dismounted, and were soon busy plundering the camp and loading themselves with the

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spoil. Then suddenly the Russians fell on them, and took them completely by surprise. Such was the success of the stratagem, that not many of the Kokans survived to carry the account of their defeat to the khan; the general and a few others barely escaped with their lives.

The king of Kokan was very angry with his brother-in-law, for he had broken both his commands: first in attempting to take the spoil of the Russians, and secondly, in returning without having gained a victory. As to the punishment to be inflicted on the general, the king said he was not worthy to be killed or imprisoned; but that a greater disgrace should be inflicted on him. A barber was called, who shaved the unfortunate general; and when this was done, they dressed the poor fellow in woman's clothes, and set him in the market-place, where he was ridiculed by all the people.

Again the Kokans raised an army to go against the Russians; and on hearing of this, I was very anxious to get away from Agamusjed, for I was heartily tired of war and fighting. When the Russians heard that the Kokans were assembling their troops again, they were not a little alarmed. I spoke to my friend the officer, and told him I wished to go to England. He said, "Why should you desire to change? You are well off now with us." I replied, "I must see that country, for it is my great desire to visit it once in my life at least."

The officers of the regiment, hearing of my desire,

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offered to send me to England through Moscow and Petersburg, but they reminded me that it was a very long journey. I did not feel inclined to go that way, so I refused their offers; still they told me that if at any time in my life I should be in Petersburg, I should there find their families, who would be glad to see me and hear of their absent brothers and sons. After a few days, I had permission to leave Aga-musjed; but my friends warned me that the Mahommedans would kill me directly they saw my Russian costume. I told them not to be anxious about me, for I knew how to get on with the Mahommedans.

I had now a beautiful new gun, a pair of revolvers, and a stock of ammunition. I was advised not to take my money with me, but to pay it to one of their merchants, who would give me an order, which, they assured me, I should easily get cashed, as there are plenty of Russian traders in the whole of Persia, through which country I was about to bend my steps. My friends told me not to present the order to any Mahommedan, but Jews or Armenians would always give me money for it. I then procured a Kokan dress, and took my Russian clothes with me, rolled up out of sight. As parting presents from the officers, I received a little musical-box, a small telescope, and a nice watch. Then, all preparations being made, one evening I put on my Kokan clothes, bade all my friends adieu, and mounted Zangi, again to continue my travels.

I set off at a gallop, accompanied by four men, whom

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the officer sent to escort me out of the Russian dominions; they rode with me about eight miles, and then returned to Agamusjed. I went on alone, and arrived in the night in the streets of a town. I made inquiry of the few people who were about as to where I should sleep. They seemed suspicious of me, for my face was whiter than theirs were, and, besides, I had Russian arms. However, I found a lodging at a baker's shop, and having given my horse a feed of barley, and told the baker to wake me early, I lay down to rest.

Next morning, I rode on till I came to a large town, called Calay, which belongs to Kokan. I was very anxious lest the people should find out who I was, and I was afraid to shew my Russian money. I asked what merchants there were in the town, and found a Jew, who was from Maimuna. When I shewed him my money-order, he shook hands with me, and told me his family was in Maimuna, saying, if I gave him the order I could take the money from them. I asked how they could know that he had received the order, and he replied that he would send them a "dawk," (message;) so I gave the paper to the Jew, and only took from him a very little money, and trusted to my wits to carry me as far as Maimuna.

Leaving Calay, I travelled day and night, with very little rest, till I came to Shurzesubze; performing the journey in about twenty days. I of course passed

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many places of interest on my way, but I was travelling too quickly to observe much. I found the people at Shurzesubze at war with Bokhara. I asked for the caravanserai, and stayed there until my small stock of money was exhausted. I then began to make inquiries for some work. I mentioned to one man that I would like to join the army. He asked me where I came from; and when he heard that I was from Affghanistan, he said he thought they would gladly give me an appointment in one of their regiments, and advised me to make further inquiries. I next asked a man who served in the army to try and get me into his regiment, but he said he had no influence, and could not help me at all.

I was much pinched for want of money, and asked a shopman to lend me a little. He very naturally demanded security; so I gave him my saddle as a pledge, and he lent me one tola on it. This gave me time to pursue my inquiries for work. The climate of Shurzesubze is very trying. In the day the heat is oppressive, and the nights are very cold. My horse fell ill, and I was obliged to borrow another tola to get a doctor for him. This money was soon spent; still I got no work. At last I was obliged to sell something to pay my debts. I took one of my revolvers to a gun-maker's, but he refused to buy it. He said, "It is very valuable, but we do not use such things here." He saw my disappointment, and added, "I can tell you where the prince lives; he is fond of such curiosities,

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and will probably buy it;" so I wrote a letter, saying that I had a revolver pistol for sale; and this I took to the palace, and gave it to the porters to take into the king's sons.

When the young princes read the letter, they came out, all asking who was the man who had a pistol for sale. The men brought me before them, and I produced the weapon. They asked the price, and I demanded ten tolas for it. They seemed to think this too dear. They were three brothers, and each seemed very desirous of buying the pistol. One of them offered me eleven tolas. I was about to let him have the revolver, but another cried—"I must have it; I have one like it, and wish to have a pair of them. If you sell your pistol to my brother, I will make you buy mine of me, for I shall not value it if he has one as good." A man standing by saw how the affair was likely to end, and he called me aside and told me not to let them have the pistol at all; "for," said he, "they will certainly quarrel over it, and get you into trouble;" so I went to the princes, and said, "I would rather not part with my revolver. I will keep it myself." At this they all triumphed over each other.

Then the man came to me and asked why I wished to sell the pistol. I replied, "I come from Affghanistan. I am a good shot. I have a horse which is ill; but I have no money to pay all my expenses." "Oh," said the man, "you will easily get a place in our army. You must write a petition to the king himself." I asked

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how I should word my letter. He said, "Where do you live?" and he promised to send his servant to bring me to his house in the evening. He then lent me a little money, and I returned to the serai. The doctor ordered my horse to stand in water up to his back for three days and three nights; so I took the poor animal and stood him in a pond.

At night the servant of the gentleman who had been so kind to me called at the inn, and took me to his master's house, which was a very beautiful one. The gentleman wrote out a petition, and told me to copy it; for the king knew his handwriting. This I did, and I sent in the paper to the office of the king's letters. I expected the king would send for me in a few days, but I waited a fortnight, and no notice was taken of my application. I was almost at my wit's ends for want of money, when one afternoon, as I was taking a nap in my own room in the inn, I was suddenly waked up, and looking round saw several soldiers and some other men. I asked them who they were, and what they did in my room without leave. They said to me, "Make haste! the king has called for you." "Wait," said I, "while I wash, and arrange my dress." But they would not stay; so I hurried off with them just as I was—half asleep.

Horses were waiting for us in the street, and we mounted and galloped to the castle. As I entered this building, I saw many large cannons. I passed through many rooms and passages, and at last came to a large

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assembly of people, and soldiers with drawn swords. I did not know what to do, so I walked up to some people who were sitting down. Some one handed me a chair, and I took my place. A man asked me how long it was since I left Affghanistan. I immediately thought this must be the king; so I answered his question rather fearfully, and then said—"Who is it who has called for me?" "It is the king," replied the man; "but he has not yet arrived here." I asked who all the people were whom I saw around me, and he told me they were all servants of the king. "Will the king sit in this hall?" I demanded; and the man replied—"No, he will go into the next room. When he comes, all must stand up." I asked how he knew about me, and was informed that it was my petition that had made me known.

Presently all the people stood up, and soon after I saw a man walking down the centre of the hall with a beautiful crown on his head. Then I stood up too, for I knew it must be the king. He went and took his seat in the next apartment, and I was the first to be called in. The people had told me how to act, so I kissed the king's hand, and stood before him. He asked what was my petition. I said, "I am a traveller from Affghanistan, and I am in want of money. I understand military affairs, and can do almost any work; will your Majesty give me something to do?" He asked if that was all my petition, and he laughed, and promised that I should have some work. As there

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were no more petitioners, the king went into the room where the people were, and spoke about me, and laughed, saying, "If every person whose money is all gone is to come to me for more, I shall soon be as badly off as any one." He then spoke to an officer who was present, and told him to give me a place in his regiment.

When I left the castle, I inquired for the house of this officer, and went to him. He put off my business several times, saying, "To-morrow I will attend to you," till at last I got very angry, and abused him, saying I would write and inform the king of his conduct. He answered me angrily, and threatened to order me a thrashing. I left him, and went and wrote to the king, telling my grievance; but some of the officer's friends came and begged me not to send my letter. I said, "If he will make me some compensation for the trouble he has caused me, I will forgive his ill-treatment." They immediately gave me some money and promised that I should join the regiment soon. I entered on my duties as a soldier the next day. My pay in the regiment was three tolas per month.

During all this delay I had managed to earn enough to live on, by writing and keeping accounts for various people in the town.

After some time, we were ordered out to attack a place called Budram, which belonged to Bokhara. We were repulsed, and retreated before the enemy. The officer saw me with the rest of the soldiers, and noticing

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that I was a good rider, and well mounted and armed, he asked me why I retreated. I replied, "I will do as the others do. Why should I fight? I will not serve under you. If you want some one to fight for you, go fetch your wife." This taunt made him very angry; but I cried, "Rascal, if you speak two words, I will shoot you. Why did you keep me all that time waiting for my appointment?" "Ah!" he replied, "when we get back in Shurzesubze, we will settle your business for you." On arriving at our quarters, I prepared for the vengeance of the officer. I loaded my pistols, and declared I would immediately leave the service; and I said, "If any one comes to molest me, I shall shoot him without further warning." I was reported to the king, who merely said, "Oh! let him go if he wishes to." Then the officer came, and said, "The king orders you to be gone; so go, and don't delay, or you will get a thrashing." "I am delighted," I replied, so I mounted my horse and rode off.

I had only one tola in my pocket. I went and inquired what caravans were about to start, and I found that one was to set off for Bokhara the next day. Travellers who wish to make this journey are obliged to join a caravan, for the road is infested with Turkoman thieves, who live by robbing, and selling the people they can catch for slaves. I agreed to join the caravan, but I had to pay the horse-doctor and the innkeeper; so I stayed four days longer, to arrange my things, as also to pay my debts and obtain the little money still

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required to redeem my saddle. When I had finished all these affairs, I found that my horse was quite recovered from his illness; so I started after the caravan.

I travelled pretty quickly; and on the second day, when I was far advanced into the desert, I perceived a number of horsemen right in front of me. To my alarm, I saw that they were Turkomans. I rode straight on, and the robbers attacked me. I fired my gun in my defence, and galloped ahead to reload, and thus kept up a running combat, so that the thieves could not approach me. For some time they pursued me, and I kept loading and firing as fast as I could. In this affair, I found the advantage of the training I had had in Affghanistan. Suddenly I felt a sharp blow on my leg. In the excitement of the struggle, I did not think much about this; but soon the limb felt very heavy, and gave me great pain, so that I could not move it. Still I kept the robbers at bay; and, at last, they seemed to get somewhat afraid of me. They saw I had a good gun and pistols, and perceived that if they pressed me close, one of them would be likely to die to each of my weapons, so they rode off. I now looked down at my leg, and saw that it was covered with blood: a ball from the Turkomans had struck me in the calf of my leg.

I pushed on my way for some distance, and then I saw something dark far away across the desert. I took out my little telescope and descried the caravan slowly

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moving along. I urged Zangi forward, and soon overtook them; but the people took me for a Turkoman, and ran together trembling and in great fright. I rode in amongst them and they saw who I was. I shewed my wound and related my adventure. They were very kind to me, and took care of me until we came to Bokhara. I picked the ball out of my leg with my knife, and the caravan people dressed the wound for me. When we arrived in Bokhara the merchants in the caravan made a subscription that brought me about five tolas.

I stayed in this place about fifteen days, but I was afraid to go out, for I was in great fear of the people of Bokhara. If they had known who I was, they would doubtless have killed me.

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CHAPTER XII.

Caracol.—I rescue an Affghan from slavery.—The man's gratitude.—He becomes my servant.—My success as a wandering musician.—Turkoman villages.—Return with my riches to Caracol.—Andkhoo.—Among the Affghans again.—War with the Turkomans.—I visit Tashkoorghan disguised as a dervish.—I perform a miracle and gain celebrity.—Another stratagem.—Taking of Tashkoorghan.—The "jezailchees."—The Sirdars take council with me.—Advance against Shibbergan.—A fight for dear life.—Narrow escape.—The siege.—A mine.—Surrender of Shibbergan.—I continue my way to Maimuna.—My servant's fidelity.—Takht-i-pool.—The dervish in the graveyard.—I live with him.

My wound being now much better, I went on to Caracol, a journey of about eight days. The town is situated on the bank of the river Jihoon, or Amoo. I went and took a room in the caravanserai, and ordered some "sheerchy," (tea with cream and salt,) which is a very nice beverage.

I inquired how I could get across the river, and was informed that I should have to pay a heavy tax to the government for permission to do this—about sixty tangas for me and my horse—and if I paid that they would put me across in a boat. I said I would rather remain in Caracol for some time, as I had only two tolas in my pocket.

I tried to find some work, but as I was unsuccessful I resolved to put off the attempt until I should be

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obliged to resume it for want of money. Then, I thought, necessity will teach me what to do.

There were many caravanserais in Caracol, and they were nearly all full of slaves waiting to be sold,—principally women and children. I used often to go amongst these poor creatures; and one day as I was walking along singing, as was my custom, in the Affghan tongue, a man from amongst the slaves addressed me in Affghan, and asked me if I could speak that language. I said, "Yes." The man seemed quite overcome, and began to cry. I asked him from what part of Affghanistan he came, and he replied, "I am from Candahar." "How do you come to be here?" I asked. He replied, "I came with some Affghan merchants to buy horses. The Turkomans fell upon us, and took me for a slave. Oh! pray, try and get me free."

I promised to do what I could, and the man said if I procured him his freedom he would ever after follow me as my servant. I went to my room in the serai and asked where the master of the slaves was. They shewed me his room, which was just opposite mine. I knocked at the door and walked in. The Turkoman asked what was my business. I said, "You have taken my servant and made him a slave. I can swear that a man I have seen with your company was my servant in Affghanistan. Now we know that no person may take an Affghan for a slave." I may observe that the Turkomans do not sell those whom they consider pure

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Mahommedans, such as the Affghans; but they take a great many Persians, whom they regard as heretics.*

The Turkoman replied, "Oh! you are mistaken; the man is a Persian. You must not think that because he speaks a few words of Affghan he comes from Affghanistan." "But," said I, "I know the man—he was my servant. You must give him up." The slave-master answered, "If you talk so, you will not be safe yourself. I will sell you with the rest of my captives."

I was aroused to hear the fellow talk like this; so I drew my sword. Some Turkomans who were in the room ran out. I cut at the man I had been speaking to, but he made a precipitate escape by the door,—I following after him. The people, seeing me with my drawn sword, asked me what I was doing. I said, "Here is a Turkoman who has taken my servant for a slave, and he says he will sell me too. I will kill the fellow. You do not think I will be insulted in this way—even sold for a slave!"

They told me I must go to the governor of Caracol. "Of course," said they, "you cannot be sold: you speak our language. You are educated, and you cannot be a slave." So I went to the Turkoman and said, "Come along; come to the governor." "Go yourself," he replied. "If the governor orders it, I will come to him." "Rascal!" I cried, "if you don't come I must

* For an account of the Turkoman raids in the Persian provinces, *vide* "Three Years in Persia," by Professor Eastwick.

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kill you, or die. You or I must see heaven to-day." The fellow saw that I was in earnest, so he unwillingly accompanied me.

When we came before the governor I said, "It is well known that it is not the custom now for you to sell the Affghans as slaves; yet this Turkoman threatens to do so to me, and he has already taken my servant, who, I know well, is an Affghan. If this sort of thing is allowed to go on, I will go directly to Andkhoo and inform the Affghan governor there. If you should do anything to offend the Affghans, they will join the Persians against you, and certainly conquer your country."

When the governor saw how matters stood, he advised me to buy the man from the slave-master; but I said, "That is impossible. It would be as wrong of me to purchase an Affghan as it is of this Turkoman to try to enslave one."

So the governor, seeing that there was no help for it, ordered that I should have my servant. The Turkoman was in a great rage, and vowed that he would make the governor pay forty tolas for depriving him of his property; but the governor drove him from his presence, and ordered that the Affghan should be immediately given up. The poor fellow, whose liberty I had thus obtained, was very grateful, and came to follow me as my servant.

After paying my expenses at the inn, I was left without any money. I asked my servant if he could devise any means of earning something. He proposed

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that I should sell the watch which the Russians gave me; but I could see no use in doing this, for it would only put off the necessity of finding something to do for a few days; so I suggested a plan by which I thought we might obtain enough money to carry us on our travels for some time. I proposed that we should take my musical box and wander for a while among the Turkoman villages between Caracol and Sarrachs. The Affghan was startled at such a wild idea; for travellers never venture into this district, which is inhabited solely by the Turkomans.

I soon laughed my servant out of his fears, and we started immediately on our expedition. We travelled on till night, when we stopped at a village. I asked a woman for some milk and bread, and she brought us some. The inhabitants of the village soon crowded around us, for they were not used to the sight of strangers. The woman seemed particularly astonished at my manner of addressing her: she said, "One would think you were my husband. You order food with such confidence, and you don't seem to be at all afraid of us."

The people had large dogs in the village, which were very fierce; so they warned us not to walk about without some one belonging to the place. We sat ourselves down, and I took out my musical box and wound it up. When it began to play, all the women and children came around in great astonishment. They had never seen or heard of anything of the kind before. I then

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went into one of the houses, and the people said I should stop there that night.

I gave them a little more music, and then told them that I would not let the box play any more unless they gave me some money. "I am a learned man," said I, "and understand medicines, and many wonderful things; I come from a far country." They wished to make me play the music, but I shewed my pistols, and said,—"See! these will keep turning and shooting till you are all dead."

As the people did not believe me, I fired into the air, and shewed that the barrel of the pistol had moved, and was ready to shoot again. This produced the effect I desired, for the people were afraid to use force with me; so they brought some money and gave it to me, that I might let the music play again: some of them brought sheep and some goats to pay me with; for coin is scarce in these out-of-the-way places.

Our fame soon spread to the surrounding villages, and the inhabitants came to hear me, bringing money and animals. Quite a contention arose, for the people from the various villages all wished me to go home with them: at last my first friends agreed to let me go, and sent some of their men with me to take care of me. We earned in this way a good deal of money, which I kept, and quite a little flock of animals, which my servant took care of.

For about a month I plied this profession, and when I counted up my gains, I had ten tolas in money,

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over a dozen goats, eight or nine sheep, and about forty hens and cocks: some were fighting cocks, and my hens laid eggs.

As I wished to sell my live stock, I set out to return to the village I had first visited. I and my possessions formed quite a train, and rather a ludicrous one. My fowls were all tied by the legs, that they might be more easily carried, and a fearful noise they made. I hired two Turkomans to help me, and we went driving the sheep and goats before us. I received about four tolas for the animals, and that, together with the ten tolas I had taken in money, I thought would be enough to carry me on for a long time: so my servant and I returned to Caracol.

I thought it would be better to get away on my journey as soon as possible, for I feared that the governor of Caracol might want to know what we did so long in his country. My servant covered his face, and went to get our passes, for which he had to pay two tolas. In the evening we took our places in the boat, and were safely ferried over into Andkhoo.

I then called my servant to me, and said to him: "I have important business for you to execute, will you undertake it?" "With all my heart," he replied. "Well," said I, "I am from Ghuznee: do you go and inquire if there is any one from that part of Affghanistan at present in Andkhoo, (*i.e.*, the town of that name.) I will wait here four days, that you may have time to get information about every one in the place."

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My servant started on his errand, and after some time returned with a long face. "I am very sorry," said he, "but I can find no one from Ghuznee." And he told me from what province the regiments came, and that there were none from the neighbourhood of Konnar.

I was quite satisfied with this report, for I thought I might venture to pass through the country: there being no one in Andkhoo from Ghuznee, I should not have any one visiting me to claim acquaintance, and I was also free from the danger of being recognised by any one from Konnar.

Then I said I should like to go on into Balkh, and see some of the Affghan people once more; so we travelled on till we reached that town. We went to the Sirdar, who received me very kindly, and was glad to listen to the account of my travels. I lived with the prince, and used to read in the *Rosenamah* (newspaper) all about the doings at Caubul.

I asked the Sirdar why he did not make another expedition against the Turkomans, and take some more of their towns. He said the Affghans had already possessed themselves of several places which had belonged to the Turkomans, and they were now meditating an attack on Shibbergan. I remarked that I did not think it would be difficult to take that place. The Sirdar said the inhabitants of the town had many troops, so that the Affghans had, as yet, been unable to capture the fortress.

The Turkomans were revolting and trying to recover

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Memlack, Akhchu, and Balkh, each of which cities was defended by one of the sons of the emir of Caubul. The Turkoman troops were fast assembling, and two of the Affghan princes were rather fearful of the result of this outbreak: they had not many troops to keep the Turkomans in subjection, so they proposed to send all the treasure and the tents to Caubul, in order to be prepared for the worst.

The Sirdar with whom I was staying was very angry with his brothers, and he said,—"We are sons of the same father, but I fear your mothers were harlots: you do not behave as noble princes;" and he positively refused to send away his treasure, and waited the attack of the Turkomans.

The name of this Sirdar was Wali Mahommed Khan. He was very kind to me: I was quite intimate with him, and I much wished to do some service for him against his enemies. I told him I wished him to get for me a great deal of money of all nations: about £100 I said would be enough. He had perfect confidence in me; so he procured the money and delivered it over to me.

I dressed as a very holy dervish, and looked very poor, as these men do; I took all the money with me, and journeyed towards Tashkoorghan. I travelled by night, and hid during the day, and in about twelve days arrived at my destination. Tashkoorghan is between Shibbergan and Memlack; beyond these towns lies Andkhoo, which is situated to the west of Balkh.

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Tashkoorghan is very strong, but I felt sure that if the Affghans could secure this town they would easily from thence attack and take Shibbergan, and even the whole of the Turkoman possessions. After burying my money in a field, I went into the town, where I sat down, and began to pray most devoutly.

When the people saw such a holy dervish and also a stranger, they were astonished, and came to the conclusion that I must have fallen from the skies. They spoke to me, but I went on praying as if I had heard nothing: they were evidently puzzled as to how I lived, for they only saw me engaged in my devotions. I took care that they should not know when I took food. At night I used to slink away, put on a proper dress, and go and buy something to eat.

One day an old man came to me and said,—"I am very poor, I want you to ask God for something for me." "What do you want?" I asked. "Money," he replied, "I want money." I told him I would pray to God, and promised, if he would come to me again in the evening, that I would give him what he wanted, if it was God's will to send the money.

As soon as I was left alone, I went secretly and dug up a little of my treasure, and returned with it to my place in the town. When the old man came, I said to him,—"God has granted my request, and has sent me money from the ground. Here it is; I give it to you. It has come in the coin of various nations:

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you have some Russian, some Persian, besides many others."

The fame of this miracle soon spread through the town, and the king sent for me; but I said, "I care not for princes, let him come to me." So one day the king himself came and took me to his castle: he asked me if there was anything he could give me. I replied, "God supplies all my wants; only I would ask your permission to go and see the worship of your country, that I may instruct your people in religion. I will be content if you will let me have a place near to where your cannons stand, that all the travellers who pass by may come and see me."

So the king appointed me a great serai, in which I went to live; and all who went that way turned in to see the wonderful dervish. At last came a caravan from Memlack, and I wrote a letter for the Affghan king, saying, that if he wished to take Tashkoorghan, he must follow my advice: "you must," I wrote, "send a caravan; and in the boxes, on the camels, put a great number of men; let them come to this place, and I will undertake to capture the town for you."

This letter I sent to the prince, and waited to see if my counsel would be approved. After some time, one morning I heard the bells of a caravan approaching, and the people were speculating as to what it might be bringing—rice or wheat. The camels came opposite my place; and suddenly the boxes flew open, out jumped the soldiers, and formed in battle array. They turned

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the cannons against the castle, and in a few hours the town was in their hands.

I sought out the old man to whom I had given the money, and as he had not spent it, I took it from him, and was thus enabled to return nearly the whole sum to Wali Mahommed. When the other two princes heard of the victory, they were astonished, and asked how it was gained: we said, "Come and see;" but we would not tell how the town was taken.

The news of the capture of Tashkoorghan was carried to Caubul, as also an account of the manner of the attack. The emir sent me a present of very valuable clothes, and I became after this very intimate with the two other Sirdars. I expressed a wish to go on to Maimuna, but they were sorry at the idea of letting me go, and persuaded me to remain with them some months longer: they were very anxious to discover who I was; but they were unable to find out.

The Affghans did not long retain a peaceable possession of Tashkoorghan; the Turkomans revolted, and the Sirdars again asked my advice in repressing the rebels. I said, "The Turkomans have all horses: I advise that each of you princes take command of a division, with fire-arms. One of you should lead the cavalry, another the artillery, and the third the jezail-chees."

These last are men who carry long heavy rifles, so cumbrous that they cannot be fired from the shoulder

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without a support; so they have two rests made of horn, which are suspended from the barrel. These troops do not march in line, but always precede the army in an irregular manner.

The princes took my advice, and went against the Turkomans, whose horses were much afraid of the Affghan artillery. They quelled the revolt and took many prisoners: these poor wretches were shot and hung up in the gateway of Tashkoorghan. The Turkomans seemed now to be completely quelled, and the Affghans were able to think of going against Shibbergan.

I was a great favourite now amongst the soldiers, and the three Sirdars were very friendly to me. One of them used often to wonder where I picked up my knowledge and experience: he said he was sure I had read Plato. I told him I had not; but he insisted that I could not have obtained wisdom without reading wise books, so I was obliged to content him by confessing to what I never did.*

He spoke to me of his intention to attack Shibbergan. I asked how he would act if I were not there. He replied: "We would march straight from Tashkoorghan, resting properly at night, until we reached Shibbergan. The inhabitants of that town would, of course,

* The ancient Greeks are held in high repute by the learned Affghans. An account of one of their hakims quoting Bokrat, Jalīnūs, Aristus, Abu Ali Sīna, (Hippocrates, Galen, Aristotle, Avicenna, &c.,) occurs as one of the many interesting stories told in Bellew's "Political Mission to Affghanistan."

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be aware of our approach, and would be ready to meet us: we should fight them, and if victorious, take possession of their city."

I said, "O Sirdar! your advice is not good. Will you hear my counsel?" He answered, "Your advice is just what I seek."

So I told him he must select two thousand horsemen and two thousand foot soldiers. "You must take them secretly. They shall carry no tents with them, and the soldiers themselves shall not even know where they are going. They must march quickly and silently till they reach Shibbergan: if the foot soldiers are overfatigued they shall get up behind the horsemen and ride; thus they will take the enemy by surprise, and in all probability get possession of the town."

The Sirdar seemed at first afraid to adopt my plan; but when his brothers heard it they said it was good, and all consented to try it. I said I should like to go before the army as a pioneer, to see that the way was clear. So I and three others rode on ahead.

Leaving Akhchu, which belonged to the Affghans, and is near to Shibbergan, we galloped on, till in the evening we came near to the town,—the army coming on behind us. We had ridden all day, and our horses were hungry; so we turned them into a field of young barley to eat. Presently a man came out to drive us off, but one of my friends struck him with the butt-end of his gun, and told him to be gone. The man went and fetched the magistrate, and as soon as the

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Affghan perceived this dignitary approaching, he shot him. Then many more Turkomans came against us, but the Affghan kept loading and firing as fast as he could. We wished to help him, but he said, "Let me fight and die!" At last the Turkomans surrounded him so close that he was obliged to use his sword and shield. Again we were about to rush to his aid, but he cried out, "No, no! let me fight and die!" He killed five of the enemy, and then received a cut which laid him dead.

The man who had killed him was about to make off; but I called out, "Stay, rascal! I will shoot you!" and I executed my threat, to make sure of my command being obeyed. Then it was my turn to fight, as my friend had done. I used my gun, until my enemies would not give me time to load; then I laid about me with my sword, and defended myself with my shield. I saw that if help did not soon arrive, we must inevitably perish. So I called one of my friends, and intimated to him that he must mount my horse and hurry back, to hasten the army, which was farther behind than I had calculated. He jumped on Zangi's back, and rode off.

I stood my ground, and kept jumping about, making a cut here and there, wherever I could, and warding off the blows from my numerous assailants with my shield. I kept this up for some time, and then got a terrible blow on the head from a club, which half stupefied me. I felt that it was all over with me, but summoned my

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strength for a final effort, resolved to defend myself to the last.

Just at this moment the Affghan army appeared over the brow of a hill near, waving their flags, and playing the bugles. In a moment away went my enemies, and my life was once more saved. First came the mounted riflemen, who had hurried on to our aid. The whole army assembled, and the enemy closed the gates of the fort, filled the moat, and opened fire upon us. We took up the body of our friend, and buried it with proper funeral rites. We distributed our forces in the gardens round the town, but did not commence operations until the next morning.

We dug trenches, built walls to fire from, and pushed forward close to the fort. We excavated a mine under the fort. This operation took three days and nights. When all was ready, we did not like to blow up the mine, for we knew that in so doing we should kill many women and children. So the Sirdars wrote to the king of Shibbergan, saying that he had better give up the town, for if he refused to surrender they would fire the mine, and the blood of all those killed by the explosion would be on his head.

The king sent an answer, and said, "I agree to surrender. We are all in great fear of you; all our women and children look upon an Affghan as some fearful spirit. I do not wish to have the town disturbed by your army. Only one of you come, or, if you like, bring a friend, but on no account let more than two

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people be sent. Sit outside the fort, and I will open the gates to you. Only let me be your vassal, and rule under you."

There was much contention on receipt of this message. One of the Sirdars wished to go and do as the king said; but his brothers and all the officers declared that it would be madness to place himself so much in the power of the enemy. They considered the whole thing as a plan to get hold of the prince and put him in prison. I, however, supported the idea of going.

The Affghan soldiers were very much disappointed at being deprived of the satisfaction of pillaging the town: the Sirdar, however, was firm in his purpose. He sent the troops back toward Akhchu, and took me with him to receive the governor's submission. We went and sat before the gate of the fort. The troops retired toward Akhchu, all except 100 men, whom the other two princes had ordered to remain, unknown to us, to help us if we should be threatened with danger. They ordered a trumpeter to follow us secretly, and sound the alarm if there was any treachery on the part of the ruler of Shibbergan.

After we had sat a little while, the gates of the fort were opened, and many troops came out. The king approached the Affghan Sirdar and kissed his hand, saluting me also with respect. The bugler who had followed us now sounded, for fun, "The fox has come out of his cave to see the lion." We then entered the

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castle. The king led the Sirdar to the throne, kissed his hand, and confessed himself his servant.

The prince said he should like his soldiers to come and see the city, but he promised that they should do no harm. So they sent and recalled the army, and the Affghans marched into Shibbergan, where they stayed several days.

The king remonstrated with the Sirdar, saying, "I am your vassal. Give me my kingdom, and I will pay you taxes; but take your army away." The prince replied, "You must give me 50,000 tangas if we go, for we have taken the town by force, and you must pay the expenses of the war." After some debate the Sirdar took 40,000 tangas, and then returned with his troops in triumph to Akhchu.

I had now great honour from the princes; but I was unwilling to stay longer with them. I said I must go on to Maimuna. They were very sorry to let me go, and said I was of great value to any governor. I gave each of the Sirdars a present: to one I gave my musical box, to another one of my revolvers, and to the third I made some other gift.

They then sent thirty horsemen with me as far as Shibbergan, with a note for the king of that town, who gave me a letter for the governor of Andkhoo. The Affghan horsemen left me in Shibbergan.

When I went to see the king I was told he had a fever. I knew this was not true, but I did not care. I stayed a week in the town, determined to speak with

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the king, and spent most of my time in the beautiful gardens surrounding the city. On the fourth day the king of Shibbergan came to me in the gardens. I told him I was going on to Andkhoo the following week, and he promised to have one hundred Turkomans ready to escort me on the journey. I wrote to the king of Andkhoo to tell him I was coming.

At the end of the week we started. The king of Andkhoo sent out his son, who was about eight years old, and many honourable men, to meet me. They brought me to the king, who received me very kindly, and we spoke together. I told him I should like to pass a week in Andkhoo. He told me I was very welcome in his kingdom, so I stayed. When the week was gone the king desired two hundred men and two of his sons to accompany me a little way out of his dominions.

I called my servant to me and said, "Now you had better leave me and make your way to Candahar. I shall soon be travelling alone. I do not wish to take any one with me into the dangers I am likely to meet." The poor man entreated me to allow him to remain with me, and asked me to buy him a horse, that he might travel always with me. I thought by refusing to do this I might compel the man to stay, so I said, "No; I cannot buy you a horse." His faithfulness was stronger than I expected, for he replied, "Very well, then, I will walk."

We started on our journey: the escort came a little

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way with us, and then returned, leaving us to go on alone. I gave some money to my servant, and told him to buy food and attend to the horse when we should arrive in a town. We travelled across a very hot desert; and I could see that my poor servant was getting very tired. I pitied the man and took him up behind me on the horse.

In the evening we reached a large town called Takht-i-pool. I knew that the inhabitants of this place were great enemies of the Affghans. I felt rather nervous, for I had not been a very good friend to the Turkomans. I told my servant to go and see for a caravanserai or some place to stay in, but he excused himself, saying he could not speak the Turkoman language. I replied, "What sort of a servant are you? I have to work for you."

We passed through the town and came to a cemetery, in the outskirts, on the other side. This struck me as being a nice quiet place to stay in. There was a building in the middle of the grounds; so leaving my horse with the servant, I went up and knocked at the door.

A dervish was living in the place, and directly he saw me he said, "Go away, go away." "You are not a true dervish," I exclaimed. "Why do you say that?" he asked. "I have been a dervish; and you ought to love your brother, and not speak in that angry way to him."

I then explained how I had lived with dervishes and been the pupil of a great dervish. I mentioned the

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name of the one with whom I had lived at Koondooz, who was very influential. This worked like a charm; the dervish kissed my hand, asked my pardon, and told me to bring in my servant and my horse. I took up my quarters here for two or three days. Our host brought us fruits and plenty of good food; so we lived very comfortably.

I obtained all the information I could about the government and habits of the people of these parts. I asked the dervish about the road to Maimuna, which is only twelve days' journey from Takht-i-pool; but he said to me, "This is a very nice country: you have all you want, why not remain with us?" So I made up my mind to stay a little longer in Takht-i-pool before continuing my journey.

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CHAPTER XIII.

Slave-dealers' conspiracies against me.—Night attack.—A fatal but fortunate shot.—Pursuit.—Unpleasant predicament.—Fierce dogs.—I am taken before the king.—I gain my cause.—My servant's adventures and escape.—He remains with the dervish.—I start on a dangerous journey.—Neglected warnings.—Robbers again.—A choice of evils.—A skirmish.—I am wounded.—My noble horse.—Painful travelling.—Arrive at Maimuna.—Curious reception.—A fortunate mistake.—A Persian cannon-founder.—We drub the poor Persians.—My saddest loss.—Herat.—Kotala-dandan-shakan.—A short history.—The Persian interference in Herat.—Fall of Gorian.—Esau Khan's treachery.—I enter his service.—Description of Herat.—Attack by the Persians.—Shakawan.—I narrowly escape death.—Siege of Shakawan.—Surrender.—Retreat to Herat.

THE dervish introduced me to some Turkomans, one of whom became friendly with me, and asked me to go with him to a garden for amusement. I went. My friend asked me if I could speak Turkoman, (I always conversed in Persian.) I told him I could not. While we were in the garden, my companion went to another Turkoman, and I overheard him negotiating to sell me, representing me as his slave. Thirty tolas were offered, but my friend (?) refused to part with me at that price. "Well," said the other, "let me look at him; if he is healthy I will give you forty tolas."

I quietly laid my hand on my pistol. The men came and took hold of me. I said in Persian, "What do you

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want? let me alone." "Oh," said the man, "we only want to see if you are strong; you may examine our bodies; if we don't mind it, why should you fear?" I answered, "I don't wish to examine you, or to have anything to do with you; and I won't have you pulling me about." They laughed, but I drew out my pistol, and mounting my horse, I spoke to my false friend in Turkomanee, saying, "Oh, you rascal! I heard your base designs; now keep your distance, or you will get what you deserve, a pistol bullet through your heart." The two fellows looked much ashamed as I rode off. I never saw them again.

One day, as I was walking in the grounds of the cemetery with my servant and the boy who lived with the dervish, I saw seven Turkomans come in. I was reading the writing on the stones, and these men came and spoke to me. I did not answer, for I wished to see if they would try and make me a slave. They touched me and spoke again in their own language, saying, "Can you understand Turkomanee?" I went on looking at the tombstones as though I did not hear them. Then they addressed me in Persian, putting the same question to me. "Ah! no," I replied; "I wish I could speak your language; but it is so very difficult. I am from a far distant country." They asked if I could not speak at all in Turkomanee; and I said, "No, not a word."

Then they conversed together: one remarked, "It is a good find, this; as good as money." They came back

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to me and asked if I could read or write. "No," said I; "how should I learn? the people I lived with were poor and knew nothing." "But," said they, "if you cannot read, why do you look at these stones so?" I told them I liked to notice handwriting and letters, and see what they were like."

I went on amusing myself, and heard the seven rascals gloating over their prize. They were glad I could not read, for educated people are never sold for slaves. They began to compute my worth, and settled that they might make about 220 tolas by me: 30 for me, 15 for my servant, 15 for my gun and other property, and then my horse. "What a splendid animal!" they exclaimed; "he is worth, at least, 160 tolas." Then they consulted how they should take us; it would not do to seize upon us there in open day. They arranged to come at night, bringing two large bags; they would take us in our sleep, gag us, shove us into the sacks, and carry us off.

Having heard of these amiable intentions, I began to sing in a careless way; thus making the Turkomans more certain that I did not know what they had been planning. They then went away, I suppose to wait their time for carrying out their project.

The dervish came and told me he wanted to speak to me alone; so I went aside with him, and he said, "You are my friend; I must tell you that those seven men are wicked villains; they always catch and sell people: they are noted robbers." And he told me all

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about the plan they had made; for he did not know that I understood Turkomanee. "I am a poor dervish," he continued, "and can do nothing to help you. You must not even mention that I have told you this, or they will kill me."

I felt it was a serious danger, but I thought, let it come; I will see what is to be done. I told my servant to take the horse and walk him about all the rest of the day. In the evening, I took about half the regular feed of barley, and having soaked it, I gave it to Zangi. I kept him saddled all night, and would not allow the servant even to loose the girths. When our dinner-time came that night, I would not take much: we had nice rice and meat, but I told my servant not to eat very freely. I was afraid he might be sleepy.

Dinner being over, I turned to my servant, "Now," said I, "one of us must watch to-night." He seemed uneasy, and asked why everything was done in such a particular manner. I told him of the danger that threatened us, and said, "Now, which of us shall watch?" He volunteered to be sentinel, and I lay down to rest.

At first I could not help being very wakeful, but at last all thought of peril went out of my head, and I fell sound asleep. At about midnight I felt a soft touch, and immediately after was roughly shaken. I was wide awake in an instant—it was my servant who had roused me: the seven Turkomans were come. By the dim

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light I perceived one fellow standing over me with his drawn sword : the others began carrying off my things. All of them had their faces half covered, only their eyes shewing.

My servant was half dead with fear. I dared not move : I comprehended the state of affairs. My gun was lying close to me, but I was afraid to cock it, lest the click of the half catch should attract the attention of the robber who stood ready to kill me if I resisted. However, I slowly took up the gun and cocked it, pulling the trigger back so as to make no noise. This I performed without my movement having been perceived by the wretch who was watching over me. I felt if the powder was up in the pan, and cleaned the flint with my finger. Then I felt that all was as sure as I could make it. I started up, turned round in a moment and fired on my guard : he fell, and the others dropped the things they had put together, and made off.

The dervish came running in with a light, and saw what was done. I said, "Now I must go ;" but he was very much alarmed, and answered, "I thought you were a dervish, and now I see you are a brave and clever soldier ; you have killed a man. If you leave me here with the body, I shall be destroyed as a murderer. Oh, stay to save me !" I replied, "I will speak to you sensibly. I am not such a coward as to leave you to bear the punishment of my act ; but let me go now ; when the affair is brought before the

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judge, I will appear, if necessary, to save you from trouble. Open the gate and let me out of the cemetery."

He told me he had not the key. My danger was great, and I thought the man was detaining me on purpose. I clubbed my gun, and cried, "Rascal! open the gate, or I will beat out your brains!" But he really had told me the truth—he could not unfasten the gate. I sent my servant over the wall with the end of Zangi's halter in his hand; I told him to pull and make the horse come over, but the animal drew back and would not go; so I said "Loose the rope, hold it slack!" and I took my whip and beat poor Zangi, (I never served him so bad as on that night,) and he jumped over the wall. I scrambled after him, and in a minute we were in the road. I asked my servant what we should do, but he could give me no advice; so I took him up behind me on the horse, and rode out into the fields.

We soon came to some ruined houses in a field of barley. "Here," thought I, "is a good hiding-place." We rode behind the walls and dismounted. I was very weary, so I told my servant to watch. "Oh," said he, "we shall not be found here." "Fool!" I replied, "of course, our enemies will follow us; wake me when you see anything coming." I lay down, resting my head on my arm, and looked out along the road; it was a cloudy but moonlight night. Though excessively weary, I could not sleep. I watched, and de-

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spairing thoughts forced themselves upon me. "Oh!" said I to myself, "why am I in the world? I meet nothing but danger, and get no rest."

Presently several horsemen appeared coming towards where we were. I had told my servant to keep the horse saddled, and he had only taken off the bridle to let him eat. The Affghan perceived the approach of the horsemen, and shook me. I paid no attention: I felt weary, and thought, "Just let them come; I can't help it." Again he roused me more forcibly, and I started up with resolution not to give in like a coward.

The horsemen were just coming round a corner of the wall; I put the bit in the horse's mouth, and leaped into the saddle. I had no time to take up my servant, so I told him to run for his life. "I will follow you," I cried: "get up behind me at the first opportunity." Off we started down a road between two walls, which I thought would lead us out into the open country.

The Turkomans gave chase, and in a few minutes, to our great dismay, we came to a wall, shutting up the road in front of us: we were completely caught. I shouted to the Affghan to get up on my horse, and gave him a hand to help him; but he was so frightened he could not mount. I cocked my gun and made ready for a good defence; our pursuers came on, and we were hemmed in. I levelled my piece and fired, and they separated and dispersed.

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I then loaded again, and told my servant to get up on my horse behind me; but he said, "No, I will go over this wall." He kept his word, and I saw him scramble over and drop down on the other side. The Turkomans soon reassembled and attacked me again; I fired my gun at them, and charged, passing through them at full gallop, and went straight towards the town. I could not stop Zangi; he was thoroughly roused, and went clattering through the streets in a way which soon brought the fierce dogs around his heels. They rushed from all quarters and snapped at me and at the horse, who kicked at them, and kept them off.

I felt safe in the town, for I knew the thieves dare not lay hands on me in the public way; so I dismounted and knocked at the door of a house. I was obliged to defend myself vigorously from the dogs, and in this Zangi helped me by kicking and biting at them most fiercely. I hammered away at the door, but in this country people are afraid to let any one into their houses at night. At last, however, a man looked over the little wall at the top of his house, (he was sleeping up there with his family,) and called out to me, "What do you want, bothering and waking people in the night? One would think there was an attack on the country, to hear the disturbance you are making!"

I said, "Come and tell me the way to the caravanserai or to the castle. I am a traveller." He asked me where I came from. I was afraid to tell him of

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the attack of the robbers, for, ten to one, he was himself a thief, and I should get into danger with him; so I said, "I come from Andkhoo. I have left the caravan behind me, and, on entering your town, the noise of my horse's hoofs brought all these dogs around me. Pray come down, and shew me the way to the caravanserai." He was unwilling to comply; but his family woke up, and his wife persuaded him; so he put on some clothes, and came with a bad enough grace to point out the way to the castle and the inn. He returned immediately to his bed, and I was left in the street to reflect a little what I was to do.

I was alone in a land of fierce strangers, one, and perhaps more, of whom I had killed. I had lost my servant, my only friend. All this presented itself to my mind: it was not a very hopeful picture. I was in danger, and I made up my mind to do nothing rashly, but to act with great caution. I did not like to go back to Andkhoo, for it was not my practice to turn back on my steps from danger; so I wandered about in the streets till morning dawned. As soon as it was light enough to see, I went to the graveyard where I had lived. There I saw a number of people assembled, and my servant was amongst them. The dervish pointed me out, and all the people came running to me.

I said, "You need not be in such a hurry. I am coming of myself; I do not wish to run away." They quite surrounded me, and I asked, in Persian, what they intended to do with me. They said, "You must

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come before the king." "That is just what I wish," said I. They were going to take away my gun and pistols, but I cried out, "If any one lays hands on these things he shall die!"

Then they led me, as I was on horseback, to the castle, and took me before the king. His majesty seemed alarmed, and said, "Why do you come into my presence with all those weapons? Who brought you?" The people told the king that I had refused to give up my arms. I said, "I am a sensible person, O king! I do not wish to hurt any one. I come from Caracol, where I have lived for some time. Robbers have attacked me in your country;" and I explained the manner in which I had been assaulted, and how I had shot the man.

The king asked me if I could recognise the remaining six men, if they were brought before me. I said I thought I could. So he inquired of the dervish who the robbers were, and the villains were soon secured and brought to the king. I knew them directly, and pointed them out. The king then said to me, "You did very right in shooting that man: I do not consider it murder on your part." The thieves were at once put in prison, and the king promised me a present. When I came out into the street, all the people shouted and clapped their hands; they came and stroked my horse.

I was almost overpowered with sleep, so I went back to the cemetery to get some rest in my old quarters. The dervish, on hearing the termination of the affair, actually danced for joy. I told him I was tired; so he

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spread a good bed and I lay down and slept. I first told my servant not to feed the horse until I awoke, but to lead him about. In the afternoon I rose up. The king sent to tell me he would find me a place to live in, if I wished it. I sent my salute to the king, and told the messenger to say that I would speak of his majesty's goodness wherever I should travel; but I remained with my friend the dervish.

Many Turkomans came to see me, and they looked at the place, with the blood still there, where the robber had been shot. They gave me nice fruit, and the dervish prepared a good meal.

I then asked my servant how he had saved himself. He said, "After I left you and climbed over the wall, I found, on the other side, a hole, through which ran a stream of water. I crept in, and, as no one followed me, I supposed that you were taken. This morning I came out from my hiding-place, and back to the graveyard, where you saw me."

I said to him, "I told you of the dangers you would find in following me. Now, I say, stay here, and I will go on alone. Stay with the dervish, and serve him. I will speak to the king for you, and he will see that no one sells you. You can speak Persian a little. If you pretend to stammer, you can pass for an educated man, and then no one will think of attempting to make a slave of you. If the dervish travels, at any time, into Andkhoo, you can go with him, and from thence you will easily make your way to Candahar." In this

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way I persuaded the man till he was content to remain.

I then went to the king, and asked for the present he had promised me. He said, "What would you like to have?" I answered, "I shall be grateful for anything your Majesty pleases to give me." He presented me with a valuable coat. I then told him about my servant, and he promised to protect him. When I bade the king adieu, he told me it was madness to attempt to go to Maimuna alone; he said the way was so infested with robbers that he would not dare to make the journey himself. But I disregarded this warning, and returned to the cemetery.

I gave the Affghan ten tolas, which was nearly all the money I had, and I told him to serve the dervish faithfully. I spoke, also, to the dervish, saying, "You are an honest man; I leave my servant with you." He was very glad, and promised to take care of him. I then bought food, barley, and fruits for my journey. The people said I must be mad; but, if I would really go, my best way was to follow along the banks of a river which ran from Takht-i-pool to Maimuna. "Well," said I, "I don't care for my life; I must go on my travels." And so I started, against the advice of all my friends.

I rode on all the first day, and met with nothing to alarm me. In the evening I stopped a little while to rest, and then went on till morning. Early on the second day I saw some one in the distance. On coming

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near, I saw an old man and a boy, who were very much frightened of me. They had a camel with them, carrying a load of thorns. Going up to them, I said, "Don't be afraid. Who are you?" The old man answered, "We live in Takht-i-pool. I come out here to get thorns, which we sell in the town. We were afraid of you, thinking you were a robber and would sell us for slaves; and now I see you are no thief, I am astonished. Where are you going?"

I replied, "I am going to Maimuna." "O my son!" cried the old man, "let me persuade you to come back with me. You will surely be killed, or sold for a slave, if you continue this rash journey." But I would not listen to this good advice, so, bidding the man God-speed, I rode on and he was soon out of sight.

I went on thus for three days, and on the fourth day was about three-quarters of the way to Maimuna: for I rode quickly, night and day. I was beginning to think that all the danger I had heard of was a fancy of the people; but this false idea was put to flight by the appearance of a number of men encamped by the river: they were sitting behind their horses on the ground, and their spears were stuck in rows in the earth. I stopped to consider for one moment what I must do. I could not go back; I had not enough food to last me so far as Takht-i-pool. I dared not go out into the desert, for there I should perish of thirst. I could not stay for ever where I was; so I resolved to go straight on. I got down from my horse and looked to

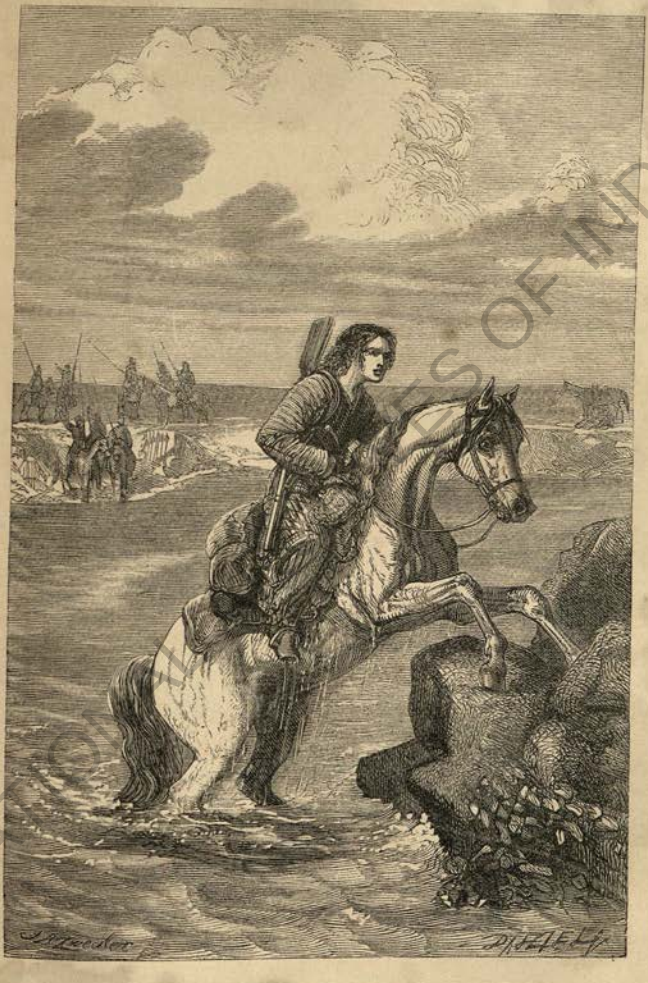
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his shoes, and put them right; then I put my saddle and stirrups in order; and, having thus made all ready for a struggle, I remounted.

By this time the robbers (for such they were) had got up and caught sight of me. They set up a shout, jumped on their horses, and began capering about. Presently two young men couched their lances, and cried out to me to get off my horse, or they would kill me. As I did not obey, they charged, with their lances levelled. I presented my gun, and, when they came near, I fired at the one who was in front of me. He fell, and the other galloped off to his troop. They set up a shout of anger, and the whole body of them rushed on, and completely surrounded me; then one of them rode at me and gave me a cut on the head with a sabre. I thought I was killed; the blood streamed down, almost choking me. Yet I headed my horse towards the river: the current was deep and strong, and I had no hope of being able to get across; but I thought I would rather perish in the water than by the hands of these robbers. Zangi boldly plunged into the tide, and the Turkomans all clapped their hands to see such danger braved.

My beautiful horse nobly stemmed the stream. I looked down through the clear water, and saw that he was nearly upright, only his nose and eyes were above the surface. I was up to my waist in the water, and all my powder was getting wet. The whirlpools in the river twisted us round and round,

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A narrow escape. P. 270.

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and seemed about to suck us down; but Zangi strove courageously, and, after an immense struggle, carried me across in safety, and emerged with me all dripping on the opposite bank.

My life was saved almost by a miracle; but I was still in a poor plight, severely wounded, and in a strange country. Having given my servant the ten tolas, I had now no money left. My best course was evidently to push on towards Maimuna. I struck a light, burnt some linen, and put the ashes on my head to stop the bleeding; and I plucked some long leaves and bound them over the wound. I made a fire, and wrung out and dried my things; but as my Turkoman clothes were now almost spoilt, I put on my suit of Russian clothes, which I had with me, and went a little way through the forest; for although the country on the other bank of the river was all desert, I now found myself in a great wood.

The next morning I found a bridge across the river, and having crossed it, soon came to a village. The people were very kind to me, and brought me milk and bread. I asked how far it was to Maimuna, and they said it was very near. This made me glad, for I wanted a doctor for my head, which gave me great pain. I rode on into the town. It is a very large place, and I saw many people of different nations in the streets. A crowd soon formed around me, and every one treated me with marked respect. Some of them rushed off, and in a short time a detachment of

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soldiers came out and saluted me. I suppose the people had told the king of my arrival; but all this behaviour astonished me exceedingly. It was explained, however, when they addressed me as an ambassador from Russia, and told me to go before the king. I assured them I was no ambassador; but they led me with great honour to the king, who was sitting in state to receive me. Near him was a magnificent coach, a present which the Russians had given him. When he saw my dress and arms, he was convinced that I had come from Russia as an ambassador, and thought I wanted to speak to him on private business. I told him I was only a traveller; still he gave me a place to live in, and said he would care for me.

Next morning the king's minister came to me and talked with me. I asked who had given the king the coach which I had seen; and the minister told me that the Emperor of Russia had sent it, and the King of Maimuna had in return presented the Czar with a beautiful sword. I said, "How is it that you people take me for a Russian?" And the minister replied, "Your dress and your arms tell us so. We know the king is friendly with the Russians, though, of course, it is necessary to say as little about it as possible, for they are Christians." Then he produced a large Russian document—a treaty of friendship with Maimuna. I looked at the paper, but could not understand much more than that it was written in the Russian language.

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During my stay in this town my head gradually healed, though at one time my friends gave me no hope of recovery. The wound was for some days so offensive that no one could stay in the room with me. But through all this my life was preserved, and I eventually recovered.

There were at this time in Maimuna ambassadors from Bokhara, Affghanistan, Persia, and Hoorganje. Each of these men did all he could to influence the king in favour of his country. At first I received more honour than all these, for I alone was permitted to live in the castle. I made friends with the Persian, the Affghan, and the Bokhara ambassadors. The Persian ambassador one day spoke to me in Russian, and found that I could not understand him. Then he surely believed that I had spoken the truth in saying I was not the Russian envoy. He reported this to the king, who was rather vexed to have made such a mistake.

I was not allowed to remain in the castle after this, but was sent to live with the Persian. This man did not like me to go and see the Affghan ambassador, and he told me I must not do it. I said, "I shall do as I like; and if the thing displeases you, I will leave you and go and live somewhere else." However, in spite of this little quarrel, we managed to dwell together for some time. After a little while the Persian wished to go to a place called Jumshadee, which belonged to Maimuna, and was governed by a brother of the king. I accompanied him there, and wished to

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make my way on to Herat, but was unable to do this, the road being so unsafe by reason of the Turkomans, and because of the war between Persia and Herat.

The king of Maimuna wanted some new cannons made, and there being one Persian with us who understood a little about the mode of casting them, he returned to Maimuna to undertake the job, and I went with him. On reaching the town, I went and found out the Jew to whom I had given my money, which I now received from him; it was about fifty tolas. He was very kind to me, and I left my horse under his care. He made me some good linen clothes, which are very valuable in that country, and are only worn by the king.

The Persian cannon-maker built a shop to work in, and having made great preparations, set to work; but it was soon evident that he did not understand his business: he could not produce any proper cannons. The king was angry, and asked how this was. The Persian said he must have more money, and mix gold and silver with the metal, and copper, too. Thus the fellow impudently cheated the king, and I represented to his Majesty the real state of the affair. After this, the Persian was my great enemy. He seized on my money and all my things; and he went before the king and told him that I was not a Mahommedan, but an Arminian, or some spy from a foreign country, and that it would be a very good thing to get rid of me. "Very well," said the king; "you can kill him if you like."

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On hearing of this, I went and lived secretly in the house of a widow woman; and I wrote a letter to the Affghan ambassador. (This I told my hostess to give to the first Affghan who should pass by.) I told him in my letter how I was disliked by the Persians for associating with the Affghans, and how my enemies were plotting to kill me, and had seized all my things. Soon after sending this letter, three Affghans came and led me off to live with them. The Persian ambassador met us, and demanded that I should be given up; but my protectors scornfully refused to let me go.

The ambassadors of the two countries then took the matter before the king. He asked the Affghan why he had taken the little heretic under his protection, and he answered—"Heretic or no, I have him with me now, and I desire no one to touch him." The king would not interfere, but told them they must settle their dispute between themselves. The Affghan was contented to do this. He came and told us to thrash with sticks every Persian we should meet. So we all repaired to the market, and kept a sharp look-out for the Persians. Directly one appeared, we raised the cry, "A Persian! a Persian!" and rushed upon him, and gave him a sound drubbing. We so hunted the poor wretches that they were afraid to come out of doors at all.

The Persian ambassador went before the king to ask for assistance; but the king said, "I can't help you:

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I told you to settle your quarrel yourselves." At last it became impossible for the king to be friendly with all parties; so he chose to be at peace with Bokhara and Affghanistan, but not with Persia. When the Persian received notice to leave Maimuna he was very angry, and said that the walls of the town should be soon battered to powder by the Persian cannon. The king threatened to put his eyes out with his fingers, if he talked so insolently.

Instead of being punished for the outrages on the Persians, we were now encouraged to go to greater lengths. We seized on the Persian ambassador, and told him to come to the judge for having robbed me of my money. He would not come, so we thrashed him till he was half dead. Then he said he had no money; but he sold a horse and his guns, and with the price of these, and some money belonging to his government, he paid me what the cannon-maker had taken from me. After this he left Maimuna, with only one horse and one servant.

I now lived in peace with the Affghans, and amused myself walking about the country and in the gardens round the town.

One day there was a holiday, and there was to be a horse-race among other amusements. I resolved to enter Zangi, and shew the people what he could do. The winner was to receive one tola from each of the losers. It was a run of five kroors. We started from a village from whence the road was a very gentle slope

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down into the town. At the commencement of the run, I was behind the others: but that would not do for Zangi; he quickly passed them one by one, till the race was entirely between him and one other. Although this was a very good horse, it was evident he was no match for Zangi; and when I arrived at the bazaar, which was the goal, I was far in front.

I took my prize, and many people came and wished to give their horses and some money into the bargain for mine; but I could not sell my Zangi. One man came and said he had an *aspee tazee* (a fine breed of horses which are very rare: they are beautiful creatures.) I went with him to see the animal; which he offered me, with a considerable sum of money, for Zangi. I got on his horse and tried it: it was a very fine animal. I was half tempted to accept the man's offer; so I told him I would give him an answer next day.

My Affghan friends advised me not to part with Zangi; so when the man came with his *tazee* and the money, I told him I had decided to keep my own horse. He was very angry, and said I had promised to change with him. "You have ridden on my *tazee*," he said; "you ought, at least, to let me try your animal."

We went out into the country, and the man mounted. I told him not to go far. He gave Zangi a cut with his whip, and sped away, fleet as the wind, and I never saw him more. I will not dwell on my feelings at this great loss: my heart is now sore when I think of it.

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My friends all condoled with me; but nothing could be done to retrieve my misfortune; so I said, "What is gone, is gone: it is no use to be miserable." I bought another horse, which was a very good one: it was of a brown colour. I amused myself practising shooting.

Every day came news that the Persians were coming to take Herat.*

The King of Maimuna prepared to send into Herat four hundred men. Shadman Khan, the king's brother, went with them. The name of the King of Maimuna was Houkoomut Khan. I thought it was a good opportunity for me to go to Herat in company with Shadman Khan; so I made ready and joined the troop. I was treated very kindly by the king's brother, and we made the journey safely in twelve days.

* This was the siege of Herat which led to the Persian expedition under Sir James Outram in 1856–7. The contemporaneous accounts of the siege given in some of the Indian papers differ somewhat from that given in the text. The following is from the *Bombay Times* for Nov. 1856:—"The fall of Herat is at last announced with certainty. ESAU KHAN, the Naib of Prince Yuzoof, and afterwards his successor, opened the city gates to the Persians on the 25th of October. Two Cossids from the sacred Mushid came to Caubul, and in confidence mentioned that on the day when they left the sacred Mushid they met on the road to Herat a party consisting of a thousand horsemen, who were escorting Esau Khan to the presence of the king of Persia at Teheran. Arrived at Herat, the Cossids saw that all the gates were open, and were told by the inhabitants that Esau Khan had for a long time been wishing to secure his personal safety by the surrender of the citadel. The commander of the Persian forces always replied to Esau Khan that without the order of the king he could not guarantee his life. A firman at length came from the king, and, in compliance with the orders it contained, quarter was granted and an assurance of honourable treatment given. Esau Khan surrendered the fortress and presented himself at the durbar of the prince of Persia, who conferred on him valuable presents."

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Between Herat and Maimuna is a mountain, of which strange things are told. It is said that all travellers who cross it must keep on eating all the while they are on it, or they would be lockjawed, or would break their teeth, or fall down and hurt their faces. There is always a very cold wind on this mountain, which is called Kotala-dandan-shakan, (Mountain of Broken Teeth.) All birds which fly over the mountain are said to fall down and die.

There had been in Herat a king called Yar Mahommed Khan.* His son, who succeeded him, was named Syud Mahommed Khan, and this prince was mad. He murdered several of his subjects, and his people made away with him in like manner. Afterwards the Heratees were without a leader, and they applied to the Shah of Persia to choose one for them.

There was at this time living at the Persian court a clever Affghan prince, called Shahzada Mahommed Yuzoof. This man was made King of Herat. He had a very cunning Affghan Minister, whose name was Esau Khan. Shahzada Mahommed Yuzoof, by the advice of his Minister, began to look after the interests

* See M. Ferrier's "Caravan Journeys in Persia," &c., for some notice of Yar Mahommed, as also for a description of Herat before this siege. "The area of Herat within the ditch is a mile square. The fortifications consist of an enormous earthwork, on an average ninety feet in height, with many towers, distant fifty feet from each other, connected by curtains, and loopholed for musketry. The towers at the angles are massive, and only on these can guns be mounted. Two covered ways cut out of the thickness of the rampart contribute much to the strength of the place. The citadel, square, with large towers, and built of burnt brick, commands the town, and is of great strength."

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of Affghanistan. He declared that Herat belonged to the English, and had nothing to do with the Persians; to whom he refused to pay tribute. He began to raise a new army in Herat, intending to drive the Persians out, and reign independently of them. The king of Maimuna promised to send troops to help the Shahzada as soon as the Persians should attack him.

I asked Shadman Khan to tell the Shahzada that I would be his servant; and after examining me in shooting and riding, he gave me an appointment in his army. In a few days Shadman Khan returned to Maimuna.

I had been but a short time in the army, when we heard that the Persians had advanced to Toorbut Sheikh Jamee, which is one of the frontier towns of Persia bordering on Herat. We were ordered to Gorian, which was our frontier town. Our army amounted to about twelve thousand men, but the Persians, it was said, brought a "lac" (a hundred thousand) of men against us. They marched from Toorbut Sheikh Jamee, and the two armies met on the banks of a river. An action took place in a jungle, and the Persians were defeated.

They reinforced themselves with another lac of men,* and came with forty cannon and took Gorian, after a few days' resistance. They lost many men in these

* In these numbers we must make considerable allowance for Oriental exaggeration. From fifteen to thirty thousand men is probably near the truth.

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actions. We retreated to Shakawan. Then Esau Khan wrote to Hassom Sultana, uncle of Nussur-oo-deen Shah, King of Persia. Hassom was commander-in-chief of all the Persian armies; and had a minister, called Kawommud Dowlah.

Esau Khan wrote to Hassom :—"Why do you come here? This kingdom does not belong to you, but to the English." Hassom Sultana answered :—"I wish to take Shahzada Mahommed Yuzoof, and also the province of Herat." Esau Khan wrote :—"I will give you the Shahzada, if you will leave Herat." Hassom agreed to this. So Esau Khan seized on his master in the night, and sent him to the Persians, who put him in prison. Esau Khan then became king; and he brought all his relations, and made them his officers.

I went to him, and told him if he would appoint me as an officer in his army, I would serve him to the last drop of my blood. He believed me, and made me *sirteep*, (officer,) and I had two hundred horsemen under me. Esau Khan asked me my name, and I told him I did not know it. He said, "How is that?" I told him privately that I was a stranger from Russia; and had wandered through many countries. Then he named me Syud Mustapha.

Herat has seven gates: one looking towards Candahar, and called Durwazar yeh Candahar; another, Durwazar yeh Maimuna; and besides these, there are the Caubul, Arrack, Sistan, Gazargar, and Meshed gates, or "durwazars." Herat is considered the key

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of Asia, and must be an important place to any Power that owns it. Roads pass through it to all parts of Asia. Esau Khan told us that an officer must guard each of the gates of the town, and every one of us must write down all the circumstances which would take place under our eye. The king himself remained in the castle.

The Persians now attacked us in Shakawan, but we repulsed them with great loss. One day, another officer and I took out our troops, amounting to only four hundred men in all, and made an attack upon the enemy. We killed many of them; but they sent a greater force against us, and drove us back close to Shakawan. I was surrounded and taken. One powerful fellow bound my arms, and shouted to his comrades to go on and secure the rest, while he cut off my head. I struggled and got my hands free; and when the man came to make an end of me, I snatched a pistol from his side, and shot him. I quickly mounted my horse, and made my way safely into Shakawan, leading the steed of my fallen foe in triumph.

The king left me and another officer, called Jano Khan, to make the best defence we could of the town. We fought every day against the Persians, and were mostly victorious over them. Once we pressed them so hard that we were near retaking Gorian; but when I asked Jano Khan how much ammunition we had left, I found we were running very short: so I said we had better return to Shakawan; for if the enemy were to

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turn on us we should have been utterly defenceless. Jano Khan would not take my advice, so I called my troops back and left him.

As I had expected, the Persians turned and attacked him, completely cut up his force, and then surrounded Shakawan. We defended the town for three days. My soldiers were then very anxious to go out and attack the enemy; but I restrained them, being resolved to make as long a resistance as possible. We used to let a man down from a window to carry out letters to Herat. Two or three times this man went and brought the answers safely back; but the Persians discovered the communication, and one day they caught the man and ripped him open. We saw the poor man meet with his horrible fate. Then the besiegers began to bombard the town, and again my men asked to be led out to make a sortie on the enemy, but I could not allow it.

One day the soldiers came to me and asked permission to go to the mosque to worship, and I granted their request. While they were thus engaged, the Persians, finding that our fire was slack, thought we were tired, and began to scale the walls with ladders. I saw three or four hundred men come swarming over our ramparts, and they took possession of one tower. I called the trumpeter, and he sounded for my men to leave off praying and come and fight. They quickly obeyed the summons, rushed impetuously on the Persians, and drove them back over the wall in the utmost

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confusion. We killed about a hundred and forty of the enemy who were already in the tower, and threw the bodies over the rampart after their discomfited companions.

Every day we saw our troops from Herat attacking the enemy, but still the siege was kept up. The Persians now began to fire shells, which burst and fell over the town, doing much damage. A mine was also dug under our tower.* Besides this, our ammunition was nearly spent; so I knew I could not hold out much longer. I disguised myself as a *suckaw*, (water-carrier,) and said to my men, "Now, it is certain that when the Persians fire the mine, they will force their way into the town through the breach. Each one of you must look after his own life, and escape if possible to Herat."

We made our horses ready for flight. Soon the mine was fired, and our tower was blown into the air, falling with a tremendous crash. The Persians then streamed in through the breach like a torrent.

They came to me and asked who I was. "I am a poor water-carrier," said I. "I belong to this town, but am going away. I don't wish to be hurt by the soldiers." A Persian officer asked me where the

* M. Ferrier relates a curious device by which Yar Mahommed detected the movements of the Persian miners during the siege of Herat in 1838. "Plates were filled with small seed and placed on the ground, under which it was presumed the sappers were at work; and in spite of all their precautions, the least concussion or blow from a spade or pick brought down a few grains from the heap and discovered their position."

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commander of the garrison was. "I don't know," I replied; "I am a poor man and cannot associate with officers."

After a while I mounted my horse and rode off. Only two of my troop escaped with me. We reached Herat in safety. I went straight to the king, and gave him an account of my service. He praised my fidelity; for Gorian had fallen after a defence of three days, whereas we had held Shakawan for eight days. I asked the king if we had much ammunition, and he said, "Yes, plenty;" but we were short of food, so he ordered the people to gather in the wheat and barley, though it was not quite ripe.

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CHAPTER XIV.

Siege of Herat.—Sorties.—A grand assault.—Panic among the Persians.—Horrible butchery.—The pinch of famine.—Surrender.—I disguise myself.—Life in the Persian camp.—Esau Khan's death.—Esau Khan's burial.—The Persian princes.—Interview with Hassom Sultana.—A jovial Persian.—I commence my journey into Persia.—A fellow-feeling.—I am introduced to the Khan Baber Khan.—Pacha Wuzeeree.—A Persian game.—A quarrel.

THE enemy were now continually concentrating their forces on Herat; the road was always full of Persian soldiers, and Persian baggage and provision carts.

For three months we made daily attacks on the besiegers, our officers each taking his turn to lead out his division for a sortie. The enemy kept advancing their works, till at last they got their walls opposite and close to the Gazargar gate, preventing all egress from that quarter. At the end of the three months the Persians had completely surrounded us, and shut all our gates. They bombarded the town continually, and we kept up an incessant and tolerably smart fire in return.

For another month we held on, till our little army was reduced to four thousand men; and for these there were scarcely any provisions left. We had also treachery to contend against. Some of the Persian settlers in the town wrote to the commander of the

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Persian army, and told him to attack us on Friday, when we should be at worship; that day being the Mahommedan Sabbath. However, this plan was not carried out, as we obtained information of it.

One day, which was a holiday like the English Good-Friday, Hassom Sultana wrote to Esau Khan, asking for a truce that the soldiers might enjoy themselves. So half the Persian army went to their amusements, and left the rest to keep up the blockade. Esau ordered two thousand of us to make a desperate attack, sword and pistol in hand, to try and reopen some communication with the surrounding countries. We went out at the Gazargar gate, took the Persian works, and slaughtered a great number of the enemy. We thus made a way out of the town, and got some food, of which we were much in want. But a reinforcement came to the Persians from Meshed, and they retook the works outside the Gazargar gate after a sharp contest, and rebuilt their wall.

I had charge of the Durwazar yeh Candahar, and opposite my gate was an officer named Pacha Khan, whose heart was not with the Persians, though he was in their service. He was a Turk from Kurdistan, and of the same sect of Mahommedism as the Affghans. With this man I held many conversations, for we could hear each other speak, though we dared not shew ourselves. He said to me, "My friend, you had better give up Herat, or you will all be killed, and many more of us must die. We must compel you to surrender by

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patience; so why should so many lives be sacrificed just for the sake of saying that you held the town a few more days?"

I replied, "We do not care for our lives; we will hold on to the last." So I took a stick, and put a turban on it, and then held it up over the castle wall, moving it about to imitate the motions of a man. A Persian immediately fired at it, and I let it fall as if killed; the man raised his head over the works to see the success of his shot, and I put a bullet through him. This trick I played until the Persians discovered it, and were not to be deceived again.

A number of the officers of the enemy, wearied of the long siege, signed an *eltazam* (oath) that they would go and storm the city. Their general gave his consent. Pacha Khan informed me of this, and said they would attack at the Gazargar gate: so I warned Esau Khan of the danger.

Our people used to go to the Musjid Jami (a large mosque) to pray. Of course, I did not join them. One day, while they were at their devotions, the Persians assaulted the town, took the Gazargar, Caubul, and Candahar gates, and about twenty of the towers. They turned the cannons at the Gazargar gate on the castle, and would soon have been in possession of the whole city, had not Pacha Khan done us a good turn.

The Affghans fought desperately. We hurriedly bade each other good-bye, and rushed to the Gazargar Durwazar, determined to retake it or die. We threw

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ourselves upon the enemy with our swords and battle-axes, with a fury that was not to be resisted, and they were soon driven back from the gate. Still it would have been impossible for us to have kept the town against the hordes of Persians that assailed us; but at this moment Pacha Khan sounded the bugle that the Affghan army was come to relieve the town. The Persians thought it was true, and fled precipitately; we slaughtered numbers of them, and several of their great officers, whose heads were stuck up in the market-place. We retook all our gates and towers, so that the Persians were obliged to continue the siege, and wait a little longer before they reduced the town.

Esau Khan ordered that all the Persians in the town should be massacred and their women violated. Our soldiers carried out this horrible command. All that day I remained hid in a room. I had my horse ready, and if the Persians had taken the town I should have put on Persian clothes, and passed out. In the evening I went out and saw fearful proofs of how well the Affghans had executed their vengeance. The streets were full of dead bodies in heaps, and I heard the news of the victory we had gained. Esau Khan ordered that the heads should be buried in the town, and the bodies thrown over the wall; they buried twenty-five thousand heads.

The king called me, and asked how it was I had not joined in the fight. I said I had been ill, and could not go out. He replied, "It will not do to be a coward.

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You were brave at Shakawan, and shewed that you knew how to fight, and you promised to serve me to the last." I pleaded that this was the only offence I had committed, and begged him to excuse me; but he said, "This is not a time to excuse people for cowardice; you must come and live with me in the castle." I went, and occupied a room near to the king's. We did not sleep much, but watched and went round to keep up the spirits of the soldiers. At night I accompanied the king and carried a lamp, and two or three soldiers went with us; we used to walk through the streets and enter the shops, the king everywhere inspiring the people with courage; then he would visit the gates and towers, and exhort the officers and soldiers to hold out bravely. He ordered that an attack should be made on the Persians, and Jano Khan and other officers signed *eltazam;* they made sorties every night, killing many of the besiegers: they continued to do this, until our garrison was reduced to one thousand men, and Esau Khan ordered them to remain within the walls. We had very little food left; but the king kept a little wheat in reserve. He ordered that the horses, camels, and bullocks should be killed. We had only a little food served out to us once a day; so we tied our sashes very tight round our stomachs.

The Persians now began to be very sorry they had ever attempted to take Herat; their prince wept much when he saw what slaughter there had been; they themselves were also very short of food. Our provisions

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were all gone; and the soldiers, of whom only nine hundred were left, came to Esau Khan and said, "We had better surrender, or we shall all die;" but he ordered that all the horses, except only a very few, should be killed. They came to take mine, but I would not part with him. We fed the wretched animals with straw, for which we destroyed the houses and pounded up the bricks. The soldiers received fifteen ashrafees a day each; the king took the money from the Jews, and out of his treasury.

Esau Khan was determined to keep the town as long as possible, and he asked me if I could devise any plan to make the people patient and hopeful; for the distress among them was terrible. I said, "I will put on my Russian clothes and come at night riding on horseback. You must cause the drums to be beaten to call attention to me. I will say I am an ambassador from Russia, and will promise Russian aid from Kokan within a month." We carried out this idea: when the people saw and heard my message, they clapped their hands and shouted for joy. I jabbered a little Russian and spoke Persian badly, and so the trick was not suspected.

The hope of relief gave the people courage, and they fought with renewed spirit; but the month wore away, and of course no Russians came. Our garrison was now reduced to seven hundred men, and if we had kept on the defence of the town much longer, there would have been none left alive to boast of their bravery.

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Then Esau Khan wrote to Hassom Sultana, and asked if he would spare his life if he surrendered. The prince, eager to bring this disastrous war to a close, swore that he would not only spare the king's life, but would also give him and all his officers great honour. So one Monday morning, after nine months' defence, the gate of Herat was thrown open, and the garrison surrendered.

A Persian ambassador came first, and consulted with Esau Khan. When I saw this, I went and hid myself, for I would not trust the words of the Persians. I felt sure I should be killed if I remained with the king; but he searched for me, and when he found me, he said, "You need not fear: come with me; we shall be treated with great honour." I thanked him, but said I would rather remain where I was. So he left me to do as I liked. I dressed as a poor Persian, and went out to see what was going on.

The gates were thrown open, and the Persians marched into the town, playing beautiful music. Esau Khan rode on an elephant with Hassom Sultana; and his officers, for whom three other elephants were provided, rode beside them. I watched the procession, and saw all the people salute them with great respect. Those who knew me came and told me I was a fool for not taking my part with the others. I said, "Never mind, I will keep my own counsel." I then went out of the town; the whole of the plain between Herat and Shakawan was crowded with people and horses.

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I bought a fat nag, and when the soldiers asked me where I came from, I told them I was from Maimuna.

I stained my hands red with henna, as the Persians do, and went and lived with one of the Persian mounted riflemen, in his tent outside Herat. I paid him to keep me. Some of the Persians went to live in Herat, and the rest encamped in the plain outside. The friends of the man with whom I was living came to see him, and finding he had a companion, they asked who I was. My host replied, "He is a clever sort of fellow; but I do not know much about him, only I like to have him here." I used to tell them of the countries I had seen, and they listened with great interest. They told me their officer had been a great traveller, and wished to see me. I went and conversed with him; he took a fancy to me, and I went to live with him. His name was Agi Phatali Khan.

With this officer I was very comfortable; for he treated me quite as an equal, and we talked over our journeys. He had travelled in Syria and in Europe, but had never been to the countries I had seen. My friend used sometimes to leave me while he went to visit the prince. He spoke to his brother-officers about me, and they had me to their tents to amuse them with my stories; some of them wished me to go and live with them, but Agi Phatali Khan would not part with me.

One day I was sitting talking to a number of these officers, when on a sudden in walked Esau Khan. He

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appeared surprised to find me there, and said, "Good morning," and began to speak to me. I looked at him in feigned amazement: "You make some mistake," I said; "I do not know you." He turned to the Persians and said, "Why, this young fellow was with me in Herat." "Impossible!" they exclaimed; "he is a traveller. God often makes two people much alike." Then Esau Khan looked at me, saying, "I should much like to talk a little with you if you really are such a great traveller." So I agreed to go and visit him. We perfectly understood each other. I went several times to see Esau Khan; and his servants, who knew me in Herat, recognised me, and smiled to see me playing a new character.

The Persian *hourdoo* (camp) was about six miles from Herat. The tents were ranged in a half circle facing Herat; that of Hassom Sultana being in the centre. In front were the cannons, and the tent of Abdool Ali Khan, the first officer of the artillery; he was my great friend. Esau Khan entertained some ideas of murdering Hassom Sultana, although he was treated with great kindness by that officer, whom he used to visit every day. The King of Persia wrote to Abdool Ali Khan secretly, and commanded him to kill Esau Khan.

One day I was sitting with Abdool, and I noticed that he was dressed as a common soldier. I was astonished at this, still more so when I saw him load a large pistol and hide it in his breast in the folds of his

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clothes. Presently Esau Khan came riding by on his way to Hassom Sultana's tent. Abdool went out and accosted him, saying, "I am a poor soldier: I want you to take my petition to the prince. O King of Herat, hear me!" Esau Khan stopped his horse, and asked what the petition was. Abdool said, "I must speak it in your ear; it is a great secret." So the king leant over to listen to the request. Then Abdool drew out his pistol and shot Esau Khan, and ran back into his tent. The sturdy Affghan, though mortally wounded, did not fall without giving one more proof of his prowess; drawing his sword and pistol, he shot one Persian soldier and cut down two more; then he fell from his horse and died. His servants, seeing the fate of their lord, fled into Herat.

When Hassom Sultana heard of Esau Khan's death, he was very angry; he called Abdool Ali Khan, and would have punished him, but he shewed the letter of the King of Persia, and the prince saw that the murder had been committed by his nephew's command. Hassom was much grieved, and wept a long while for the death of his brave antagonist. I was also very sorry for my old commander; but I dared not shew my feelings.

Esau Khan's bravery had won the respect of all his enemies, and the Persian soldiers were so angry with Abdool that he was obliged to remain for two or three days in his tent. Hassom Sultana paid every honour to the corpse, and prepared a grand funeral. The body

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was carried in a splendid hearse covered with gold, and was buried at Gazargar, about two miles from the camp. After the solemnities were over, a great dinner was given to the people, and every one prayed for the departed hero's soul.

I became acquainted with all the officers in the camp, and with the two young princes, Mehdee Koolee Mirzah and Kosro Mirzah: these young men used to dine with Hassom Sultana, and were allowed to sit down in his presence. One day the youngest, Kosro, was sitting on his couch, and he called me, and asked me to tell him some stories. I began relating some of my experiences, in which he was much interested. A man came to tell him Hassom was waiting dinner for him. He said, "I will come soon." Still I went on with my story. Presently another man came for him, but Kosro waited to hear the end of the adventure. Then a third messenger came, and said that Hassom was very angry at the delay, so the young prince jumped up and ran off to dinner.

The general asked Kosro why he had kept them waiting so long, and on hearing the reason, he laughed, and asked,—"Who is this person you tell me of? Everybody seems to know him, and to be interested in him." The next day I was called to see Hassom Sultana. I found him to be a very clever and refined gentleman. I spoke with him for a short time, and he told me to come and take leave of him before I went away.

Abdool Ali Khan had now to commence his journey

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to Teheran. I asked him to take me with him, and he willingly agreed to do so, but as I found that he would travel slowly and by short stages, I arranged to stay a little longer with the rest of the army, and then follow and overtake him. He expected to be six or seven months on the way.

Soon after the departure of the artillery, we heard that the English had arrived at Bushire, and were handling the Persians there rather severely. Then the King of Persia sent orders to Hassom to leave Herat, and return to Teheran. This made the general very angry; indeed, he had much to vex him. He was displeased with his nephew in the first place for the murder of Esau Khan, and now for being so afraid of the English as to abandon Herat, which had cost such a terrible price. In his excitement, Hassom threatened to obtain assistance from Dost Mahomed, and go against English and Persians both. However, on reflection, he saw that there was no help for it; he was obliged to obey; so he went by quick stages, with two hundred horsemen as an escort, to Teheran. The two young princes were ordered to remain in Gorian, that the soldiers left to guard that place might have some one to direct them. The army now began to return into Persia, in many separate detachments.

There came an officer from Furrah, on the borders of Affghanistan. He was a great man in two ways: he was Ameer Punja (officer of five regiments,) and he was enormously fat. He heard a great deal about me from

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the other officers, so he called me to see him. He looked at me when I went to him, and seemed amused at the idea of my travelling about alone.

"You won't get me to believe such stories," he said; "all these friends of mine are fools; but, my good fellow, you will find it a different matter with me. Why, the Persians, and all their armies, have never been able to penetrate to those districts which you say you have visited—you, a poor, miserable, little urchin: a fine fellow indeed to knock about among fierce Turkomans and robbers!" I said, "Where do you think sense lies, sir?—in the body, or in the head?" "In the head, of course," said he. "Then," continued I, "I am blessed with my share of sense, and that is better than strength. Look at the elephant, what a strong body he has; yet a man by superior wisdom rides on his neck. Just so I have got on by my head-power; and now I am here talking with you, a great officer, to whom I am decidedly inferior in body; but it is wisdom-strength that makes a man."

Ameer Punja laughed heartily at my words, and joked about me for some time; he treated me very kindly, and would have taken me to live with him, but I told him I could not leave Phatali Khan. The Ameer wrote to Phatali about me, but that officer declared he would not part with me. Ameer Punja wrote again and told Phatali Khan to come and talk the matter over; he came, but would not listen to the voice of persuasion, so the Ameer seized both his hands and

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tickled him. Phatali screamed, and struggled, and laughed, but could not get free. "Now," cried his tormentor, "will you give up the lad?" "Yes! yes!" shouted the officer, "anything for peace." And so the Ameer had his own way, and I went and lived with him.

I went to the auction place in the *hourdoo*, where the soldiers were selling their things which they did not wish to carry away with them. I bought a quantity of cartouches very cheap, and a gun and pistols. When Ameer Punja saw me come with these things, and so much powder, he cried, "How now! you will blow us all up to the skies;" but he gave me a place where I might keep the cartouches safely. I used to go and practise shooting at a target nearly all day. Ameer Punja came to me, joking, and said he supposed I had begun a war with Herat on my own account.

The camp was now getting quite deserted; Phatali Khan was gone, and the greater part of the troops were on their way home. I told Ameer Punja I wished to go; he was not at all willing to part with me, but said I might do as I liked. He told me he lived in Tabriz, a long way from Teheran. I gave my horse to the Ameer's cook, and made presents to his servants and to those of some other officers.

The Ameer asked me how I intended to travel. I told him I would walk to Gorian, where the young princes were, and from thence I should find some way

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to continue my journey comfortably. He told me that as his camels were just going into Gorian to fetch food, I might as well accompany them, and he charged his servants to do all that I desired them. We travelled all day, and in the evening stopped to take food. I felt it to be a great coming down in the world to eat with the camel men, after the high life I had been living, so I would not take anything. Next morning I felt very hungry, and I shot some little birds, which the men cooked for me.

It was very rainy that day, so we stopped at a village for shelter. While the men were gone to find a place to stay in, I saw a poor boy in the street. I asked him what was his business. "I am an orphan," he replied. "I get a little money for taking care of oxen." "Can you procure me some mutton and some milk?" said I. He told me the army had eaten all the sheep, and food was very dear; but he could get me some beef. I gave him an ashrafee; and he soon brought some meat, some milk, and some meal. The poor boy offered me the change from the ashrafee, but I wished to give him some money; so I said to him, "Keep it; it will be of more use to you." He was very glad; I suppose he was not used to have so much of his own.

The camel men were very jealous; they called the boy back and tried to make me repent, and take my money again, but I said, "I will write and tell your master, if you don't let me do as I wish without bother-

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ing me." Then they said they were poor, and asked for some money: I told them I would see about that. The camel-drivers were very anxious to pass the night in some house, but I preferred sleeping in the open air: so we stayed with the camels, and in the morning we continued our journey.

When we arrived at Gorian I went to where the young princes lived; the servants knew me directly, and ran to announce my arrival. I was very kindly received. In the jungle, where we had fought with the Persians, I saw many soldiers and cannons. I asked who they were, and was told it was a regiment under the command of an officer named Abdool Ali Khan. "Oh!" said I, "I know him well." The princes invited Abdool and a friend of his to dine with them. I asked how it was that the army continued to linger about so long; they said they did not wish to disperse without accomplishing something more, so they meditated an attack upon the Turkomans.

In the afternoon I saw two companies of soldiers approaching: it was Abdool Ali Khan and his friend Phatula Khan, who were come according to the invitation of the princes. This Phatula Khan was cousin to the Grand Wuzeer of Persia, and usually was known by the title of Khan Baber Khan. Though he was outwardly very friendly with Abdool Ali Khan, yet these two men hated each other in their hearts.

I shook hands with Abdool, and we went in and sat down. Khan Baber Khan conversed with the princes,

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but Abdool talked with me; the former kept on looking at me, and at last the princes laughed and said, "Don't you know him?" "No," said Baber. "You might as well say you don't know God," replied one of the Mirzahs; "every one in the camp knows that young man," and they told him something about me. Presently Abdool left the room, and Khan Baber Khan came and sat beside me. He soon got me to tell him something of what I had seen, and he was so much interested that he made me promise to go and live with him.

Abdool Ali Khan then returned and sat down to a game of chess with one of the princes, and when they were tired of that, we all played at "Pacha Wuzeeree." I will try and describe the game. We had dice on which were four different marks, namely—king, wuzeer, robber, and husbandman. We kept throwing in turns until one turned up king, and whoever did so took his seat; the others kept on throwing until one got wuzeer, and he stood before the king. If a second king turned up before the wuzeer, the first had to resign his throne and take his turn last with the dice. If when both king and wuzeer were in their places one of the others threw robber, then the wuzeer seized upon him and brought him before the king, saying, I have taken a robber. The king asked what he had done, and the wuzeer stated the charge, such as, "He has stolen his sister's trousers," or some such nonsense. The king then ordered such punishment as he considered appli-

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cable to the case, as beating with knotted or twisted scarfs, or with sticks, which was administered with the greatest gravity. The mark "husbandman" counts for nothing.

I took the dice first and turned up "robber," but as there was no king or minister there was no one to punish me. We went on playing till the prince threw "minister," and he took his place. Then Abdool Ali Khan put "king," and sat down. Soon after, Khan Baber Khan turned up "thief," and Abdool ordered him to be beaten with sticks on the back. I next got "thief," and the prince said I had stolen some eggs. Abdool said, "That is not much; I excuse him." Soon after I again put "thief." The minister said I had taken money. The king remarked that I was an old offender and must be punished. So I had to put the candle out and go and get it lighted again.

The next time my turn came I got "king," and turned Abdool out. He took the dice and turned up "thief." The prince said, "Here is a great rascal; he has killed two or three men and robbed them." I replied, "I am but a new king. I excuse everything in this early part of my reign." Then Khan Baber Khan put "minister," and turned the prince out. On taking his place he saluted me, and said, "Oh, please change offices with me." The others exclaimed against this, but I said, "I am king; I shall do as I like." So I became minister, and Khan Baber Khan took his seat as king.

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Then Abdool Ali Khan got "thief." I took him and said, "This fellow has only been a little wicked: he killed Esau Khan." They all laughed at this allusion to Abdool's unpopular deed. I begged the king to excuse him, but he answered, "You shall not be any longer my minister. I appoint the prince in your place." Phatula then ordered them to bind Abdool's feet and bastinado him, which they did with such severity that he cried out. They gave him a great many cuts. After a little more play, Abdool was king, and Khan Baber Khan threw "thief." This was an opportunity of revenge of which Abdool availed himself. He ordered the noble thief to be bastinadoed, as he himself had been. Phatula got angry, and cried out with the pain of his punishment. He drew his *gama* (a barbed dagger)* and wounded Abdool in the arm. A scene of great confusion followed. They were all excited with what they had been drinking. The servants rushed in and carried away all the fire-arms and other weapons. Abdool Ali Khan retired into the next room to dress his wound.

The affair quickly sobered us. We were all very sorry, and feared it might lead to serious quarrelling between the two officers. However, next morning Khan Baber Khan took his gama to Abdool, saying, "See, here is my weapon, and here is my head. Do as

* This is a very cruel weapon, and one of which those who are acquainted with it have a peculiar dread. Being barbed, it inflicts a terrible wound, the flesh being often fearfully torn in withdrawing the gama.

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you will with me, but pardon me. I struck you in the heat of wine and playing." So a reconciliation was effected.

Khan Baber Khan now asked me to go and live with him in the jungle, and made me promise to refuse any other invitation. Some time after he came with some troops and took me to his tent, which was very beautiful and luxurious. I lived there, and he became excessively friendly with me—like a brother. He used to go and visit Abdool and ask after his wound until it got well; then he gave a feast, and presented a fine Arab horse to Abdool.

Some time after this we went three or four days' journey beyond Gorian, and encamped in the desert, where we amused ourselves shooting birds. The soldiers killed so many that we almost lived on them. We passed our time very pleasantly in the jungle. We made our tea and coffee under the trees, returning at night to our tents. Abdool Ali Khan was encamped not far from us, but he seldom came out, so I did not see much of him.

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CHAPTER XV.

Attack from the Turkomans.—Plan of defence.—Clouds of trouble gather.—Disputings on religion.—I am saved by my circumcision.—Hunting in the jungle.—Designs against my life.—I outwit the murderers.—I expose the villany of Khan Baber Khan.

ONE day there came news that about twelve thousand Turkomans were coming against us. Phatula was very much alarmed, for we had only seven thousand men altogether, but we had twenty cannons. He went to take counsel with Abdool Ali Khan, and they called me. I listened to them debating on the advisability of sending to Gorian to ask the princes to send the rest of the army to help us; but assistance could not arrive from that quarter in less than two or three days. The two officers looked at me and said, "You seem very happy. It is all very well for you: you are friendly with the Turkomans and know their language." I replied, "I am not at all friendly with them; but I do not fear them. They are men, made of flesh, and blood, and bone, as we are. They have souls like ours. If they attack us, we will fight them; there is nothing to fear."

Still these noble Persians were fearful, and said we have no chance, the Turkomans have such beautiful

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strong horses. "And we have cannons," I replied. They asked what I advised them to do. I said, "Bring all the tents together. Put those of the cooks and the various people who do not fight in the middle; surround them with the soldiers' tents; place the cannons to defend the camp on all points, and throw up earthworks for some shelter to your gunners. Then you will be prepared for any attack." This plan pleased the officers much, and they immediately issued orders for its execution.

Next morning the enemy advanced, and in spite of our cannons prepared to storm the camp. They charged us furiously, but we received them with a fire of our artillery that completely cut them up. The survivors fled panic-stricken, and glad to escape with their lives. The Persians went out and cut off the heads of the slain as trophies.

After this action we moved our camp another stage towards Persia. I had sixty tumans in money, but I had no gun or horse. When I proposed to buy a horse, Khan Baber Khan told me I could ride on his for the present; and he promised to give me one for myself if I would wait till we arrived in Persia. He asked me if I had enough cash, and I told him I was very well off for that. I shewed him my watch, and told him about my meeting with the Russians at Agamusjed.

I had a New Testament, in the Persian language, in which I often used to read. Phatula said to me,

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"Why do you read that foolish, forbidden book?" I replied, "It is not foolish. I will read you something from it;" and I read the last part of the Revelation. "Now, is that good or bad?" I asked. He answered, "I do not believe that book. But tell me, where were you born?" "I do not know," I replied. Then he exclaimed, "Oh! my young friend, now I understand you: you are a Russian!" I positively denied this; but Phatula added, "We have been talking a good deal about you since you made that plan to ward off the Turkomans, and we are convinced that you are a Russian." I asked him to prove it, and he said, "If you are not a Christian, you will be circumcised. By this we may be quite sure of the truth." "But," said I, "I never knew my parents, and so was not circumcised by them." "Ah! you are very cunning," said the officer; "but you cannot say you never had any parents; and if they were dead, your relations would have circumcised you."

He then asked me whether Christ was a good or a bad man. "He was a perfectly good man," I replied. "Then why do the Jews say he was bad?" asked the officer. I said, "What do you think of the Persian religion?" and he replied that it was undoubtedly the true one. "But what do the Turks think of you?" said I. "Oh!" replied Phatula, "they say that we are wrong; but, nevertheless, we are not wrong." "Just so," said I; "the Christians are not to be condemned because their enemies speak against Christ.

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The Jews are wrong." "But," said my opponent, "you must not speak of the little differences in our religion, for it is in reality all the same—Mahommedan." "Then," I replied, "it is no argument against the Christians that the Jews do not believe in Christ." "It won't do," said Phatula. "Talk as you will, I am still of the same opinion. You must shew that you are circumcised, or your life will not be safe."

I said, "First, we will finish our argument on the two religions, and then I will shew myself. Suppose I am in a desert asleep, and a friend watches over me. A traveller comes by, and asks his way across the wilderness. Will he ask me, who am asleep, or my friend, who is awake?" "He will ask your friend, of course," replied Khan Baber Khan; "for in sleep we neither feel nor hear anything." "Then," I continued, "with your own words I prove you wrong. You acknowledge that Mahommed is dead and sleeps the sleep of death; but we know that Christ awoke from that sleep, and watches over us continually. Now, in this journey of life, should we ask the sleeping Mahommed or the living Christ to be our friend and guide?" The Persian could only reply, "It won't do; I will not listen, though you speak ten thousand words. Shew yourself, or die." "What!" I cried, "do you think to kill me? I have many powerful friends, Ameer Punja and others, who would avenge my blood." "Don't talk nonsense," said Phatula; "if you were circumcised, it might be as you say;

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but if not, no one would raise a finger to help you. Your flesh would be thrown to the dogs. Now, shew yourself."

I was obliged to obey. I shewed myself, and they saw that I had been circumcised; for the Affghans had performed that operation on me in my childhood. Every one now begged my pardon, and I was treated once more with respect. Khan Baber Khan was quite confounded. He came to me afterwards, saying, "Of what religion are you? You cannot be a Christian, seeing that you are circumcised; but then why do you read the Testament?" In order more fully to satisfy their minds, they examined me strictly on the practices and rules of their religion; and I confounded them again, for I knew as much as they did themselves. Abdool Ali Khan now believed in me, but Phatula was always after this very suspicious. The next day we went into the jungle for some sport. I shot a pig, and was about to roast some of the flesh; but Khan Baber Khan saw me from a distance, and he called me, and said, "I believe you have no religion in particular: you seem acquainted with all creeds." After this, he never allowed me to eat with him, but sent me food from his table.

One night Phatula was tipsy as usual, for he was a great drinker, and I heard him give some order to his servants; but I could not distinguish the words he said. Then he wrote something, and laid it down on the table. I went in to say good night, and he drew his

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blanket around him and lay down on the couch to sleep. I caught up the paper on which he had been writing, and retired with it to my bed. When I got into my tent, I read what was written. It was an order saying, that he wished some one to kill me that night; and telling several men to carry my body away into the jungle. I thought, "Now, after all the dangers I have seen, to die here like a sheep is unbearable;" but what could I do? I had no arms; and it was the rule of the camp that no one should leave his tent at night: if I went out, I should be shot by the sentries; so I laid a plan. I went out; and when the sentry challenged me, I answered, "I am ill, and must go out." "Then go," he said, "but come back soon." I said "Remember, I am ill, and very likely I may go in to see my friend, Khan Baber Khan."

I passed into this officer's tent, and found Phatula fast asleep. I went to the pole of the tent, where the arms were kept, and took a brace of pistols and a gama. Then I crept quickly back to my bed. Once more quietly in my own tent, I began to reflect. I could now die like a man, and send some of my enemies to heaven before me. Still, I did not wish to die; and if I committed murder, I should only effectually seal my doom.

At last I bethought me of a stratagem. I put on a dark coat, and crept slowly out of my tent on my hands and knees, and by most careful management I got past the sentry, and went on to where the donkeys were

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kept. (Each soldier had a donkey to carry his things.) I took a young foal, and began to push him towards my tent. The sentry was walking up and down. When his back was turned, I carried the young donkey a little way forwards, and then crouched down behind the little animal when the soldier was walking towards me. By degrees, and with great care, I got quite near to my tent; and when the sentry turned again, I picked up the foal and slipped quickly in with it in my arms. I laid the animal down on my bed. At first, he was restless and would not keep still, but I gently scratched him till he went to sleep, seeming to appreciate the softness of his new resting-place. Then I again crept out, leaving the donkey asleep.

Having passed the sentry, I went to the centre of the camp, near the cook's tent, where I crouched down and watched. After a while, I saw four or five men, with a jumoyda, (an officer,) go to my tent. They were not far from me when they encountered the sentry. The jumoyda told the man to go. He replied, "My watch is not yet over;" but the officer ordered him to retire. Thus having got rid of the sentry, the men entered my tent. I guessed what was going on. In a few moments I saw them come out and get a light. At this juncture I rushed forward, and exclaimed, "What is the matter?" The assassins were surprised, and, I may say, confounded. There lay the poor little donkey with his throat cut, and their intended victim stood before them armed with a brace of pistols and a

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gama. I pretended to have no suspicion of the real design, but complained of people playing such tricks as to put a dead donkey in a fellow's bed.

In the morning, I wished to see Khan Baber Khan; but they told me he was ill, and would receive no one. The fact was, he was much ashamed at his design being found out and frustrated. I could not feel safe any more, so long as I remained in the power of such a villain; but he had given his soldiers orders not to allow me to quit the camp. I wrote to him, and said I wished to go and see Abdool Ali Khan; but he sent me an answer, telling me I must do no such thing. I was greatly enraged on receiving this notice. There was a stack of guns properly piled standing before me. I drew out my gama, and shouted to the soldier who brought the message, "Your life is over, I kill you." At the same moment, I kicked the pile of guns, and they all fell with a great clatter. I rushed past the astonished and terrified soldier, and took to my heels.

Straight through the camp I bolted, and made for Abdool Ali Khan's quarters. Abdool was at dinner; so I gave my name to the servant, and was immediately invited in to join my friend at his meal. "I cannot eat," said I; "but I wish to speak to you. I will wait till you have done dinner; only I fear that Khan Baber Khan will come and take me by force from your tent." "Oh—oh!" cried Abdool, "will he, indeed! We shall see. We don't allow such doings as that." When the meal was finished, I related all that Phatula

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Khan had done. Abdool replied, "I can hardly believe you. That man said the other day that he was satisfied by the examinations we made that you are Mahommedan; so why should he conspire against your life? You imagine all these things in your fear." "No, no," I answered; "what I say is only too true. I am not such a great coward, but the man is my enemy."

My friend asked how I knew that; and I was about to reply, when we perceived Khan Baber Khan himself approaching. Abdool told me to keep quiet. Phatula Khan came in with about twenty of his servants; and after the usual salutations, he said, "I fear our poor young friend is going mad." I answered, "And no wonder if I should lose my senses. I am a poor stranger, and you, a great man in authority, with whole regiments at your command, seek my life." "What do you mean?" said Phatula, in feigned astonishment. I said, "Is it not true that your soldiers killed a donkey in my bed last night? What was the meaning of that?" "Killed what?" he cried. "Who killed? What nonsense!" Then Abdool said, "I cannot believe you. Go and live again with Khan Baber Khan; he will do you no harm." "Will you believe me," said I, "if you find my bed all soaked with blood?" "I will," replied Abdool. "And if you see that I have spoken the truth, what will you do?" I asked. He assured me he would stand up for me and defend me. "Then," said I, "ask Khan Baber Khan what he wrote to his officer last night." Abdool

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did so, and he answered—"I wrote nothing. What do you mean?" I said, "I affirm that you wrote something against me;" and he denied it. I repeated my accusation three times, and he as often solemnly denied it. Then I produced the paper which I had taken from Phatula's table, and handed it to Abdool, who read it, and shewed it to Baber, who was overwhelmed with shame.

"I am sorry for this affair," said Abdool; "it shall be mentioned in the *Rosenamah*, (Teheran Gazette,) and will be laid before the king. Every one will know you for a false, wicked man." Then turning to me he continued, "Now I believe your word, and will hear nothing more against you." Khan Baber Khan entreated for pardon most earnestly, but Abdool Ali Khan said, "It is not for me to forgive you; you must make reparation to him whom you would have murdered." Phatula, willing to do anything to have the matter hushed up, came and kissed my hands, and implored me to excuse him. So I said, "I pardon you." "There," cried Abdool, "is a good heart—he pardons him who would have killed him!" I said I should like now to live with Abdool Ali Khan; but Phatula pleaded hard that I would return with him, to prove that I really had forgiven the affair of the preceding night. I felt that it would be cowardly to refuse; so I resumed my place in Khan Baber Khan's tent.

After this there came an order from Teheran for the army to proceed to Meshed.

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CHAPTER XVI.

The march to Meshed.—Another narrow escape.—I leave my persecutor.—Meshed.—The cholera.—A fearful death-scene.—The plague-stricken city.—A strange funeral.—I feel symptoms of the disease.—My cure for it.—The plague leaves the town.—My persecutor again.—Start for Nishapoor.—The valiant Lookman.—A quarrel with soldier-robbers.—They pursue us.—At bay.—Lookman's troubles begin.—Return to Meshed.—I release Lookman from danger.

WE commenced the journey, the regiments under command of Phatula Khan taking the lead. Abdool Ali Khan followed with the artillery, but I saw little of him on the way. Khan Baber Khan again spoke to me about reading the Testament, and advised me as a friend to leave off the practice. "Throw away that book," said he, "or it will bring you to grief."

It was one evening when we were encamped for the night that this conversation took place. I asked why he should be so anxious to cause me to give up my Testament. He replied, "You see the effects of it in my case. Before you read that book and confessed your belief in Christ, I loved you as I do myself; but now I cannot be any longer your friend." "I cannot help it," I replied; "you would not renounce the book you believe in, if I were to ask it ever so earnestly." "Of course not," said Phatula. "Then," I continued,

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"you need not wonder that I persist in reading my Testament."

I was not anxious to prolong the dispute, so I leaned back on the couch and pretended to be tired and sleepy, and I breathed heavily as if I had fallen into a doze. The servant stepped forward to rouse me, but his master told him to let me alone. The man muttered an exclamation of contempt, and said, "He is a perfect devil to the bone, every inch of him." "True," said Phatula; "but he shall become a Mahommedan yet, or else he shall die; even if I lose my own life through him, he shall not escape from my hands."

The servant asked how they should be able to get rid of me, and his master answered—"Oh, it will be very easy; when Abdool is a long way behind us, we shall find out some plan to make away with the young Christian dog." Then they awoke me, or rather, they thought they did; but I pretended still to be very sleepy, so Phatula Khan sent me to rest.

I saw that I was in great danger: I was powerless in the hands of my enemy; so I wrote a letter to Abdool Ali Khan, telling him of my situation, and entreating him to send me arms, or to keep a vigilant watch over me, and make many inquiries about me. He sent me back answer, saying he would do all in his power to ensure my safety, and he informed me that we were only two or three days' journey from Toorbut Sheikh Jamee. Next morning, before the army was in motion, my kind friend rode up to see me.

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In the evening, when we encamped and tea was ready, Khan Baber Khan came to me smiling kindly, and said, "We shall soon be at the end of our journey, and then you must come and see my father's house." Of course, I did not believe in this sudden friendship.

Presently the doctor of the regiment came and brought some boxes of medicine. The idea flashed on my mind that it was poison for me. At first I thought I would not eat; but then I should die of starvation. At dinner-time (I still ate by myself) the servant brought me a good dish of "pilaw." I saw that it came straight from the same that Phatula was eating off, so I did not fear to partake of it. There was a large silver basin by my side, and I asked what was in it, and they told me it was water. They put some sugar in it, and I drank some of it. I found that it was not water, but cider, and it had a very bitter taste. I asked how it was that the water was bitter, and they told me the desert water often had that taste. When I had done eating, I retired to bed, and told the servant to leave the candle.

After a little while I saw about twenty candles, and felt as if the earth was up and the sky down. I wondered what was the matter, and came to the conclusion that what I had drunk must have been intoxicating. I thought to myself, "If I have not all my senses about me, my enemies will easily destroy me." So I tied my sash tightly round my waist, and thrust

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my fingers down my throat until I made myself sick. I threw up my dinner and the liquor I had taken. The servant saw me, and asked what was the matter. I told him I was sick, and he said, "You have been going too fast in the hot sun; you must have some wine." "Well," said I, "bring me some." For I wished to see what he would give me.

He brought the same sort of drink that I had taken at dinner. I smelt it, and said, "This is apple wine," and I threw it in the fellow's face. I am convinced that there was poison in that cider, for even though I threw it up I felt very ill for several days after drinking it. I thought a great deal that night about my unfortunate position, and towards morning I fell asleep with the weariness of misery and intoxication.

The servant soon came and woke me, saying, "Get up, we want to strike the tents." I was so overpowered with heaviness that I lay on the ground and slept. But something told me in my heart that while I gave way to this feeling I was completely in the power of my enemies. So I roused myself, and staggered to my feet. I was much intoxicated.

The tents were all taken away, and Khan Baber Khan was standing by the fire which still burned on the ground. He said to me, "Good morning, Mr Piebald-Religion." I was very wretched, and could not stand well. Then came the five men who had tried to kill me before, and they began to tease me. I noticed that they had a large sheet with them. "Now,"

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said Phatula, "call on your Christ to save you—Ha! ha!" There was no mistaking their intentions. I knew that they would murder me; but they dared not commit the deed until the soldiers were gone on.

There were two regiments, and every morning they saluted their officer before commencing the day's march. The first division came and passed before us, playing beautiful music. I was crying all the while, and was very miserable. I wished that the second regiment would delay their coming, for I clung to every moment of life; but they soon came and saluted, and marched on after the others. Then I felt that my hour was come. The men laid out the sheet to bury me in. I had no arms to defend myself, so I prepared to meet my fate.

Just at this critical moment a body of horsemen appeared in the distance. Hope took the place of despair in my heart. I was much excited. Khan Baber Khan perceived that he was baffled again, and began to speak soothingly to me. The five men tried to hide all traces of their evil intentions. In a few minutes, Abdool Ali Khan was beside me.

Phatula kept talking to him, and tried not to allow me time to speak; but I interrupted the conversation by telling Abdool I wished to have a few words with him alone. I jumped on a horse, and we rode a little way aside; then I recounted all that Phatula had done. Abdool rode up to my enemy and said, "You are a wicked man; this is not the act of a gentleman;" and

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he upbraided him bitterly. Then, turning to me, he added, "I will no longer leave you in the power of so treacherous a villain. Come and finish the journey with me;" and he told Phatula to send my things after us to his regiment. I then jumped off the horse on which I was mounted, and Abdool ordered his men to ride me with them by turns. Thus was my life once more preserved, after all hope had left me.

Three days after this we arrived in Toorbut Sheikh Jamee. Khan Baber Khan's regiments encamped about a mile from us.

Meshed is about six days' journey from Toorbut. Abdool Ali Khan had no orders to go on to that town, but, as he had been a long time in the jungles and on service, he sent a number of horsemen to buy clothes and other things, of which he was much in need. He gave me some money, and sent me on with these men, who took me safely to Meshed, where they left me. I took up my quarters at an inn, and all day I walked about to inspect the beauties of the town.

One day I passed by a beautiful temple, gilt all over; and I saw a little fountain of snow-water, where the people could drink; near by were several shops of money-changers. One of these men called me in, and I talked with him; he was called Moola Momen. I gave him my money to keep for me. Moola Momen advised me to go to a cheaper inn, and I did so. In my new lodgings I made several friends. I remained a month in Meshed; it is a very beautiful place. The

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road from this place to Teheran is very dangerous, on account of the robbers who invest many parts of it. The cholera was at this time afflicting the inhabitants of Meshed very severely; my friends died one by one, and we carried out the bodies and buried them. I had given some money to a man, who was a pawnbroker, to keep for me. One day I asked him to return it, but he did not wish to give it to me; he thought I was extravagant. I was angry with him, and went home to the serai. In the evening, the pawnbroker's servant came and told me his master was taken ill. I went immediately to see him. I saw in a moment that he was stricken with the cholera; he was very bad, but he was not afraid. This gave me hope of his recovery; for, if you are afraid of the disease, it is always much more fatal. The sick man spoke to me a little, and said he thought he might yet possibly recover: but in a short time he was deprived of all power of speech, and was in great agony.

I ran out into the market and bought a cucumber, the seeds of which I bruised and put in water. I returned to the poor pawnbroker, and gave him some to drink; he then got a little better, and began again to speak. I asked him what it was that prevented his talking, and he answered.—"I was in terrible pain, and longed for some cold water. I saw a dreadful black man, who was tearing at my entrails with his hands; but when I drank what you gave me, I got cool, and the hideous phantom vanished." The poor

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fellow, having given me this description of his agony, called his servant and told him to fetch me my money. This being done, he gave each of us one of his hands, and said,—"I fear I cannot live. Write to my parents in Herat, and let them know my fate. Bury me in the temple."

Then again his mouth was shut fast, and he turned black; his eyeballs started. The man was evidently dying, and the few friends with him ran away from him. I went to get some more water, and when I returned I found him alone; he had fallen off his bed, and was writhing on the ground in agony. Night was coming on; so I lighted a lamp and replaced the sufferer on his bed, but he would not stay there. I poured some water over him, and held him on my knees. My situation was very painful, and I sat some time, wishing it was all over. I felt much pity for the ghastly object on my lap, as by the dim light of the lamp I watched the convulsed features of the dying man. At last he began to tremble violently, and move his hands about: he expired in my arms. I tore his shirt and bound up his jaw, and I also closed his eyes and tied his feet together. Then I left the body, and went to find the man's acquaintances; but I could discover no trace of any of them—all were either dead, or had quitted the town.

I found the serai shut; I was the only lodger left in the house. I resolved that, if I felt ill, I would at the first symptoms jump into a pond of water that was in

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the town; and if that did not cure me, I would die there. I saw the shops, many of them open, and no one to take care of them. I entered some of them, and saw much property lying about, utterly disregarded: the owners had fled from the terrible plague. I left everything as it was, and returned to look after the money of the pawnbroker who had died. I searched his place for some time, without finding anything. I knew there must be some money somewhere, for the man was reputed rich: he had even desired to be buried in the temple. I continued looking about, and at last found a Russian cash-box, which made a little musical noise when opened or shut. I could not see the key, so I went to the corpse, and found it among the clothes. On opening the box, I discovered about eighty tumans altogether. I then went to the burial officer, and told him my friend was dead, and asked what the charges would be for his interment. He demanded twenty tumans, but I did not think it right to give so much. I borrowed a bier that had wheels, and on this I carried the body to the grave-yard. I lifted the stone from one of the tombs, and laid the corpse in; then I reclosed the entrance to the grave, and took the bier back to the man from whom I had hired it.

Meshed was now almost deserted: the streets were empty; still I remained there. I felt the fever coming on, so I went and washed all over in the pond which I mentioned before. Then I lay down near the

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temple.* My thoughts were very sad and solemn; I felt that I should die, and no one would bury my body. The sun was shining down hot upon me, and I fell asleep.

When I awoke, I knew that a long time had passed, for the sun was far down in the west, and I was lying in the deep shadow of the temple wall. I got up and felt much better. I went to the inn, and found it empty; so I lived in the deserted rooms. At the end of about two months and a half the cholera left the place, and soon the people returned, and the streets were once more filled with a busy multitude, congratulating each other on having escaped the pestilence, or condoling with those whose friends had been carried off.

The acquaintances of the poor pawnbroker whom I had buried came to ask after him. I gave them an account of his death, and reproached them with having been afraid of the cholera, and having fled from the dying man. "Ah!" they replied, "the plague must be an old friend of yours, and so it did not touch you, and you did not fear it."

They asked about the pawnbroker's money, and told me that his mother wished to have his body taken up and brought to his native country. I tried to dissuade them from this purpose, telling them that they would

* This is doubtless the mosque of Imam Rizá, the inside of which is described by Mr Eastwick and M. Ferrier as presenting a scene worthy the "Arabian Nights." The former gentleman entered it when it was full of fanatic worshippers, and nearly paid for his temerity with his life.—*Vide* "Three Years' Residence in Persia."

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find nothing to remove but a mass of corruption. However, as they insisted on fulfilling their commission, I pointed out the tomb in which I had laid the corpse. They took out the body, though it was a horrid object, half devoured by worms, and I put in their hands the money which I had taken care of; but they returned the greater part of it, and told me to keep it.

One day I met Khan Baber Khan in the temple. I did not wish to speak to him, but he came to me and said, "Good morning; so you are not yet dead, Mr Piebald-Religion." "No," I replied; "and I see you are still in the land of the living," and I turned and walked away from him. A little while afterwards, I received a letter from him, in which he asked me to go and live with him again. I returned an undecided answer, though I was resolved not to venture myself any more in the power of such a villain.

I bought a gun and pistol, and made preparations to set out again on my travels. I went to Moola Momen, and told him I wished to go to Nishapoor. He said it would be a dangerous journey, for there were numbers of soldiers about, who were nothing better than robbers. I said, "I must go in spite of all hindrances;" so the shroff advised me to leave my cash with him, and promised to send it me to Nishapoor or Subzewar.

At the serai, I met with a tall, strong man, who was very poor, and who asked me to take him for my servant.

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I said, "I am a traveller; no servant would follow me in all my wanderings." He replied, "I am also a traveller. I came from Affghanistan, and my name is Lookman." I told him that in my journeyings I was often very poor; even worse off than he was at that time; still he wished to become my servant, and I agreed that he should accompany me.

We went into the market, and I bought Lookman some clothes. He procured a stock of tobacco, for he was a great smoker. We then got some fruit, and cheese, and other provisions, and we started on our journey; Lookman carrying all the things. At first, my companion boasted much how he could go thirty miles a day and carry me on his back when I was tired; and looking at his stout figure, I really thought I had a valuable assistant.

Every six miles there were little houses at the side of the road for refreshment. At the first of these Lookman stopped to smoke. A soldier, who belonged to one of the robber bands, asked him where he came from. "What is that to you?" said my servant. The soldier then began to abuse Lookman's mother, and Lookman replied by striking the fellow a violent blow. Immediately six or seven more soldiers rushed in and tried to stab me and my servant. I drew my sword, and they stood still and said to us, "Your day is done—you shall both die." "What for?" said I. "What have we done? It is your fault that this quarrel began; and know, as well, that we are not

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afraid of you. If you fight, so can we." They replied, "Your servant struck one of us;" and they cocked their guns.

I presented my pistol at one of them, and they hesitated to attack; for, besides the resistance we could make, there were people often passing by who would come to our assistance. But they swore that if they did not kill us that night their wives should be as their sisters. Then I tried a conciliating tone. "You can certainly kill us," said I. "We are in your power; but I ask you to spare us. Why should you make an oath to destroy us?" When they heard me speak in this friendly manner, they came and kissed my hand, and said, "You are all right,—you are a gentleman; but that rascal," meaning Lookman, "he shall surely die." I begged them to excuse him too; but they were evidently very angry with him. However, they let us pass out, and we went on our way.

I felt sure that the soldiers would pursue us on their horses; so, when we had got a little way from the inn, we left the road and went into the desert through which our way led. Behind a hill a little way ahead of us I knew there was a village. We had got some distance from the road, when, on looking back, I perceived several horsemen evidently in pursuit of some one. They did not notice us, but hurried along, not suspecting that we had avoided the public way. We continued our way quietly, hoping that we had escaped our enemies; but presently they came back along the

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road, and this time they caught sight of us. They immediately gave chase.

"Now," I cried to Lookman, "let us run for our lives, and if possible reach that hill. We shall be able to defend ourselves much better there." We had just time to accomplish this. We ran behind a large fragment of rock, and at the same moment a couple of bullets whistled after us, and struck splinters from the stones which sheltered us. I returned the shot; but I only wished to frighten our pursuers, not to exasperate them by killing one of their number. Directly I fired they too ran behind a rock for shelter, and dared not shew themselves again. After we had rested a little while, Lookman ran further up the hill, but I remained where I was.

When evening came on, the soldiers called out to me to let them go. But I said, "Whoever shews himself first I will shoot." They asked if I would make a mutual oath with them not to fire on each other. I agreed to this, on their promising to return immediately the same way as they came: so having arranged for a peace, we left our shelters; the soldiers went their way, and I walked up the hill to look after my servant. I found him with some shepherds, who had bound him, and were beating him. "What is all this for?" I cried. They told me they had seen the man running, and, taking him for a thief, they were inflicting the punishment he deserved. Poor Lookman, not being able to speak their language, could not in-

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form them of their mistake. I soon explained who he was to the shepherds, and they released him immediately.

We then went down into the village, and Lookman, who had had quite enough to disenchant him about following me, said he wished to return to Meshed. I resolved to go with him. Our feet were a good deal bruised with running; so we rubbed them with fat of sheep's tails. I did not think it would be prudent to pass again over the same road we had come by; so I proposed that we should travel through the open country. Lookman, however, was in a hurry to be back; so we parted: he took the road, and I went by myself a more roundabout way. We agreed to meet again at Meshed.

I arrived safely at the rendezvous, but Lookman did not make his appearance. I waited a long while, and then walked along the road to look after him. I came to the little inn where we had first met with the robber soldiers, and there I found a crowd of people beating him: they were talking of hanging him. I found that they had noticed him going out of Meshed in company with another, and as he had returned without his companion, they suspected him of murder. Again my appearance released the unhappy man. I gave him a good scolding for persisting in travelling alone, and sent him to see if there were any Affghans staying in Meshed.

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CHAPTER XVII.

Affghan companions. — A musical party. — Affghan impudence. — We sell our donkey.—Thieving.—A housebreaking adventure.—I leave my companions.—I acknowledge myself to be a Christian.—I suffer persecution.—I am made prisoner.—My sufferings.—Dreadful fate of my friend.—They try to tempt me.—I decide to die.—First ray of hope.—I am saved from death.—I am found by those whom I sought.—Major Taylor and Captain C. Clerk.—My interview with them.—They send me to Teheran.—Mr Charles Murray.—He examines me.—His kindness to me.—Travelling by Tapaul.—Arrival in Bushire.—Captain Jones.—First sight of the sea.—Voyage to Bombay.—Lord Elphinstone examines me.—I am sent to school.

At the inn were eight Affghans, who had just left the service of Shah Dowlah Khan, an Affghan officer, who had quarrelled with Dost Mahomed and gone to Teheran to live. These men had come from Teheran; but they were afraid to go on from Meshed to Herat alone; so they were waiting until some officer might be going that journey with his troops. They were very willing to take me and my servant to lodge with them. All ten of us lived in one large room, and Lookman was the only one amongst us who was not well armed. We drove sticks into the wall, and laid our weapons on them. All our beds we put close together. We used to contribute a certain sum each for dinner, amounting altogether to about five shillings: this was

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plenty. I said, "I do not think it fair that I should pay for Lookman, for he is of no use to me now." The others did not wish to turn the poor fellow out, so they agreed that he should remain, and be a general servant for all of us.

The leading man among these Affghans was called Shurbet Ali Khan. We used to amuse ourselves singing; and besides this, we had a fine donkey outside our door that used to join sometimes in our noisy choruses. Those who have heard an Affghan song of the louder sort will understand why the serai quickly got empty of all except ourselves. The owner of the establishment came and said we really must find other lodgings, for he could not afford to lose all his customers. Shurbet refused to turn out, and threatened to beat the innkeeper if he did not let us alone. The man, disregarding the warning, came again with one of his friends bothering us; so the eight Affghans seized on them both, each man taking a leg or arm; then they swung the poor fellows and bumped them together. The people who crowded round all laughed, but no one went further than to say, "Oh! look at those rascally Affghans." We made the two men very sore about their backs, and then let them go. We were allowed to have our own way after this.

When our bill was brought, and we had paid it, my eight friends had no more money left. I kept them all for fifteen days, and then my pockets were cleaned out. Shurbet now proposed that we should sell our

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donkey. So we washed the animal, fed him well, and took him in fine condition to the market; we pulled his tail, and he brayed; this we kept up, attracting much attention: but in truth he was a very good donkey. We asked fifteen ashrafees for him; which was an extravagant demand, as he was only worth about three. A man came to buy him, but he laughed when he heard the price. "Ah!" said Shurbet, "you are a fool. You don't know this animal. Why, he can go as fast as any horse—ay, as any two horses; and do as much work as two horses, I assure you." The man, however, did not wish to be possessed of such a wonderful creature, and declined being a purchaser; but we would not let him go, and bothered him continually, until he gave us ten ashrafees to get a little peace. He made this agreement, that one of us should go with him to lead the animal, and, if he decided not to keep it, we must take it again, and return him his money. Shurbet knew the man would not be pleased with his bargain, so he hid the ten ashrafees. Presently the fellow came with several others, leading the precious donkey. Shurbet told them the bargain was done, and could not be undone; but he offered, as a great favour, to try and sell the animal again for the man. After a good deal of wrangling about it, they saw that nothing was to be got out of the Affghan, so they led away their donkey, and we heard no more of him.

We were soon again in want of money, and we con-

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sulted together what was best to be done. Some proposed to steal; others said there was some building going on in the town, where we could earn two karans a day for work. I preferred the latter mode of getting a living, so I went and easily obtained employment. I was obliged to be treading all day long with my feet in some soft mud to mix it for mortar. Lookman was the only one of my companions who came with me. We were at work all day, and at night we returned to the inn. The innkeeper now went and told all his customers that the donkey was gone, and the Affghans only made use of their room at night; so the people returned, and the house was soon full again. We were quite friendly with the lodgers, and got on very well indeed.

One day one of the Affghans brought in fifty ashrafees, which he had stolen from a money-changer who was an acquaintance of mine. He had committed the theft very cleverly. He told the money-changer he wanted three hundred Russian imperials to serve him on a journey he was about to undertake as far as Astrakan. While the man was sorting out the money, the Affghan managed to get hold of fifty ashrafees without being perceived. He slipped the money up his sleeve and tied the sleeve again; he then put his hand in his breast and reached the ashrafees, which he bestowed safely in his pocket. By the time he had finished these operations, the money-changer had looked out all his stock of Russian money; but as he had only

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two hundred imperials, the Affghan left the shop, saying it would not be enough for him.

Shurbet now told me I need no longer go to work. All my companions employed themselves stealing everything they could lay their hands on. In the day they looked about, and went into the houses, sometimes as medicine vendors with stuff for the toothache and other maladies; they made their observations, and at night went thieving. They also used to give sweets to little children, and make friends with them; the children answered the questions that were put to them, and so the wily Affghans got information which was useful to them in robbing the parents of the little victims.

One of the party saw a woman who had a very beautiful necklace and ear-rings: he spoke to her little boy very kindly, and by dint of most ingenious interrogation, got to know all about the family, and how they slept. He then went to Shurbet, and asked him to send two of the others with him to rob the house at night. They proposed that I should be one of the party; and though I was very unwilling to assist in their depredations, I was ashamed to say no, and they agreed to send me with three others.

In the evening we went to the house; two men crept in and crouched down near where the hens and cocks were kept: as the fowls made a good deal of noise, there was no danger of the little noise the thieves made being noticed. The third man and I returned to

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the inn, promising to come back at midnight and help rob the house. At the appointed hour we went and waited outside, until the men who had remained within the walls came and let us in. We all then entered the sleeping-room, where the family was lying in blissful ignorance of our presence.

Two men stood quietly with me, ready to render any assistance, should our help be needed, and the other fellow undertook to get possession of the coveted jewels. He set to work in the coolest manner possible: it was so dark that we could barely see what he was about. He lay down by the children, for he had to pass them before he could reach the woman; he gently moved the first child aside, and took its place; then he repeated the manœuvre with the second youngster, and so on, until he got beside the mother. I suddenly burst out laughing at our position, standing there all so quiet in the dark.

The men motioned to me to be quiet, for it was just a ticklish moment, and it might have been awkward for us if we had woke the woman's husband, who was sleeping by her side: so I bit my lips and held in. The thief laid his hand on the ear of the woman, but she winced: he lay still a minute and then tried again. At last, after much patience and skill, he got both ear-rings and necklace. He rose carefully, and we tried to get out of the room; but we could not find the door: after a good deal of groping about, we all found our way into the kitchen, and in stumbling over

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some pans, we woke the woman, who cried out, "Hush! pish!" thinking it was a cat. We remained quiet a few minutes: one man found some pilaw, and we began to eat. The rattling again woke our victim: she cried out again to frighten away the cat. This time she was quite roused up, and the children woke.

Presently the husband growled out, "What is the matter?" "Oh!" said his wife, "there is a cat in the kitchen." Then she discovered her loss, and exclaimed, "My necklace and ear-rings are gone!" "Ah! stupid," said the man, "you must have left them at the stream where you went to wash." "No, no!" she replied; "I had them when I came to bed." They now began to strike a light; so we clambered up the walls and jumped down into the street. A hot pursuit was raised after us, but we all escaped safely to the inn.

Shurbet shut the door and locked it: we stood there laughing and panting for breath, and one then said, "See! the lions chase the foxes." After inspecting our treasure, we put out the lights and went to sleep. The police had seen us run into the inn, and they came and routed out all the other lodgers, and last of all they knocked at our door. We remained perfectly quiet; the hammering and banging increased, but we paid no attention to it. So the people went away, saying the room must be empty. In the morning, we feigned great astonishment when we were told that the police had been in the house; we said we had heard nothing at all of them.

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The Affghans were afraid to sell their things in Meshed, for fear of being found out; but they wished to take them home with them to Affghanistan. I told them I must have my share, so they gave me six ashrafees. I went and called on Moola Momen: he was astonished to see me, and said,—"Oh! I thought you would be in Bagdad or Constantinople by this time." "No," I replied; "I came back, and have been here a long while. I wish to draw some of my money now." He gave it to me, and I went out into the town. I met four of the Affghans who had separated themselves from the others, and they persuaded me to go and live with them; which I agreed to do, on condition that they should not steal. We went to an inn, but the owner would not take us in—he said, "Not if we paid £1000 a day." However, we overcame his objections by much soft speech, and we lived at his place.

It was the custom for all the people to go every day to the temple to worship: my friends asked me why I did not do as they did, and I told them plainly that I was a Christian. These Affghans told several people of this, and the report soon spread through the town that an English Christian was in the place. I was now in great danger: my friends said that I must leave them, and were angry that I had eaten with them; but as I had done so, they would not kill me. I went and lived in a remote part of the town, in one of the towers.

I bought a gun and ammunition, and used to go

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out once in three days to buy food. At last the people found me out, and came in great numbers to take me; but I defended myself for three days in the tower. The affair came before the prince, but he took no notice of it. The judge, when he heard of me, ordered that I should be brought before him. The people came again in great force, and took me. They led me to the judge, who abused me, calling me a dirty Christian dog, and he ordered all the people to beat me. There were some hundreds of persons standing around, and they all slapped me and hurt me much. At last the judge cried, "Enough!" and said to me, "I advise you, to become a Mahommedan." Then he reviled me again, and abused the English in pretty strong terms. He asked me three times if I would turn Mahommedan, but I would not answer; so he ordered me off to prison, where I was kept three or four days.

After this I was taken out, and again led before the judge. He caused it to be well advertised throughout the place that any one who should see me trying to make my escape from the city should immediately secure me and deliver me into the hands of the authorities. I was then allowed to go my way, only I was kept from leaving the town: the governor gave me a place to sleep in, and fed me. I was in a most wretched condition. Every one was my enemy: the boys tormented me in the streets, and I was pointed at and derided on all sides.

I went to Moola Momen and asked for the rest of

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my money and my watch, which I had left in his hands. He would not speak to me. I said, "Why do you treat me thus after being so friendly with me?" He merely replied by telling me to be off. I went to my lodging and informed the people there that I wished to see the judge. They thought I was going to turn Mahommedan, and were very glad. When I was brought before his worship, I said, "I have some money and some things in this town, which a money-lender, who was a friend of mine, will not give up: will you procure them and take charge of them for me?" The judge called Moola Momen, and asked why he had given me shelter, when he must have known me to be a Christian? Nothing that my former friend could say would excuse him for this great offence: he and all his family were condemned to be blown from the cannon's mouth. To my great sorrow this fearful sentence was carried out.

I soon became quite weary of my wretched life: every one beat me, and laughed at me. I sometimes longed to put an end to my sufferings. The governor called me again, and tried to persuade me to give up my religion. He said, "You are young, it will be sad for you to die: if you take the Mahommedan religion, we will make you a great officer." "No, no," I replied; "I will not listen to your persuasions." "Then," cried the judge, "you shall die."* "How will

* Meshed is proverbial for its fanaticism. "On my asking him (one of the chiefs of the temple) if there were any sects in Meshed, he said,

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you kill me?" I asked. He drew his sword, and answered, "So," striking me at the same time in the face, and making a great gash in my under lip, from which the blood flowed freely. "If you cut me into a thousand pieces," I exclaimed, "I will not turn from my religion." I was then sent back to my lodging.

I was now very badly off for clothing. I had only one shirt, which was very dirty, and only one pair of trousers. The judge called me several times, evidently expecting that I would at last give way in my resolution. One day came a letter to me from the prince of Persia: he desired from me a decisive answer, and he gave me a little advice, promising if I would but have wisdom and accede to his desires, he would let me settle down in Persia as an officer of honour; but if I still persisted in disobeying him, I must die. I asked for ten days to consider the matter; this was granted, and the time soon slipped by. My answer was simply, "No!" and having thus decided, I awaited my apparently inevitable fate.

During this terrible interval, when it seemed that I was to perish without having gained the great object of my wanderings, a rumour reached my ears that some English people were coming to Meshed. Who can imagine the sudden change in my mind from despair to hope and brightest anticipation!

'No; there are none. There were some Jews, but they are now all Muhammadans. In fact, we kill those who are not of the orthodox faith, consequently there are no heretics in Meshed.'"—Eastwick's "Three Years' Residence in Persia."

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The English commissioners going to Herat came into Meshed with an escort from Teheran: there were two Englishmen, Colonel Taylor and Captain Claude Clerk; and two French gentlemen, one of whom was a painter, and the other a doctor. From the moment they arrived in the town, my condition began to mend: the people were ordered to let me alone. I wrote a letter to the envoys, and with some difficulty got a man to carry it to them. I was called before them; but what could they see in me to support my statement that I was an Englishman? I could not speak a word of their language, and many hardships and changes of climate had destroyed the natural texture of my skin.

I conversed with them through Major Taylor, who spoke Persian. He asked me how it was I could not speak English; and I gave them a short account of my life: they were much astonished, but were inclined to believe me. They told me all they could do for me was to send me to Teheran: they were themselves obliged to go straight on to Herat. The English gentlemen furnished me with money and clothes, and had me washed; they then entrusted me to the care of one of the Persians, who with several others of their escort was to conduct me to Teheran.

We then parted: Colonel Taylor and Captain Claude Clerk went towards Herat, and I was escorted to Teheran, with a letter to the Hon. Charles Murray, who was the English ambassador at the Persian Court. I was treated very kindly by my conductors, and we

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arrived late one day in the capital. The man who had me particularly under his care took me to his own house for the night, and gave me good food and a bath.

The next morning I went to see Mr Murray. I handed him the letter from the other gentlemen; he read it, and then placing it on the table looked keenly at me without speaking. Again he took up the paper, and perused it attentively: he seemed to think well of the affair, and gave me a beautiful place to live in. On the following day he introduced me to two gentlemen, a Mr Thomson and a Mr Laurence. They examined me about my travels, constantly referring to many maps. They at last seemed satisfied that I spoke the truth, and took great interest in my case.

Mr Murray was as kind to me as if I had been his own son. He shewed me his beautiful garden full of fruit, and told me to do as I liked there. He also took me over the town, pointing out all that was most interesting, and he gave me some more clothes and some very valuable books. I told him of my wish to go to England through Constantinople, but he persuaded me that it would be much better to go by way of Bombay. The other gentlemen came to see me, and presented me with many articles useful on a long voyage.

Mr Murray wrote to Lord Elphinstone in Bombay, and sent the letter on by Tapaul to Bushire, to reach the ship for India; and he gave me a great deal of money, and a paper, on which was written, "Syud

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Mustapha is a traveller, under protection of the King of Persia, from Teheran to Shiraz." This the king sealed with the royal seal. It was considered safest for me to travel by Tapaul; but the English gentlemen, knowing the fatigue of this, feared I should be obliged to remain by the way.

I took leave of my kind friends. Mr Murray sent a trusty servant with me, and we started one Friday evening at full gallop. Every seven miles there is an inn by the road side, where horses are kept ready for the Tapaul. We stopped at each stage, left our tired horses, and pressed on, on fresh steeds. The whole night we kept up our speed, and in the morning arrived at Mosouma Khum. I asked how far it was to Teheran, and found that we were already an ordinary ten days' journey from the capital. We had changed horses twenty times during the night. The servant who was with me began to feel tired, so he asked if I would not like to rest a little; but I said, "No, no! let us hurry on."

We met the Tapaul of the King of Persia, and the men agreed to go with us; they bet us some money that we would give in before we got to Shiraz, and we bet them that they would be the first to be done up. The next night, at midnight, the King's Tapaul stayed in a village to rest, so they had to pay their stake. My servant was very anxious to get a little repose, but I galloped on, and we arrived next morning at Kashan, where we stayed for a quarter of an hour and dined. I

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very much wished to see this town a little, so I asked the servant to go on without me a little way. He was very unwilling to do this, but I gave him a paper shewing that it was by my wish that he left me, and he rode ahead. I remained in Kashan about three hours, and then continued my journey, arriving at Ispahan on the following day. I felt rather tired, so I went to the house of an Armenian and slept one night.

Thus far I had always taken a guide with me from one stage to another, but I now resolved to ride alone. I made five stages in this way, and then, it being the middle of the night, I lost my way. I went to some houses to ask for direction, but could get no answer to my summons. At last in one building I found a man and a woman drinking; the man was much afraid, for he thought I was a policeman; but I cried out, "Come, quick! I am the post. I have lost the road. I want you to set me right again." So the fellow came, and shewed me the track. At the next stage I again took a guide. I made twenty-five stages that night, for I rode like a fury.

In the morning I arrived at Moorgaub, where is shewn the tomb of Solomon's mother. Here I met a Tapaul coming back; it was my servant returning from Shiraz, where he had delivered the letters; he saluted me as he passed, and cried out, "Shiraz is very near." Soon after, I met two gentlemen. They called out to me to stop, and asked me if I was English. I told them I was; and they took me into the town, and

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lodged me with themselves very comfortably. I had travelled in five days one and a half month's journey, and I was in want of refreshment, so I went and took a bath. I remained seven days in Shiraz, and I then took horse again for Bushire.

In five days I arrived at Kauzeroon. Here I went to see the governor, and asked for him in rather a peremptory manner. He took me for a Persian, and was not very polite at first; so I said, "If you are disrespectful, the English ambassador will make you repent it." And I shewed my papers. He immediately changed his tone, and treated me with great respect. I stayed three days in Kauzeroon, and then the governor sent a hundred men to escort me to Bushire. They came three stages with me, and after that I went on alone.

When I arrived at Bushire, I went to Captain Jones's place. One of the servants stopped me, and said, "Where are you going?" I pushed him aside, and walked straight into the captain's room. This gentleman, not knowing me, looked at first angry at such an intrusion; but when I explained who I was, he shook hands with me, and welcomed me very politely. He gave me a nice place to live in, and materials to wash with, including soap; and he provided me with food.

I stayed one night here, and the next morning Captain Jones took me to see the Persian Gulf. I was much astonished, and exclaimed, "I think all the rest

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of the world must be water." He laughed, and said, "Oh, this is nothing!" He told me I should go in a steamer to Bombay. "No, no!" I cried, "I shall sink. I must go back to Persia." He laughed again, and said, "You must not be afraid." And he introduced me to the captain of the steamer, saying, "This gentleman has travelled on the sea for thirty years. How can it be dangerous?" Then Captain Jones bought me some fruits and some scent, and offered me thirty rupees of English manufacture. I did not wish to receive them, but he said, "These coins were made by your own people; you must value them for this."

The captain then took me in a small boat to the steamer *Pharos:* I was rather frightened, but no harm came to me. I was now introduced to the captain of this vessel, which is a ship of war; he could speak Persian, so we got on well together. I dined on board ship; and at table I was very awkward, from not knowing the customs of the English. I kept my cap on. I caught hold of my knife in my left hand, and my fork in my right; so one of the gentlemen took my hands gently, and shewed me how I should do. After dinner, they spoke to the man who was with me, in Hindostanee, and made him tell me that as I was an English boy, I must take off my hat at meals. I begged them to excuse my rudeness, in consideration of my ignorance of their manners. All these gentlemen treated me very kindly until we came to Bombay: we had a fine voyage of eight days. I wished to go

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ashore at once, but the captain told me I must wait until further orders from Lord Elphinstone.

During this interval, I lost my thirty rupees: the captain, on hearing of this, made search in the men's boxes, and found the money among the things of a Hindoo.

Next day, Lord Elphinstone called a meeting of several English gentlemen; they procured an interpreter and sent for me. I got into a small boat, and a sailor rowed me ashore. I was taken before Lord Elphinstone, who sent me to be questioned by the committee he had assembled. I went into a large room, where they examined me through an interpreter called Wanak. I then heard that my name was to be John Campbell. I asked, "Who gave me this name?" and they told me it was Lord Elphinstone. By referring to the dates of my story, the gentlemen calculated that I was about eighteen years old.

They afterwards took me out and bought me a suit of English clothes, and two of the gentlemen came and shewed me how to put them on. I felt very queer at first in my new costume.

One of my English friends took me to his house for that night. I rode in the carriage a long way with him, but we could not speak to each other. When we arrived at our destination, I walked straight into the parlour, just as I was, with my hat on: there were four ladies in the room, and they rose to say good evening to me. I could not understand, and we stood

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confused, until the gentleman came and explained my conduct. They sent out and got some Persian books for me; so we all sat quietly reading till dinner-time. This was in the month of December.

Next morning when I awoke I was in a great strait: I had quite forgotten how my clothes were put on. The servant came and knocked at my door several times, and at last the gentleman himself came into my room to see after me: he soon saw my difficulty, and put me to rights.

The Governor of Bombay wrote that I should be placed with some one who could speak with me, for he feared that I might be unhappy; so they found a schoolmaster, named Boswell, who had several Persian merchants lodging with him. I was sent to live with this man, on Christmas Day, 1857.

THE END.

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